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THE MARKET VALUE OF A PARIS DIVORCE

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"THESE droll Americans!" the French people must say to themselves as they behold hundreds of our countrymen milling through the Paris divorce courts, claiming fake residences, bribing petty officials and *concierges*, paying high prices for "dummy" co-respondents, expending two, three, four, sometimes twenty-five thousand dollars to secure divorces quietly on grounds which do not obtain in "the land of the free."

So thriving has the divorce business become in Paris that to-day one can see in certain quarters of the city such street signs as "Divorce in two weeks—strictly confidential." Many Americans are so naïve about legal matters that they follow where these signs lead and become the dupes of shyster agents or *entrepreneurs*, men both of French and of American nationality who have no standing in the French courts but who succeed in charging their clients huge sums for worthless paper divorces. On the other hand, those Americans who are wise enough to put their cases in the hands of reputable lawyers do secure divorces which comply with the French law; but even so their attorneys cannot assure them that their decrees will be valid for all time in America. Prominent lawyers on this side of the water are still more skeptical about the future status of the divorces obtained by certain of their clients in Paris. The fact that there has been but one test case—the Frank J. and Edith K. Gould case—which has involved the validity of a Paris decree, and the fact that their divorce was not at all typical of the many which are being granted to-day leaves the ultimate issue still very much in doubt, especially since the New York Court of Appeals in handing down the Gould decision uttered a sharp warning on the whole subject of foreign divorces.

Most people who have obtained divorces marked "Paris" and have subsequently remarried are wont to ignore the anomaly of their position. But as a matter of fact they stand in some danger of having their lives seriously disrupted in the future. Let us assume, for instance, that a woman had married a man who had been divorced

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by a French court and that he had had children by both marriages. Let us assume also that he died suddenly without leaving a will. Given these circumstances, the children of the first marriage might sue for all of his property, on the ground that he had not been validly divorced under the laws of his state of domicile, and that he could not, therefore, have contracted a second marriage. If the court should sustain this claim the second wife would automatically be deprived of any part of the man's property, while the legitimacy of her children would be likewise open to question. And even if they were adjudged legitimate they might be given no property, at least in New York State, since Section 1135, Subdivision 8 of the Civil Practice Act says: "If the court be authorized to decide that a child of a marriage is the legitimate child of either or both of its parents, the judgment may limit the effect of the legitimization, to rights other than succession to real and personal property of a deceased parent." A somewhat similar case, involving the claim of each of two wives to be a man's lawful widow, came before the United States Supreme Court some years ago, and will be described later on in this article.

Let us assume again that a woman who had a Paris decree married a man who tired of her in a short time. Might he not try to cast her off by attempting to prove that their marriage was void *ab initio*, since under the laws of her state of domicile she actually had a husband when she married him?

It was the fear of just such an eventuality which led a conservative lawyer of the writer's acquaintance to dissuade one young woman from going to Paris to secure her divorce; for he happened to know the man whom she was planning to marry and privately judged him to be the kind who would seize upon any pretext to rid himself of a current wife whenever he was ready for a new inamorata.

Lawyers differ widely in their opinions as to how such cases as those outlined above would be adjudicated by the highest courts of the land. Most of them agree, however, that the contesting of a Paris divorce would place in serious jeopardy a second wife's claim on her husband's property and on his duty to support her; and that in some states it would jeopardize the legitimacy and inheritance rights of the children by the second marriage. Such possibilities may appear to be purely theoretical, but it must be remembered that there has hardly been time for them to arise, since the Paris divorce mill has been running full tilt for not much more than five years. Conservative lawyers look forward to at least one such case within the not distant future, and they agree that that case, if it is decided negatively, will precipitate other suits and thus unsettle a great many homes.

When such a test case does arise the decision will rest, it is said, on three considerations: first, the circumstances under which the divorce was obtained in Paris; second, the Gould decision; and third, the opinions which the United States Supreme Court has enunciated on the subject of interstate divorces. Therefore, in reviewing the problem it will be of interest to sketch the situation in the Paris divorce courts yesterday and to-day before we consider the possible validity of the average Paris divorce in the light of the Gould case and the interstate cases.

II

Now, the French themselves have a far greater respect for the institution of the family than we have, as evidenced by their ante-nuptial contract. Yet they have a much more liberal divorce law, which does not require any fixed period of residence within the country or department, and which includes, besides the grounds of desertion, adultery, and mental or physical violence, that of *injure grave*. The latter phrase, if translated literally, means grave moral injury, but in effect it is tantamount to

incompatibility, since it is construed to cover practically any form of insult or marital dispute. The French divorce law is based on the theory that if a husband and wife can no longer live together peaceably they have a right to a divorce, since every individual's private life belongs exclusively to himself. This attitude prevails, despite the fact that France is traditionally a Roman Catholic nation. The French government furthermore recognizes the individual's right to privacy by prohibiting the publication of divorce news, except for the statement that a decree has been granted to Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So on such-and-such grounds. Even in the secret session of the court there is little washing of dirty linen, since written evidence is considered sufficient in the average case, and witnesses are seldom called. The good taste of the French extends even to the court records, in which a co-respondent's name is often designated by initials only.

Given these easy circumstances, one might expect divorce to be rampant among the French people. It is true that divorce in France has increased since before the War, but the percentage is still much lower there than here. In 1925 there was in France only one divorce to every seventeen marriages, while in the United States there was one to every seven marriages. One might ascribe several reasons for the lower percentage in France. In the first place, the French enjoy more liberty within the limits of marriage than Americans do, since their social system admits of extra-marital liaisons if only they are conducted discreetly. In the second place, the financial stability of the average French marriage rests upon the union of the husband's and wife's property; and in the event of a divorce the guilty party is generally allotted a smaller share of the community property. It must follow, therefore, that French couples are none too anxious to have their marriages reach the breaking-point. But if a husband or wife does come to the point of suing for a divorce, it is the duty of the judge to impress upon both of them the gravity of the step they are taking and the effect it will have upon their property holdings and their children's future. Not so in the case of the numerous Americans who flock into the Tribunal of the Seine, where it would appear that the French judges wash their hands of any social responsibility so long as these divorce-seekers remain within the technical limits of the law.

Ever since the present French divorce law was passed in 1886 there have been occasional Americans who have availed themselves of its benefits; but they were persons who had been living in France for a number of years, so that they could not well have resorted to an American court. It was in 1913, rumor has it, that Mr. and Mrs. X, a well-known New York society couple, discovered how easy it is to get a divorce in Paris, even though one is in actuality a resident of New York State. As it happened, Mr. and Mrs. X were Roman Catholics, but they were agreed that they wanted to divorce each other—although they could not and would not procure the decree on grounds of adultery; nor did they wish to submit to the newspaper publicity which would have attended their divorce if they had secured it in Nevada or in any other state of the union; for Mr. X was and still is the head of one of the largest corporations in the country. Neither could they be sure of avoiding publicity by taking their case before a referee, since newspaper men often get at the facts when the referee makes his report to the court.

Mr. and Mrs. X's lawyers, confronted with this *impasse*, were ingenious enough to suggest that it would be entirely possible to secure a divorce in Paris, since the French law does not require the litigants actually to reside in France for any fixed period of time. It was anticipated, however, that some proof of residence might be required; and on that account each was advised to lease an apartment in Paris for a year or more.

They did so, but made no use of the apartments since they were in America most of the time. In December of 1913 Mrs. X sailed for Paris and started proceedings for a divorce on the ground that her husband had deserted her. When she appeared in court to enter her plea she was relieved to find that the question of her residence was accepted as a matter of fact and that she was required to give no sworn testimony of any kind. So far it looked unbelievably simple, she told herself.

The court next appointed a day for the "reconciliation meeting." Shortly thereafter Mr. X arrived in France, just in time to be served with the summons and to enter a cross-suit for desertion. At the "reconciliation" session no one but the judge and Mr. and Mrs. X were present. The judge spoke gravely and at length, urging the pair to reconsider their action; for he had not yet tried so many American cases as to be convinced of the futility of his efforts. Mr. X answered his plea with an emphatic assertion that he intended to live his own life, while Mrs. X declared that under no circumstances would she return to her husband. Whereupon the French judge, with a shrug of dismissal, ordered the case to be tried in due course.

The trial itself required the presence of neither plaintiff or defendant. Each was represented by his or her *avocat*, and the only evidence called for consisted of two letters exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. X, in which they both curtly refused to return to the conjugal roof. There was no testifying by witnesses, no distasteful villification of husband by wife, and vice versa, as is so frequently the case in an American divorce court. Furthermore, no reporters or outsiders of any kind were allowed to be present at the hearing. So when both Mr. and Mrs. X won their suits, and a decree of divorce was issued on February 11th, just two months after her arrival in France, Mrs. X congratulated herself on having secured—with the minimum of effort and embarrassment—a divorce which reflected no discredit on either of them. And when she remarried several years later it was undoubtedly with the conviction that she was perfectly free to do so, since the New York Court of Appeals had not yet uttered its warning in regard to the validity of Paris divorces in general.

The X's set the style, and it was not long before other New Yorkers began to follow suit, for it was obvious that a Paris divorce was much simpler and quicker than a Reno divorce. There was one disadvantage, however, from the woman's point of view, *i.e.*—she stood no chance of feathering her nest with a large award of alimony, since it was apparent that no court in this country would force a husband to pay alimony which had been awarded by a French court. But this drawback was easily overcome by a wife's obtaining from her husband a pre-divorce settlement—which he was ready enough to give her if he too wanted to be free.

However, it was not until 1922 or thereabouts that the Paris divorce mill started operating at full tilt. In that year a certain opera singer obtained a phenomenally rapid divorce from an American millionaire. Her lawyer was a well-known American who maintains an office both here and in Paris, and who through his familiarity with the French judicial system was able to procure a preliminary decree for his client in approximately thirty days. He furthermore obtained a settlement from the husband of a house in Paris and a string of pearls; and to cap the climax he arranged for a special dispensation which enabled the lady to marry another well-known and wealthy American only four days after her formal decree of divorce had been issued. There is a French law which says that a woman may not marry within ten months of having obtained a divorce so as to obviate any doubt as to the paternity of possible offspring.

Following this famous case, there was a great exodus to Paris of New York society people seeking divorce, and in

the past four years any number of prominent New Yorkers have secured their divorces in Paris. In fact it would be hard to mention a recently divorced society woman who does not possess one of that brand. Not only prominent New Yorkers, but couples from all strata of society and all parts of the country have of recent years made their way to Paris if they could afford the expense involved.

It is said that a Paris divorce can never be obtained for less than two or three thousand dollars, whereas it may cost much more than that. First of all a couple must employ four French lawyers, two for each side, consisting of an *avoué*, who directs the proceedings, and an *avocat*, who appears in court. In addition, most Americans employ an American lawyer who gives advice and makes the connections with the French lawyers—although he himself cannot appear in court since he is not a member of the French bar. Some of these American advisory lawyers are men of high standing and excellent ability; but others, it is said, are mere go-betweens, or runners, who collect a big fee from the client and pocket the greater part of it themselves. There are also French agents, discredited lawyers, who mulct their clients. All of these lawyers, however—the good as well as the bad—charge their clients according to their ability to pay and also according to the speed with which the case must be despatched. A client may furthermore have to stand the expense of leasing an apartment for a year, or of bribing the *concierge* to make out a false certificate of residence—although an experienced lawyer asserts that no reputable member of the French or American bar would resort to the latter practice. He also claims that it is not often necessary, since the French officials do not as a rule investigate the matter of residence thoroughly.

Yet an acquaintance of the writer's admits that she paid out a great deal for bribes when she secured her decree. Having a comfortable income of her own, she decided that she was tired of supporting her ne'er-do-well husband, and so set out for Paris, ordering him to follow her. There she put the case in the hands of a clever *entrepreneur* who arranged to have it heard by a judge noted for the celerity with which he grants divorces to Americans. Soon after she had filed her complaint in court—which constituted her one and only appearance—her husband, who had just arrived in France, was apprehended in a taxicab at a time and place that had been previously agreed upon, and served with a summons by a process server, who conveniently forgot that he was supposed to find the defendant at his place of residence. The lawyers took care of all the rest, so that the couple were not even called before the judge for the "reconciliation" meeting. The divorce was granted at the end of four weeks, at a total cost to the girl of three thousand dollars. She could not remember how that money had been apportioned, but she was under the impression that it had been used to pay a number of bribes as well as the fees of the five lawyers in the case.

When it was suggested that the legality of her divorce might be questioned in this country some day she was most indignant and declared that there was no doubt as to its validity. "International law takes care of that point," she asserted sweepingly!

From 1922 to 1924 the Paris mill turned out approximately three hundred American divorces per annum, many of them in record-breaking time. One of these summary decrees was granted late in 1923 to the wife of the son of a prominent ex-cabinet member, and the news resounded in Washington, causing much unfavorable comment in high quarters. At the same time the clergy in this country took up the cry against Paris divorces in general, and were echoed by such newspapers as the New York *Times*, which expressed itself editorially as follows: "What has been going on is in

reality an abuse of the French courts. To put a stop to it is obviously a duty on the part of those jealous for the purity of the administration of justice in France."

The hue and cry in America became so pronounced that ex-Ambassador Jusserand is said to have protested to his government, with the result that Premier Poincaré wrote a note to the public prosecutor directing him to look into the case that had aroused so much indignation in Washington. Next the Paris newspapers began to criticize caustically the wholesale fashion in which Americans were taking advantage of the French divorce law. Finally the general agitation resulted in the Minister of Justice's sending an unofficial communication to the presidents of the different tribunals in Paris, urging them in the cases of American citizens seeking divorce to make certain of two points:

1. That the parties had a genuine domicile in France with a genuine *animus manendi* (intention to remain).

2. That a *certificat de coutume* had been filed showing that the cause for which the divorce was asked was one recognized in the home state.

In the light of this dictum our newspapers came out with front-page stories announcing that it would no longer be possible for Americans to secure easy divorces in Paris; while French lawyers in this country wrote "letters to the editor" extolling the quality of French justice.

But what actually happened? The unofficial memorandum of 1924 did no more than slow up the operation of the mill a little, so that now it may take three months rather than two to obtain a final decree—although an outstanding American lawyer who has sent a good many clients to Paris says that even to-day a plaintiff does not need to spend more than two weeks in Paris if the right judge has been picked and the plans carefully laid. The decree, however, will not become effective until several months later when it has been inscribed in the Book of Vital Statistics.

As for the two requirements unofficially laid down by the Minister of Justice, we are told by a French lawyer who is thoroughly familiar with the practice of the Paris courts that neither one has been enforced. The *certificat de coutume* has never been made compulsory, although certain lawyers have deemed it wise to proceed on that basis. In regard to the question of bona fide residence, the courts are said to be a little more industrious in making inquiries now than they were before, with the result that the lawyer and his client must take a few more precautions. But as a rule the *police judiciare*, who are the ones charged with investigating the matter of residence, content themselves with calling at the defendant's alleged place of residence, asking if he lives there, and leaving the summons with the *concierge*. As a general thing he does not call at the residence of the plaintiff. However, in some few cases the courts have made a more careful inquiry, and it is for this reason that the most cautious lawyers are now urging their clients to establish *soi-disant* residences in apartment houses rather than in hotels, and also to remain in Paris several months at least. One man who returned to this country immediately after starting his suit in Paris received a cablegram from his lawyer a few weeks later advising him to return immediately.

The reason for the continued laxity of the French courts is a matter of interesting discussion among lawyers and jurists in this country, especially in view of the statement made by the Civil Tribunal of Versailles at the time of the Gould decision, to the effect that "the competence of French courts as between foreigners is optional, the parties having a right to decline their jurisdiction, and *the courts having the right to refuse to adjudicate*. (The italics are the writer's.)

It cannot be held in the present instance that the French are after American gold, for the bribery hardly extends to the judges themselves; nor does anyone claim that the French lawyers are

getting rich from their divorce practice—except for the shysters, who are American as well as French. Certainly the government could have no interest in protecting these men who practice outside the pale. Why, then, does the Minister of Justice allow the divorce mill to keep on running? As a matter of fact it operates effectively only in Paris and Nice, where the numbers are so great that the officials do not attempt to examine cases individually. In the provinces the situation is quite different, a French lawyer explained, citing the case of an American couple who were admonished by the judge to think over their differences for six months and then come back to him.

It would appear that the judges in Paris have too full a calendar to give much attention to the numerous American divorces. One must remember, too, that the French believe in a laissez-faire attitude toward other people's personal life. . . . "If these Americans cannot get divorces under the barbaric laws of their own states—then we, a civilized nation, will take care of them," the judges may conceivably say to themselves.

III

The only Paris divorce that has so far been contested in the courts of this country is that of Edith K. Gould and Frank J. Gould. The following are the facts in the case, as reported by the New York Court of Appeals, in their decision of January 21, 1923:

After living in New York for about three years, the couple moved to France, where they lived as husband and wife for more than five years. In 1919 Mrs. Gould sued for divorce in the Civil Tribunal of Versailles on grounds of infidelity, but dropped the suit for lack of sufficient evidence. Several months later Mr. Gould commenced a similar action in the same court and obtained a judgment in his favor, on the proof of his wife's adultery—which she herself admitted. But a few months later she sought to have the decision revoked, claiming that the French courts could have no jurisdiction over herself and her husband since they were American subjects. The court, however, held that the couple were bona fide residents of Paris, and that, furthermore, Mrs. Gould had placed herself under its jurisdiction by having first instituted a suit for divorce on her own account. This opinion was affirmed by the Court of Cassation, the highest court of France.

Mrs. Gould next sought to have the decree set aside in the Supreme Court of New York, and eventually carried her case to the Court of Appeals, which handed down a decision recognizing the French decree, on the ground that the Goulds were bona fide residents of France at the time the decree was granted, and that the divorce had been obtained on undeniable proof of adultery, the one ground recognized by New York State. But in concluding its opinion the New York Court of Appeals took occasion to utter this warning:

"If in the instant case the judgments of the courts of France disclosed that the parties were merely sojourning in France at the time their decree of divorce was granted, or that a residence in France was of such limited duration as to lead the Court of Appeals to believe that the decree was the result of collusion or the judgment was rendered for a cause not recognized as sufficient cause for absolute divorce by the law of this State, it may be that the justice presiding would be justified in holding that the decree was contrary to the policy of this State, and in a refusal to give effect to the evidence sought to be established thereby. We leave these questions open."

This pronouncement seriously alarms lawyers, for if it were strictly applied, it might rule out at least ninety per cent of the divorces obtained by New Yorkers in Paris.

New York lawyers, however, differ as to the relative importance of the clauses in the paragraph just quoted. One very conservative firm which maintains an

office in Paris insists that their clients who are seeking French divorces reside in Paris at least six months before even commencing action, since that is the length of time a Frenchman must live in a department before he can vote. Furthermore, they strongly advise their clients to buy property so as to establish themselves more irrefutably as residents of Paris.

Other attorneys are alarmed by the clause referring to collusion, since it would not be difficult to prove that most of the American couples who have obtained divorces in Paris left this country for the purpose of evading its divorce laws.

Still other lawyers attach great importance to the clause which reads "if the judgment was rendered for a cause not recognized as sufficient cause for absolute divorce by the law of this State." For this reason some lawyers advise their clients to secure their Paris divorces on grounds of adultery—by fair means or foul. Take the case of a reputable propertied citizen of New York State who was anxious to obtain a Paris divorce that would presumably be held valid in New York, since he wished to marry again and felt that he must offer his new wife nothing but a bona fide marriage. So with the advice of a resourceful French lawyer he secured a year's lease on a certain apartment in Paris owned by a Frenchwoman who makes it a business to appear on paper as co-respondent in divorce suits. A few letters from her were sufficient to justify the suit for adultery which the first wife was willing to institute. The latter remained in Paris three months, and the husband only one month, the affair costing him, all told, eight thousand dollars. To-day he feels confident that he has secured a divorce which would be held valid in any court in the state. But as a matter of fact his divorce would stand a much better chance of recognition if it had been obtained on trumped-up charges of adultery in New York State—inasmuch as his motive in resorting to the French courts after so short a stay in Paris, might very likely be questioned.

IV

There is, it is true, an international understanding which obliges every civilized nation to recognize the judicial proceedings of another nation—unless such recognition would serve "to contravene the public policy" of the state or country concerned. But the latter question is "exclusively for the courts of a state to determine," the New York Court of Appeals asserted in the Gould case.

Indeed, the law of comity between nations is nowhere nearly so binding a force as is the clause in the Federal Constitution which obliges each state "to give full faith and credit to the laws, public acts and judicial proceedings" of a sister state.

Yet even this clause leaves each state the right to determine whether a sister state was entitled to extend its jurisdiction over the parties concerned. Indeed, the Supreme Court of the United States has handed down several noteworthy decisions establishing the fact that a divorce granted by the courts of one state may be declared null and void by those of another state if the plaintiff shall not have acquired a bona fide domicile or if the defendant—in case he or she lives in another state—shall not have been properly notified of the action. In the first instance the Supreme Court draws a sharp line of distinction between domicile and temporary residence. A person may, for example, have resided in a state for six months or a year, but if he has done nothing to show that he intends to remain there he has failed to establish a domicile.

One of the most interesting cases in which the validity of a divorce, as well as the question of inheritance rights, hinged upon the proof of domicile was that of Kate H. Andrews versus Annie Andrews, argued before the United States Supreme Court in 1902. Each

litigant claimed to be the lawful widow of Charles S. Andrews, and each petitioned to be appointed administratrix of his estate. The Supreme Court decided that the husband had not been free to contract a second marriage in Massachusetts since he had failed to establish a legal domicile in South Dakota at the time of obtaining his divorce. The fact that the first wife had made herself a party to the divorce by accepting a money settlement, did not alter the Supreme Court in its decision that she was Charles Andrews' lawful widow in Massachusetts, and that Annie Andrews who had lived with him as a wife for sixteen years had no rights as a widow.

This case, however, cannot be considered a wholly representative one, since Massachusetts has on its statute books a specific law which reads: "If an inhabitant of this Commonwealth goes into another state or country to obtain a divorce for a cause which occurred here, while the parties resided here, or for a cause which would not authorize a divorce by the laws of this Commonwealth, a divorce so obtained shall be of no force or effect in this Commonwealth."

Despite this law it is said that a number of Bostonians have of recent years obtained their divorces in Paris, apparently unconcerned for the moment over a possible legal aftermath.

The Andrews case is, nevertheless, of national significance, since the Supreme Court included in its opinion the following clear-cut statement which would apply to all the states of the union:

"A state may forbid the enforcement within its borders of a decree of divorce procured by its own citizens who, whilst retaining their domicile in the prohibiting state, have gone into another state to procure a divorce in fraud of the law of this domicile."

In the light of this opinion, coming from the highest court in the land, the different state courts might well refuse to recognize many of the divorces obtained by their citizens in Nevada, California, and similar states were those decrees to be contested. And it is even more likely that this same principle would operate against the validity of the average Paris divorce, since international law leaves each state quite free to decide whether it is consonant with its public policy to recognize a foreign judgment.

Our Supreme Court has consistently held that a state of the union has exclusive jurisdiction over the marriage status of two citizens if they have lived together as man and wife within its borders for any length of time. Take the frequently quoted case of Atherton versus Atherton which came before the Supreme Court in 1899. The couple had lived together in Kentucky and had had children born to them there; after some years the wife left and took up her residence in New York, where she sued for a limited divorce, alleging cruelty on the part of her husband. In the meantime he had obtained a decree in Kentucky on grounds of desertion, which the New York courts refused to recognize. The Supreme Court of the United States ruled, however, that the State of New York was obliged to give "full faith and credit" to the Kentucky divorce, since the couple had had their matrimonial domicile in the latter state.

Neither will the Supreme Court countenance the practice of a husband's deserting his wife and obtaining a divorce in another state, for it ruled in the case of Haddock versus Haddock that:

"Where the domicile of matrimony is in a particular state and the husband abandons his wife and goes into another state in order to avoid his marriage obligations, such other state does not become a new domicile of matrimony."

In view of the foregoing Supreme Court decisions it would appear that if a couple wanted to obtain a Paris divorce which would stand any chance at all of being recognized in this country, they had better live together in Paris—at least so far as appearances go—for several years.

In addition to the question of domicile there is a second important factor which determines a court's jurisdiction over both parties: *i.e.*, the manner in which the defendant has been "served" or notified of the complaint. The general rule is that if the party can be found within the state he or she must be personally served; but that if he cannot be found, he may be notified by publication, registered mail, or whatever method the law of the particular state requires. The latter procedure, known as "constructive service," is often necessary when the defendant goes into hiding or purposely leaves the state; and it has, therefore, been adjudged by the United States Supreme Court (Bell vs. Bell) to be a valid basis for a divorce *if resorted to in the state of matrimonial domicile.* But if this method of service is followed by the court of another state the decree will not necessarily be binding elsewhere. In other words, no state will allow another state to determine the married status of one of its citizens who has not voluntarily submitted himself or herself to that jurisdiction.

There have been a number of Paris divorces granted to Americans on the basis of "constructive service," inasmuch as the French law allows the summons to be served by the office of the French consul if the defendant resides in a foreign country. However, in such a case the wife must prove to the French court that she has a right to live apart from her husband. And since the French courts have been looking a little more carefully into the question of residence, cautious lawyers are now insisting that the defendant come to France to receive the summons personally. In any event "constructive service" would only add another weak spoke to the wheel of a Paris divorce.

In the several instances quoted above the validity of a given divorce rested upon the question of jurisdiction. If a divorce were to be attacked on grounds of fraud, the former defendant would have to prove conclusively that he or she had not been a party to, and had had no knowledge of the fraud. Furthermore, a defendant could not move to have the decree set aside if he or she had remarried or in any other way recognized its validity. Nor would the original plaintiff be allowed to question the validity of a divorce which he or she had procured at any time or at any place.

This same principle might prevent the descendants of a plaintiff from having a decree set aside at some time in the future. On the other hand, the children of a *defendant* would be privileged to contest the validity of a decree which had deprived their mother and themselves of due property rights.

Presumably the only other interested party who might question the status of a divorce would be the second husband or wife. There have been a few such cases tried in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York. In one instance a man by the name of Kaufman sued to have his marriage annulled on the ground that his wife's previous divorce, obtained on "constructive service" in Nevada, was null and void in New York. The court conceded that her divorce was technically invalid, but it refused to relieve the husband of his marital obligations, inasmuch as he himself had persuaded her to obtain the divorce and had furthermore aided her in the suit.

In still another case, that of Schenker versus Schenker, involving "constructive service," the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York refused to annul a man's marriage, for the reason that he was not, at the time he contracted it, a citizen of New York State and was, therefore, not entitled to the protection of its courts.

In the light of these two New York decisions we may draw several general conclusions: first, that a man who had persuaded a woman to leave her state of domicile and obtain a divorce in another state or country would not be allowed to forswear that marriage. Second, that a

man could not successfully sue for annulment of a marriage except in the state in which he had married and lived with his wife. On the other hand, if a second husband had been in no way responsible for a woman's action in securing her first divorce, and if he later sued for annulment in their state of matrimonial domicile on the ground that he had been defrauded into thinking she had a valid decree, the courts might or might not relieve him, depending upon their conception of public policy. That is one of the vital questions which has not yet been settled.

V

The strongest argument in defense of a typical Paris divorce would be that *both* parties had voluntarily submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the court. In this connection it is not true that an American man or woman can secure a divorce that would be held valid in France, without the knowledge of the other party, for the French courts stipulate that the defendant must be represented by attorney. There are, it is true, shyster lawyers who undertake to obtain decrees for their clients without the presence or knowledge of the other person by the trick of hiring a "dummy" husband or wife to receive the summons and appear at the "reconciliation" meeting. Mrs. A obtained such a divorce and took it home to wave triumphantly in her husband's face, declaring that she was free of him. But he rudely tore it up and declared it wasn't worth a nickel since he could prove before either a Paris or a New York judge that it had been obtained by fraud. So she had nothing to show for her trip but a deficit of some three thousand dollars in her check book.

In fact, most civilized countries have looked upon marriage as a contract which cannot be broken at the behest of one of the parties without the other's being given a fair chance to defend himself or herself. This conception of marriage is quite different from that of the ancient Mohammedan law which allowed a man to divorce his wife merely by saying to her thrice, "I divorce thee." Yet certain provinces of Mexico to-day permit a somewhat similar procedure, with the exception that the other spouse is literally not informed of the divorce until it is a *fait accompli*. As a result many Americans have gone to Mexico to profit from these liberal divorce laws, but the decrees thus obtained, if and when they have been contested, have been consistently pronounced invalid by the courts of this country. Furthermore, society at large has withheld its approval: one hears, for instance, that women who have secured their divorces in Mexico, and who have subsequently remarried are *personæ non gratæ* in the best New York circles, while the reputation of Paris divorcées has not suffered one jot.

Paris, therefore, is still the happy hunting-ground, especially since Nevada now requires the actual physical presence of the plaintiff for six months. And Reno, they say, is a deadly dull place. Small wonder that Paris is more alluring —Paris with its gay nights, its sleek gigolos, its secret courts, its discreet lawyers.

So the mill in Paris keeps on grinding, and there are few who care at the moment what a judge in this country would say about their decrees. Indeed, this insouciant attitude is encouraged by certain lawyers who assure their clients that no court would rule against the validity of a typical Paris divorce because such a decision would create a social cataclysm. As opposed to this dubious kind of logic is the opinion of one of the country's outstanding authorities, Professor Joseph H. Beale of the Law School of Harvard University. In commenting on the New York Gould decision, he first bursts a bombshell by saying that he does not believe any other state, with the possible exception of New Jersey, would recognize a Paris divorce obtained by a man who had admitted that his *legal* domicile was in this coun-

try—as did Frank J. Gould, despite the fact that he had been a resident of Paris for five years.

In regard to citizens of New York State Professor Beale expresses his opinion as follows:

"No person domiciled in New York can obtain a divorce in a country in which neither spouse is domiciled, unless:

"a. Both parties have been long resident in the country.

"b. The cause for divorce occurred during that residence.

"c. The cause for divorce was a sufficient cause for divorce in New York.

"d. Both spouses consented to the jurisdiction of the court."

It will be seen at a glance that practically none of the couples who have secured divorces in Paris of recent years could satisfy the above four conditions, all of which Professor Beale considers necessary to establish the validity of a foreign decree.

It must be remembered also that the United States Supreme Court has said, in Andrews versus Andrews: "The marriage relation is so interwoven with public policy that the consent of the parties is impotent to dissolve it contrary to the law of the domicile." Since, then, every state has absolute jurisdiction over the marriage status of its citizens, is it likely to forego that jurisdiction and recognize decrees which have been patently obtained by collusion in foreign countries?

VI

"But your day of judgment holds no horrors for me," remarked the wife of a man who was divorced in Paris. And she went on to say, "I care nothing about the technical legality of our marriage; we only went through the procedure as a matter of social form, and we consider marriage, anyway, to be more a matter of the spirit than of law. As for property rights, I am not concerned with them. If my husband should want to leave me anything—assuming that I should outlive him—he would put it in his will; if he failed to do so I should certainly not fight for his property."

Another woman of an independent stamp, who had herself procured a divorce in Paris, remarked that if her present husband should want to cast her off for any flimsy excuse she would be the first to let him go.

Still other couples whose marriages depend upon Paris divorces make their anomalous status a subject of half-humorous, half-serious discussion at house-parties. *Are* they married, or *aren't* they married, under the laws of New York State?

There is another type of woman who is neither frank nor indifferent on the subject, but who will let a mask fall over her face as soon as the question of Paris divorces comes up. Whether she considers the matter very much her own business, or whether she actually fears the legal consequences of her action, it is hard to say.

On one occasion the writer asked several unmarried young women whether they would be perturbed if they were married to men who had divorces not technically valid in the state in which they lived. One of them shrugged her shoulders with indifference, but two of them cannily said that they wouldn't want to be mixed up in anything like that: they would rather know just where they stood, and where their children were going to stand.

Property rights are the crux of the whole matter. Therefore, so long as the will to possess riches lies close to the hearts of most of God's creatures men and women will continue to fret themselves over the relation between divorce and property. For it is a self-evident fact that this great crisscross puzzle of marriage and divorce and children and property rights is becoming more and more complex, as one eminent lawyer points out. In his opinion, the stringent divorce law of New York State and the inelastic laws of a number of other states are no more enforceable in this twentieth century than is the Volstead

Law. People, he holds, are bound to evade these divorce laws, either by going to Paris or Mexico or by falsifying evidence in their own states; for it is human nature to consider that one's personal affairs are one's own business and not that of the state. Therefore, he argues, why do we not enact as civilized a law as that of the French? Or better still, let us have some such law as that of Norway which allows two people to obtain a divorce on grounds of incompatibility after one year of voluntary separation. He believes that this law would be especially good for Americans, since it is our temperament to act too hastily and impulsively. He would also like to see us take a leaf out of the book of the French and forbid all publicity concerning divorces. How much better it would be, he concluded, to provide civilized means for decrees in this country than to force our citizens to seek questionable foreign decrees which in years to come will greatly complicate our legal and social machinery.

DESTINY

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

O MAN, what mask upon Life's rostrum bears
Your features for remembrance, and what tongue
In Time's eternal forum tells your worth
Within the Universe? What caravan
Across the crumbling desert bears your soul
For ware in Heaven's mart? What dream is this
Of fountains flinging rainbows at a sun
That never sets? Of streets where music flows
As flows the air through cities of the Earth?
Yea, what mirage of palaces and towers,
Of harps and haloes, and contented wings?
You are a wayfarer. Never may you hope
For more than one night's lodging in the sky;
Nor should you ever ask that Heaven might be
More than a wayside inn, with candlelight
Upon the face of God, the welcoming host
Who points the way to some far destiny.
Guard well your pack, cast not your staff away.
Rest deeply on your cloud-engirdled couch,
But wake to reveille's dew-glittering notes
Blown by the trumpets of the steel-clad stars.

MEN ARE BAD HOUSEKEEPERS

BY RUTH PRATT

Member of the Board of Aldermen, New York City

ONCE a week, in a large room on the second floor of the beautiful colonial City Hall in New York City, I take my seat at meetings of the Board of Aldermen. By the time this article has passed through the, to me, mysterious steps that will make it part of this magazine I shall have been a member of that theoretically important law-making body for about a year and a half. There are sixty-five of us in all (sixty-four men and one woman) in the Board and each of us receives five thousand a year for our services. The cost of the New York Aldermanic Board to the taxpayers is, including salaries for the members and clerks and incidental expenses, about five hundred thousand dollars a year. In my opinion it is a half million dollars thrown away, for the Board is utterly extravagant, is entirely subservient to political leaders, and does, so far as I can see, no constructive work. When each month I receive my pay-check for $416.66 I have all of the sensations of the unhappy creatures in the "guilty feeling" cartoons.

At the outset I want to make it just as clear as I am able that I do not disparage the value of the Board of Aldermen because there are sixty-two Democrats as compared with three Republicans and because I am one-third of the microscopic minority. The situation would, I suspect, be just as bad if for decades the Republican Party had maintained a strangle-hold on New York's municipal government in the way in which Tammany Hall has been able to do. And I certainly am not becoming critical because I am the solitary woman member. In the months that I have been attending meetings and making myself, perhaps, a good deal of a nuisance, I have been treated with the utmost courtesy. More important, I have been permitted to grasp the hand of fellowship. At committee meetings, where informality rules, the members have paid me the compliment of smoking and the greater one of swearing in a restrained and gentlemanly manner if the necessity for profanity arises. Occasionally I am tempted to join them in both these sedatives for frayed nerves. But my fellow aldermen are not yet, it is to be feared, advanced enough to view any such action except with alarm.

The first "woman alderman" in New York, I was the freak of the Board during my novitiate as part of the municipal machine. But the novelty soon wore off. The male members, two of whom were forced to like me because we were of the same political faith, found that although I was something new I was not, after all, much of a menace. They quickly and graciously accepted me as an established alderman, told me an occasional private or political secret with confidence, I hope, that I should never betray them, and permitted me to subscribe when they passed the hat in some worthy cause.

I had been in the Board for six months when it was brought home to me forcibly that I had arrived. It was a warm June afternoon, one of the first really hot days of the year. Outside, the urchins were splashing in the waters of the City Hall

fountain, and their squeals of delight drifted in through the open windows in a highly irritating way. My colleagues, being men, sweltered in their heavy coats. They told me frankly that they envied my cool, thin dress, and one grizzled Tammany veteran remarked sincerely, if a little patronizingly, that "as far as dress is concerned women are a damned sight more sensible than men!"

It is curious how intimately one can get acquainted with a group of more than sixty men seen, except for infrequent committee meetings, only once a week. Aldermen, at least in New York, may be divided into two broad classes. Many are young and ambitious. The job is the first on the path to political greatness—the first public office, I mean. Of course there are district captaincies and a host of jobs that must be done in the various districts. The second group are scarred veterans. They have served their parties well and faithfully. The fact that they have not been promoted may be due to their efficiency as aldermen as much as to any lack of ability for higher things. Being an alderman, even at five thousand dollars a year, is a part-time job. Most of the members have other occupations. Many are lawyers, several undertakers, and some are former saloon-keepers. The great majority are very close to the people who have elected them and have lived for years in the districts they represent. I am sure that with few exceptions they are really able men. My complaint is that they use none of their ability either in efforts toward economy or in constructive legislation.

II

Like many women of this age, in which women are getting more of the breaks than ever before, I resent being always and eternally viewed as a woman. I happened to be allied with the Republican Party. It is my belief that the two-party system, now consisting of Democrats and Republicans, is sound. It is my contention that there is no valid political issue between Men, as such, and Women, as such. That is why I have never had much sympathy for the National Woman's Party, the feminist organization. It is, I think, in error. It is bringing back sex into politics—the very thing that Woman Suffrage was supposed to remove. Following my election to the Board of Aldermen many editors were kind enough to send writers to interview me. Some of these were women and almost invariably they asked me questions such as "What is the Woman's Viewpoint in Politics?" I always avoided answering if I could. For I really have no idea what Woman's Viewpoint is.

And now, having stated my hostility toward the "woman's angle" in life and affairs, I shall resort to the supposedly womanly prerogative of shifting my position to remark that men are pretty bad at the business of keeping house for the City of New York, and that it would be well for them to adopt a few so-called feminine virtues. Municipal government in the United States is notoriously bad—hardly a student of political science has failed to comment on this fact. And few cities, I am certain, can be worse than New York. More than $1,350,000 a day is spent, and it is sanctioned by men who have, in some cases, not the slightest conception of what $1,000,000 means. I say that in all seriousness. The Board of Aldermen of the City of New York has formally approved a budget for this year of $474,893,300. My feeling when it did so was that ninety per cent of the members had not the remotest idea of what it was all about. Many of them seem to have little respect for a million and much less for a billion dollars. To most of them $1,000,000,000 is as fantastic a figure as the total debt of the Allies. Yet they continue merrily to vote it away.

During the year and a half that I have been an alderman I have worked a good many hours in an effort to understand the city's financial machinery. I

don't pretend to have fathomed all of it. But I should have to be pretty stupid to know as little about it as, apparently, do some of the other members of the Board. And I certainly have made a nuisance of myself by my persistence in asking "Why?" about a thousand different matters. No one else bothers to do so. In justice to some of the members with whom I have talked, I must say here that I think they are quite as appalled as I by the manner and method of appropriation. Some would like to protest. But I can easily understand that their mouths are closed. They must submit, or get out.

Perhaps before going farther I should give a rough idea of how the financial system in New York operates. Each summer the various department heads send in itemized statements of the sums they will need for the coming year. The Comptroller, who is the city's financial officer and second in importance to the Mayor alone, specifies the sums that will be needed for interest and amortization of the city debt. All these figures are lumped together and make up what is called the "tentative budget." The massive compilation goes to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and also to the Board of Aldermen. Each board is supposed to study it. Actually, only the Estimate Board does. This body, I should have explained, consists of the Mayor, the Presidents of the five boroughs, and the President of the Board of Aldermen. It is legislative as well as executive in its functions, a dual role that I believe fundamentally wrong.

By November each year the final budget is ready. For 1927, as I have said, the total is almost $475,000,000—about $100,000,000 higher than the budget for 1914. It is almost $42,000,000 larger than the 1926 budget (and in a time of decreasing costs). All this, however, meant nothing in the lives of my fellow-members of the Aldermanic Board. Should it? I, at least, think so. The city charter, which is the fundamental law of New York, provides that the Board of Aldermen may "reduce the said several amounts fixed by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment except such amounts as are now or may hereafter be fixed by law." But the revered body which costs New York $500,000 a year *did not reduce a single item.* It seldom does as far as I know. It is a rubber stamp for Tammany Hall. It might have saved the city, I am convinced, at least $50,000,000 by cutting out absurd, ridiculous, and extravagant items. But the motto of the Board, as repeated to me again and again by my friendly and often frank co-workers, is: "Why worry?"

III

I hold no particular brief for the feminine sex. If women were really as bright as some of the leaders of the woman movement make out they would, I think, have gone farther in their theoretical struggle with men and by now have set up a matriarchal state. I do think, though, that men are far behind in matters of economy. Women are often accused of being extravagant, but my experience leads me to believe that extravagance is a dominant characteristic of the male. Personally, I have come into contact with few men who make any pretense of economy. One of the worst insults that one man can fling at another is that he is inclined to be close, that he scrutinizes carefully the bills incurred by his family. Perhaps public opinion, over a long stretch of years, has been enough to discourage economy on the part of the American man. Extravagance is universal—a charming personal characteristic, if a dangerous national one.

The spendthrift nature of the male is apparent in a hundred different ways. Every boy or girl knows that a theater party given by father is vastly to be preferred to one in which mother pays the bills. For mother is almost certain to get seats for some moderately inter-

esting and informative matinee. At the end of the performance she feels that she has done her duty, and everyone is bundled off for the 5:15 or the subway. What a contrast are father's parties! Father gets from a speculator a block of seats for the zippiest musical show. He starts the evening with a dinner party and very probably polishes it off with a visit to the night clubs. Every waiter, taxicab driver, Pullman porter, and doorman knows that men are more generous with tips than are women. Every clothing salesman knows that men will not "shop around" for value but will, unless they bring their wives along, purchase the first garment offered. I frequently hear, from my husband and others, praise of the efficiency of the American business man. Does this efficiency include economy? I wonder.

I have seen a good many Oriental rugs, real ones, in private offices where not a single soul has the remotest notion of their value or appreciation of their beauty. I have a sneaking hunch that many of our most hard-boiled captains of industry have secretarial staffs which are too large for their needs. But I hasten to dismiss these treasonable doubts. After all, I know little about business men. Within the last year though I have learned a good deal about politicians. And I do know that if they have any tendencies toward economy they suppress them.

Last October there was dumped on my desk a horrible document setting forth the sums of money that would be needed to run the City of New York during 1927. Similar documents were placed in the hands of all the other members of the Board of Aldermen. I remember the day quite clearly, because I had the sensation that I used to have in college when some instructor gave us a particularly heavy dose of outside reading to do. I looked around at my fellow aldermen to see what their reaction was. They had only a few weeks to study these complicated financial matters. How did they propose to find the time? To my surprise, as I glanced around the chamber, I found the gentlemen of the Board entirely unconcerned. Several of them as soon as the budget reached them tossed it into a rack underneath their desks. Most of them were leaning back in their swivel chairs, not even bothering to inspect the totals.

After the meeting was over I asked several about it. I wanted to know how many public hearings were held and to what extent the taxpayers were given an opportunity to protest. How did one digest so vast a matter? Most of my colleagues grinned at me.

"Now don't you bother much," they advised. "Don't fret about it. You're one of the three Republicans so, as a matter of form, you'll have to file a minority report. They had a lot of experts go over this budget. We needn't bother with it. Why worry?"

Why worry? It all seemed—this lack of interest—pretty disgraceful to me. The budget is about the only excuse for the existence of the Board. We *have* the power to slash it. But if we accept the Board of Estimate as an "inspired body" that can do no wrong, we ought to support a bill legislating ourselves out of office. We're pretty expensive when we do nothing except draw five hundred thousand dollars a year from the city.

Foolishly, perhaps, for in the end I accomplished nothing, I lugged the budget home with me that night. The next day I got in touch with accountants and other experts. I asked them to make a report on what they found; and they found many things. The 1927 budget is, for instance, larger by many millions than any compiled during the administration of the widely criticized Mayor Hylan. Is it justified by the increase in costs—by the depreciation of the dollar? Some of it is, of course. But the total of $475,000,000 cannot be explained away in so simple a fashion. The budget for 1914 was, for instance, about $190,000,000. This was about $37 per capita. The 1927 budget calls for approximately $81 for every man,

woman, and child in New York. Since 1914, the experts tell me, the cost of living has increased by about two-thirds. In terms of the present-day lowered value of the dollar, it would have required about $61 per head to run the city in 1914. The difference, then, is between $81 and $61. With 6,000,000 people this gives a total of $120,000,000 as a mathematical estimate of the 1927 extravagance.

Nor does the published budget total of $475,000,000 constitute all of the expenditures that will be made this year. Various departments are permitted to use receipts from licenses and concessions instead of turning them into the general fund to reduce taxation. The city's finance department has said that about $530,000,000 will be the actual total for 1927. Chicago, Philadelphia, and Detroit have a combined population greater than that of New York. Yet their budgets, lumped together, are smaller. Since 1900 New York's budget has quadrupled while the population has merely doubled. All of which causes the gentlemen of the Aldermanic Board not a single headache.

I admit that some of the increases are justified in a large and prosperous city forced to solve the baffling problems of education, transit, and street traffic. I firmly believe, though, that $100,000,000 of the present budget should have been subjected to the most minute scrutiny. I think it is probable that at least $50,000,000 could have been saved without in any way handicapping the progress of the municipality. Two or three weeks after the budget was handed to me I made a speech to this effect. I used the word "appalling" with reference to the budget. It was my suggestion that the Board of Aldermen justify its cost of $500,000 a year and question the city officials who were making the increase necessary. My fellow members smiled. Then they swiftly voted in favor of the appropriations as they stood and joked with me in comradely fashion as the meeting adjourned.

IV

For years the Board of Aldermen has been an object for ridicule. Formerly the members were paid only $2,000 a year, and the job was taken seriously by no one. When recently, however, the state constitution was amended to give the city greater control over its affairs, the Board became a branch of the City's Municipal Assembly. Everyone said this meant new life for the aldermen. But in legislation, as in its function of curbing extravagance, the members are invariably "yes men" for higher politicians. Even though they are now well paid they are insignificant figures. The newspaper reporters assigned to the City Hall pay very little attention to what they do or say.

Due to my peculiar position as first woman member, I have, like the first Channel swimmer, the first female bandit, or the first woman policeman, received a good deal of attention in the newspapers. Already, to my sorrow, I am becoming a commonplace (if not a common scold). The newspaper men pay less and less attention to what I have to say. But my shock at the casual endorsement of the $475,000,000 budget, expressed in a speech which I made with considerable nervousness, seemed to interest the reporters. The news association wires, to my surprise, carried brief extracts from it. Friends in various parts of the country began to mail me clippings containing flattering editorial comment. Women began to write in saying I had discovered "woman's place in politics." It was the duty of women, they said, to "curb extravagance." They asked me for details of my budget investigation so that they might prepare papers to be read before their clubs. Men, said the ladies who wrote to me, have shown themselves inefficient at the business of keeping down the costs of running the municipal house. They were bad housekeepers. It was time for the ladies to step in!

I read all these well-meant communi-

cations with mixed emotions. For, I repeat, I dislike the theory that women have a different role to play in public life than have men. But I could not dismiss the thought that there was much in what they said. I have known, at various times and in various places, a good many housewives; most of them good ones. I run a house myself and I think that I do it with some efficiency. Supposing I were to increase my budget year after year—and never investigate to see whether I was getting value for the money? Supposing I were annually to increase the salaries of my cook and housemaid without regard to their eligibility for more money?

I can easily imagine an alderman patting himself on the back and beaming with pleasure because he had been able to create a job for a friend; possibly a janitor's job when there was no need for additional janitorial service. But suppose I were to hire another maid every time I wanted to do a friend of mine a favor, what would happen to my own small budget? What would my husband, as taxpayer-in-chief, remark at a hastily arranged hearing? There are many parallels between running a house and running a city government. It is just possible that it *is* a woman's job to pull the purse strings a little tighter.

I am well aware that political machines operate on patronage. I know, too, that Tammany Hall is strong because it is a great social-welfare organization. If a poor man in the district needs coal or food or a doctor the district leader attends to his plight. If the rent is overdue the leader does what he can to raise the money or to persuade the landlord to be reasonable. It *pays* to be loyal to Tammany Hall.

Just as an experiment, when I first became an alderman, I investigated two "voters" who appealed to me for assistance. They were not, as a matter of fact, in my district—which made the matter slightly laughable. But I sent each small sums of money, so that their rent bills could be met. I'm utterly amazed at their loyalty to me. Constantly I get letters from them telling me of a hint of graft in one department, of inefficiency in another. Both, apparently, are close to the civic machine.

I have made the statement—the newspapers called it a "charge" that $50,000,000 could have been saved during the current year without in any way slowing up the civic machine. Most of it, incidentally, would have been in small amounts. The New York Board of Aldermen opened their mouths, closed their eyes, and swallowed what the "higher-ups" handed them. What did they swallow? Perhaps, because in other cities the situation may be very similar, it will be of value to enumerate some of the items. I make no claim, as I say, to have mastered all the ramifications of the budget. I don't pretend to have done anything but scratch the surface. But even the most superficial study reveals waste and extravagance on an unheard-of scale. The city fathers have been taking their political children to a theater party and have been throwing in all the delightful features of dinner, best seats, and a visit to the night clubs. I am inclined to suspect that the fathers of other municipalities are just as extravagant.

Details are a bore. I shall give only a few. I found in going over the budget that many new jobs had been created for which there seemed to be no need. Salaries had been raised, in some instances, beyond the prevailing rates paid in private business circles. Ridiculous extravagances abounded. The secretary to the Board of Estimate, for example, was given $6,500 more for contingencies than he requested. Why? The city bill drafting expert was awarded a salary of $10,000 a year when the official who does similar but more arduous work for the state legislature receives but $6,500. He was handed three assistants for the light duties that fall upon his shoulders. Why? Two employees were added to the staff of the City Chamberlain, an office costing

$100,000 a year and which, according to at least one former incumbent, might be abolished entirely without inconvenience. Chauffeurs in one city department were scheduled to be paid $1,620 a year to drive $600 Fords! Why cannot the officials using these Fords learn to drive themselves? Why does the Sheriff of the smallest county have two automobiles and two chauffeurs when the Sheriffs in the other four counties stagger along with one car and chauffeur each?

The "motorization" of New York's officialdom would be ludicrous if it were not so serious. The city's chief financial officer has estimated that $1,175,161 has been spent for 1,129 automobiles and that it costs $3,000,000 and more a year to operate them. Every department head has, if I am not mistaken, at least one car for his personal use. He also has a chauffeur. Why he needs a car I can't imagine. With few exceptions, city officials are supposed to work at their desks. Why should they have big, shiny motors to bring them to work and take them home while the taxpayers, who meet the bills, pack themselves into the subway? It is common knowledge that most of the officials permit their wives and children (perhaps in the latter cases for the often discussed jazz parties) to use these machines. Even the Captain of Industry does not provide motors to take his subordinates to and from work.

Probably the biggest joke of all is the municipal taxicab service. Just which city officials deign to use these taxis is a mystery. They must be very obscure and unimportant, for all the rest have their private motors. They are not attractive, the city cabs. Most of them are ancient Fords that rattle and squeak. Yet they cost fifty cents a mile to operate! Anyone can get a superlatively better cab on the streets, smooth running and swift, for twenty cents a mile. Why the excessive cost of the city taxis?

So it goes. A new telephone operator is installed in the Mayor's office at $1,800 a year, a new assistant Corporation Counsel created at $7,500. A raft of new clerks are provided for the Law Department and five new caretakers for the city morgue at $1,128 each. Are these jobs for the faithful—for "Deserving Democrats"? The 1927 budget provides $100,000 for vacuum cleaners for the Department of Street Cleaning. No request was made for them. They were rejected by city examiners in preliminary tests. Who is selling them to the city? There is a new job in the Department of Education for which a $7,500 salary has been fixed. The mysterious powers behind the budget have not even given it a title. Who is to get this plum?

It is clearly the duty of the Board of Aldermen to delve into all these matters, to scrutinize the budget to the minutest detail. It can summon department heads and demand that they justify some of the fantastic items. It can reduce, cut, and slash right and left. It can save millions of dollars a year. I am making no accusations of graft or dishonesty. All I am saying is that the City of New York is run on a slipshod basis and that my friends on the Aldermanic Board are worthless as far as economy, at least, is concerned. The general public has no way of knowing what is going on; it has not the time to make effective protest even if it did know. This is, theoretically, the duty of the aldermen. Instead, they think constantly of creating new positions, of raising salaries, of spending more money. As housekeepers they are simply terrible.

Would women be better than men? I don't know. I am inclined to think that they would, at least at first and before they saw the value of building a political machine and keeping it moving with patronage. Possibly the solution lies in a new form of check and balance. Perhaps municipalities should be managed by two bodies, one feminine and the other masculine. Maybe each would act to prevent extravagance on the part of the other. I doubt it, however. And I am pretty certain that the idea will please no one.

SINGING-WOMAN

A STORY

BY ADA JACK CARVER

LITTLE by little the Joyous Coast was changing.

The old rutted dirt road that fringed the Cane had been abandoned. The highway cut through the swamps and marshy lands and fields full of corn and refused to follow the whim of the river. It seemed to old Henriette relentless and terrible. It even plowed its way through people's dooryards, rooting up ancient landmarks: oaks and chinas and gnarled crepe-myrtles, their branches bowed to the earth with bloom—trees under which Henriette in her day had been courted and won.

Isle Brevelle, where the French mulattoes live, is not lonely and strange as is an island lost in the sea. With the river curving about it, it is like a maid in the arms of a lover who woos her forever: "*Lie still, Adored One. Are my arms not around you? Do you not feel the beat of my heart? Behold the gifts I have brought, the fruit and the flowers I lay at your feet. You are round and shining like the sun, more beautiful than the day*—"

The young people on Isle Brevelle liked the changing order, the feeling of unrest and impatience. Now, in the long summer evenings they could get in cars and go to town, to see the sights; or take in the colored picture-show up on the hill. "*Mais non*, we don't speak to them niggers," they assured old Henriette. "We don't have nothing to do with them black folks."

But all this saddened Henriette. For generations now her people had guarded the blood in their veins. Ignored by the whites, ignoring and scorning the blacks, they had kept themselves to themselves. But now there was change all about them. Something was in the air. . . . In her black spreading skirts, with her black kerchief about her head, Henriette sat on the gallery and watched the gravelled road that was straight and white and went on and on, taking the young folks with it. . . . People didn't die, either, like they used to do, properly in their beds, with time to receive the sacrament and be shrived for their sins. They died just any and everywhere, bumped off by trains or the automobiles that plowed by on the highway. No wonder the buryings were often hurried, unworthy affairs, without bell or book; to say nothing of singing-woman!

Henriette and her crony, fat old Josephine Remon, were the only singing-women left on Isle Brevelle. Time was when a singing-woman was as necessary as a priest, when no one who was anything could be buried without a professional mourner. In those days Henriette and Josephine were looked up to and respected: the place of honor at table, the best seat by the fireside, the most desirable pew in the church. Finally, instead of being sought after, a wailing-woman had to offer her services. Nowadays people seemed to have lost the fear, the dignity of death.

It was the same way with midwifery. Young women nowadays engaged trained nurses, or went to town to the hospitals to have their babies. Nowadays people didn't care *how* they died or were born.

They just came in and went out of the world, any old way. . . . All this troubled Henriette, and she sat in her corner and mumbled and grumbled to God about it, "Look like nothing ain't right, not what it used to be—"

It had been nearly ten years now since Henriette had wailed for a funeral. Josephine had had the last one, when old Madame Rivet died, six years ago. That made ninety-eight for Josephine and ninety-nine for herself. She was one funeral ahead. How proud she was of her record! She, Henriette, had sung for more buryings than any singing-woman in the parish. Of course old Josephine ran her a mighty close second. Henriette kept an account of her own and Josephine's funerals, in a little black memorandum-book locked up in her armoire. On one page was her own name, Henriette; and underneath it ninety-nine crosses in neat little rows of five. On the opposite page was Josephine's name, and beneath it ninety-eight crosses, in neat little rows of five. Well, they had served Death long and faithfully, she and Josephine; where Death had gone they had followed. . . . Time was, when, as a special treat, Henriette would take out her funeral-book and name the crosses: "This one was Marie Lombard, and this one Celeste, her daughter. Here was Henri, what died the time the cholera come, in 1860."

Now no one ever thought of Henriette's funeral-book. Six years, since Madame Rivet died, it had lain in her armoire. Sometimes she wondered sadly if she would ever wail again. For on Isle Brevelle there was but one person left who, when he died, would want a wailing-woman. This person was Toni Philbert, the only soul on Isle Brevelle older than Henriette. Toni and Henriette and Josephine had been young folks together. Now it had got to be a sort of game between the two women as to who would get Toni when Toni died. "If I get Toni," Henriette would say, "me, I'll have two more crosses than you. I'll have a hundred—" And Josephine, sitting fat in her chair, would chuckle, "*Mais non*, and if I get him, we'll be even, Etta, my friend."

Toni himself, an old, old man, sans teeth, sans everything, was pleased with the fuss they made over him. Sometimes he would joke with them when he met them at church. "Well, well, old uns. I'm here yet. Hee! Hee! I'll outlive both you girls. Just wait—me, I show you!"

The days on Isle Brevelle were long and filled with the drowsy chatter of ducks and fat red hens. Henriette's prayers for those in purgatory took up part of the time. But a person can't pray forever! Nothing to do but sit and think of the past, and of death and dying. Henriette had always, even when a child, known something lovely and secret about death. What it was she could not have told; but her knowledge made her a good wailing-woman. She minded the time, long ago, when the husband of Rose, Toni's daughter, died and left Rose a widow. Such a pretty slip of a thing and so white in her sorrow! Henriette had of course done her duty to the dead; she had wailed and sung and beat the earth: "*Under a tree by the river I saw them digging a young grave. Stricken one, desired of Heaven, your eyes that will not look at me—what do they see? How long before I can go to you, as I used to go? . . . down by the water where the reeds are singing. . . .*" But after the funeral (Mother forgive her!), she had gone back to comfort Rose, and unsay all she had said. "Look, Rose, honey, don't take on so. A girl as fresh and sweet as you! Look, he is happy. And the world is full of lovers—" At Rose's door grew the lily called "widow's tear"—"widow's tear" because the drop of dew in its heart dries so quickly when the broad, warm sun comes out. . . .

Well, who should know more about death than she, Henriette . . . she who had buried three husbands?

Sometimes when the weather was fine, and the sun not too hot or too

bright, old Henriette would put on a clean "josie," and take her stick and hobble down to Josephine's house to sit and talk of old times. She would get one of her grandchildren to help her down in the ditch, beside the highroad, where she insisted on walking to avoid the automobiles. When there had been rain Henriette got her feet all wet and muddy, down in the ditch that way. When the weather was dry the automobiles, shrieking by, sprayed her from head to foot with a fine white dust. Sometimes she got into nettles, or cockle-burs, or ants. And once a rattlesnake had glided across her path. Her grandchildren, who loved her, were dismayed and indignant. "Ain't you 'shame, gran'mama, walking down in the ditch! How come you don't let us take you to Josephine's in the car?" But Henriette was afraid of cars. "It ain't far. I ruther walk."

Josephine was always glad to see her. She would grunt and grumble and fetch out another shuck-bottomed chair. Then Josephine would make coffee. Josephine was rich. She owned her horse and a little store that her son-in-law managed; and her married children lived with her, not she with them. She was very, very fat, what with easy living. How the two old women would gossip, the pleasant air stirred with their palmetto fans. Now in "American," now in French; talk, talk, talk, talk. "Ain't your tongues ever run down?" Josephine's daughters-in-law would ask, laughing but respectful.

What grand living and dying there used to be, back in steamboat days! It was like recalling a wedding festival or a Mardi Gras to look back to the yellow-fever scare of 1890. A funeral every day, and sometimes two. She and Josephine had had their hands full. . . . Shucks! the land was too healthy now, what with draining the swamps and such. The people were getting too uppity, outwitting death like that. Good thing after all that the automobiles bumped some of them off, else they never would quit the earth. What if some day folks should rise up and simply refuse to die! Well, what would God the Father have to say about that?

Sometimes Henriette and Josephine would crack mild little jokes, slapping at the flies with their untiring fans. "I seen Toni last week, at the church. He's looking feeble." "*Mais non!*" (a cackle) "He ain't here for long." Sometimes a shrill and sudden chorus of locusts swelled out of Josephine's trees, and was gone. A sure sign of death. And the two old women would cross themselves. "I wonder who it is *this* time!"

But after all, what did it matter? Some young fool or other run down by an automobile. Some boy shot at the dance-hall, over some girl. Whoever it was wouldn't want *them*. The only person on Isle Brevelle who would want a singing-woman was Toni, old Toni Philbert, who for nearly twenty years had had one foot in the grave. Looked like he meant to hang on to the earth forever and ever, amen. He had always been like that, a lover of life and living. Hey-law! What a lad old Toni used to be! . . . What a way with the girls!

It was on a sultry August day that Toni Philbert had a stroke. Henriette's grandson came in and told her about it. "I hear tell down at the store that Toni is mighty low. He can't last very long, they tell me."

Henriette was excited. So Toni was sick, very low! She gulped down some coffee and got her stick, and set out for Josephine's house, walking down in the ditch. She was so heavy with news she could scarcely breathe. So Toni was on his deathbed. . . . Thoughts of Toni came to her from the long-ago years. . . . The August sun was veiled in a mist from the river. Already the cottonwoods were changing color, and the goldenrod was in bloom. Henriette crowded close, into the dusty bushes, as an automobile flashed past above her on the highroad. So Toni was dying! Well, sometimes she might forget how many grandchildren she had; sometimes she

forgot her age, or what year it was, this and that. But she would never forget the time that Toni had kissed her, nor the dress she had worn when he did it, long, long ago. Little enough she had thought of death or singing for death in those days, sitting under the trees by the river in a pink-sprigged challis. What a gallant, insolent lad he had been, old Toni! Of course he had kissed every girl on the island. But hers was a sort of a special kiss, she had always felt. She was a slim, pretty, green-eyed thing, just turned seventeen. . . . Old Henriette groped along, catching against the bushes and the tumble-weeds at her feet. That was in 1852, long 'fore the war. . . . Old Henriette had warts on her cheeks. "Frogs put 'em there," she sometimes croaked to curious children. "Toadfrogs, out in the swamp." But in those days, when Toni had kissed her, her cheeks were yellow and smooth. Toni had led her down to the river to look at herself. "A minute ago, Henriette, your face was a yellow lily. And now—look!—it's a rose!"

Ah, well, poor Toni was dying! Which one would he want to sing for him, herself or old Josephine? Henriette wondered if Josephine had had any "news." . . . She stopped, heavy with fear. Suppose Josephine had been "asked"? She began to hurry a little. . . . Heylaw! Who was that a-coming, a-coming through the weeds? She screwed up her eyes and peered. It was Josephine, hobbling along down in the ditch, so fat she could scarcely wobble.

The two old women began screeching at each other when they were yet a great way off, and waving their palmetto fans. "Toni, he's very sick! They say that this is the end!" They found a nice spot by the roadside, among the weeds and overgrown summer flowers. It took them a minute or two to get settled. How Josephine grunted and took on, trying to sit! How her hips spread all over the place! Well, Henriette was glad she was thin, and could get about some. . . . Butter-and-eggs and jimpson weed grew all around them, giving off rank summer odors. A giant cotton-wood reached its arms between them and the sun. . . . "Is you heard from Toni yet?" Henriette asked, all a-tremble. And Josephine said, "No. *Is* you?"

Just so, when they were young, they had sat and talked of Toni. "Is you heard from Toni yet?" What a boy he had been for love! . . . Love? Death, the enchantress, was after him now. "If *I* get him," Henriette cackled, "I'll have two more than you." And Josephine laughed, sitting fat in the weeds till their purple juice squashed on her clothes. "*Mais non!* And if *I* get him, we'll be even, Etta, my friend."

A week went by, and another; and it began to look as if old Toni didn't mean to die after all. It was just like Toni to keep death waiting, to flirt with death like that. He always was a tease: "*Well, my beauty, my proud one—all in good time. Don't chafe and paw at the bit.* . . ." And not a word had Toni said about getting a wailing-woman! That was just like Toni, too, keeping everyone guessing up to the last.

Every night now Henriette got out her funeral-book: ninety-nine crosses for herself. A record any singing-woman might be proud of! If only she could get one more, to round out her final five! If only she could get Toni. How she would crow over Josephine then: "Me, I got one hundred crosses. One hundred funerals I've sung for—"

One night in early September Henriette, sleepless, lay in her bed. Against her window the trees, uneasy with autumn, pushed and drew away, sighing a little. The moon was up, looking drunken and sodden. It was very warm—good funeral-weather, Henriette thought; a fine night for death, with cape-jessamine still in bloom and baby owls in the trees. Henriette loved hoot-owls. She felt they were kin to her, sisters under the skin. They plied the same trade, she and they. She loved owls and bats and all web-footed creatures, things that live in a green underworld. There were sounds on the

highway, the chugging of cars; and into her window flashed the light from an automobile; it sought out the Virgin Mary, wheeled through the room and was gone. Up and down the roads they went, the automobiles full of young folks—clatter-chug, clatter-chug!—past the unnoticed glory of river and moon and swamp. How little they considered death, the boys and girls on the highway!

The sickly moon went out; and there was lightning in the south. That meant the rain was 'way off, hiding in week after next. . . . Henriette arose very stealthily and crept outdoors to sit on the gallery, where it was cooler. Maybe right now old Toni was dying. . . . Once while she was sitting there her grandson came and poked his head out the door. "You better come to bed, gran'mammy. You'll catch cold out there in your night-clothes." But she shook her head and mumbled, "Let me be." She began to sing, very low, "*He will die, my beloved, my friend, when the good round fruit is ripe; when the time of courting is at an end; when the fields are bare, and the sky is black with the low, long cry of the heron—*"

Two weeks later old Toni passed away. And Toni's son came to bid Henriette to the funeral: "Papa, he told us to get you. The funeral's to-morrow at ten."

Henriette, who had moped long ago whenever Toni went off to town, could not shed a tear now he was dead. She was so excited she could scarcely speak; she could scarcely put on her clothes. "Come help me fasten my josie!" she called to her children. . . . So he had wanted *her* after all, poor old Toni. She had her grandson help her down in the ditch. "Granny!" her grandchildren cried, shocked. "It rained cats and dogs last night. For shame, a old lady like you, walking down in the ditches."

But they couldn't do anything with her. She couldn't rest, she said, until she had seen Josephine. "I must go tell Josie," she said. "Poor old Josie—"

When Henriette neared Josephine's house she began to cackle, her voice like a reed. But Josephine, sitting in her chair, cut her short. "I done heard a'ready. You needn't bother to tell me. . . . Well, me, I'm glad for you, Etta."

Old Josephine sat heavily in her chair, sagging over. How fat and sloppy she looked! And Henriette wondered what memories passed behind her lidless old eyes. . . . Presently Josephine got up and went and made some coffee. "One hundred for you," she muttered, "and ninety-eight for me. Well—" To-day old Josephine laced the coffee with anisette, peering at Henriette disapprovingly. "You'll need your strength," she said, gruffly, deep in her throat. "Getting your feet all wet that-a-way. You ought to be 'shame, at your age."

But Henriette smiled. She knew Josephine was trying to dull her own disappointment; she knew that Josephine was low in her mind. Henriette drank of the hot, fragrant coffee. On either side of Josephine's steps the bunched-up rosettes of the altheas were very pink in the sunshine; and the red yucca shook out its pretty, globular, rain-filled bells. . . . Henriette didn't stay very long. "I got lots to do. I got to be up bright and early," she said.

But in the morning when Henriette awakened she found that something terrible had happened to her voice. It was gone; she could not speak. Her grandchildren crowded about her bed, concerned and anxious—an old woman is frail as glass! "You see what we told you, gran'mammy! You got no call yesterday, getting het up and excited just because old Toni is dead and they want you to sing for his funeral. And didn't we tell you stay out that ditch? Walking around in water, just like a duck, at your age."

They scolded and fussed and fumed and put warm flannels on her throat. They gave her a toddy. But it did no good. Her throat hurt, and when she opened her mouth she croaked like a frog—she who in her wailing had had as

many stops to her voice as a sounding organ. . . . "Poor gran'mammy," her children said. "Now she can't sing. And Josephine'll have to go and wail for old Toni's funeral." Henriette lay and moaned a little. If she could only cry as children cry, in her disappointment. But the tears wouldn't come. They had all dried up long ago.

At dusk the family returned from the burying. But out of respect for her feelings, as Henriette knew, they forbore to talk of the funeral and of how nice Josephine had sung and "carried on." They merely said, "Josephine was so fat they had to hold her, to keep her from tumbling down in the grave." But when she thought no one was looking Henriette took her funeral-book from under her pillow and made a cross-mark under Josephine's name. Now they were even. Her old hands shook and one yellow tear rolled out of one eye. "Poor gran'mama," her children said, in whispers. "Poor old granny—"

Sleep did not come to Henriette until nearly daybreak. It began to rain about midnight, a steady rain, long and full of the secrets of autumn. And Henriette lay in her bed and thought about death, and dying. She thought about her grandchildren, how good they were. Somehow she always felt sorriest for young people when anyone died. Not for little children, or the very old; but the ones in between. The ones between eighteen and forty, say. They took it hardest. How terrible death was to them, how *everlasting!* If only they could know what *she* knew, she and the little children. . . . Of course she wailed and carried on; that was her business, her calling. But how often, right in the midst of a funeral, even as she stood and gazed in the grave, she had longed to go and whisper to youth's white, impassioned grief, "There, there, *chère*. . . don't sorrow so hard. Me, I know. I tell you, I *know*." But what she knew she could not have said. . . . Henriette stirred in her bed, sought a new place for her pillow. How often she had longed to say to some bereft mother, she who had buried six, "Do not grieve overmuch, little mammy. He is not here. See! He is dragging a little tin can for a train, across the white courts of Heaven."

Henriette slept, and after a time a bell tolled in her dreaming. It awakened her. A gray light had come into the room, and the rain was gone. Well, and who could be dead? Somebody old and rich was dead, the bell had been tolling so long. The light about her bed grew brighter, and the ceiling shone with rose. She dozed again; but when she again awakened the bell was still tolling. . . . It must be an old person dead.

Suddenly Henriette became aware of a flow, a movement in the house. The windows rattled; a door was opened somewhere and shut. And then there was a swishing of skirts, a running of feet. Her grandchildren! They crowded about her bed, three-deep, tense and excited. The cheeks of the littlest ones glowed, the way they did when there was bad news to be broken; when the sugar was out, or the cat had fallen down in the cistern. "Granny, what you think is happen? Old lady Josephine's gone!" . . . They crowded closer, to see how Henriette "took it." "Poor Josephine, she got sick in the night and she passed away early this morning."

Henriette sat up against her pillow, blinking. She looked like the kind of old woman children make out of their knuckles, with black-headed pins for eyes. And now the older ones, her daughters, stole into the room on their tiptoes. They took her hands. "How you feel gran'mammy? Is your throat all right? Well, they've done sent for you, honey. They said Josephine asked for you in the night, to come and sing for her funeral. . . . Well, *le bon Dieu* is love you, sho', mammy."

All day her children were busy, getting Henriette ready: her best alpaca cleaned and pressed; her mourning-veil laid out, her gloves and her shoes. Shiny and speckless they must be, to

follow the honored dead. "Mammy," her daughters said, "you stay in bed and rest, so your voice will be good to-morrow." They were nice daughters; they were trying to make her feel prideful again. . . . All day long Henriette lay and gazed out at the white gravelled road, stretching away, on past Josephine's house. Looked like she could see Josephine, sitting there on her gallery, the fat running over!

Well, she would miss Josephine, her old crony. Toni and Josie both gone. It would be queer, a sort of joke, wailing for Josephine's funeral. It would be like singing beside her own grave.

The next morning, at the first peep of day, her children came in to help her. "How you feel, gran'mammy?" They looked at her and shook their heads. She was so thin and so old. With her friends all gone she seemed like something from some other life. . . . "Well, we won't have mammy much longer," they said. They crowded about her, solicitous.

Old Henriette sat up in bed. "Fetch me my specs," she grumbled.

They brought her specs, her false teeth, her rosary, and her snake-oil. They washed her feet and rubbed them, and helped her to dress. With her mourning-veil on she looked like a little black bride. And when she was dressed and ready they brought her the funeral-book. "Now, mammy, look! Mark it down—one hundred funerals. You've sung for more buryings than anyone else in the parish."

But Henriette stared at the funeral-book; she seemed mad about something, offended. "Don't meddle so much," she cackled. "You wait till I come home from Josephine's funeral."

She set out in the ditch, holding tight to her little black bag and her glasses. The grandchildren, who were to go on in the car, stood and watched her sorrowfully. Once she turned back and waved. . . . She was so little, so little and thin, so *perverse!* She hobbled along in the ditch. Her funeral shoes felt stiff and heavy, and caught in the Queen Anne's lace; and whenever an automobile thundered by on the highway, Henriette, terrified, put her hands to her ears. . . . Once, half fainting, she stopped and clutched at the branch of a cottonwood tree. And a loneliness passed over her, a loneliness and a heartache. . . . "Josie," she called, hopelessly, "Josie . . . I'm a-coming—"

But when she got to the turn of the road where the willows grew, she faltered, distressed and alarmed. She could go no farther down in the ditch. A freshet poured from a hole in the side of the road, and the ditch in front of her was flooded with water. The black water boiled and licked at her feet, treacherous and angry; and Henriette shrank and backed away. For a moment she stood, trembling, uncertain; and she stared at the road above her that stretched away in the sunlight, on past Josephine's house. Then, tottering and dizzy and sick with fright, she pulled herself up the embankment, and with her face turned toward Josephine's house, began to hobble along on the highway.

"Josie—" she whispered; and a numbness, a darkness took hold of her, "Josie . . . I mind as how after all, my friend, you and me ull quit even—"

THE CATFISH AMONG THE COD

ONCE MORE MR. LLOYD GEORGE PUZZLES ENGLAND

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

BRITISH politics are passing through a phase which tempts the spectator to guess. The game is the more enthralling because it is played round two personalities who make, in different ways, their appeal to our craving for romance. Neither of these two is an Englishman, but in the impact of their Celtic temperaments upon the stolid mass of English human nature they reveal our peculiarities as surely as their own. Under a typically English Prime Minister like Mr. Baldwin we live at home with ourselves. We shall do nothing unusual while his reign lasts. He does not thrill our nerves. He does not touch our emotions. His friends would use of him a word from the schoolboy's vocabulary. He is that rare but by no means exciting figure, a "decent" politician. His opponents would damn him with no adjective more disparaging than "well-meaning." English he is in the habitual under-emphasis of his language, English in the tolerance which avoids even the customary banter of platform oratory, and English above all in his persevering, but pedestrian idealism. It in no way disturbs us. And why should it? It ranges no higher than "industrial peace." This kindly and familiar figure is liked and trusted, largely because he permits us to be ourselves. Under his leadership we lounge through our politics in Anglo-Saxon attitudes.

English politics are apt to become interesting and incalculable when some alien temperament, preferably a Celt, enlivens the scene. What "Dizzy" was in our fathers' day, Mr. Lloyd George is in ours. He amuses us; we feel in his presence the exhilaration of watching a finished artist; he may excite us to the point of taking or, at least, of contemplating action which far outpaces our habitual moderation. But for this gift of disturbing our nerves and rousing us to an unwonted exercise of the imagination he pays more than the usual penalty. His versatility arouses in duller natures first distrust, then irritation, and finally an unyielding and obstinate hostility, which may become an imperious passion. The mass of men is more tolerant. It cannot be angry with a performer who never fails to amuse it. It continues to applaud the grace and daring of the gymnastic display. But it has been inoculated against the more ruinous consequences of Celtic charm: it no longer abandons itself to the early intoxication; the witchcraft can still please, but the spell no longer binds. In the long run a nation will be itself. It may leap, in the first years of perilous enthusiasm, to welcome a leader who is by blood and tradition and even by speech, a strange and un-English apparition, but it cannot forever sustain the fatigue which his inspirations cause it. Accusing Mr. Lloyd George of inconstancy, it is itself the fickle follower, and turns from its idol that it may resume its own pedestrian course on the familiar turnpike road.

The other Celt who plays a leading part in this English scene is a more com-

plex personality. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a Highlander who has been formed by a Lowland tradition. Nature made him a Celt; education has labored with partial success to undo her own work. To nature he owes the rich gifts which have made his personality so unusual that he has no possible competitor in the task of leading the Labor Party. She gave him the handsome features, the well-made frame, and the capacity for enduring both physical and mental fatigue. Above all, she gave him the powerful yet musical voice which can command the biggest, and delight the most critical audience. But she gave him more than this: she gave him the artist's temperament which reveals itself in his oratory by its skilful use of verbal color, and still more by its management of the flexible voice to heighten its appeal. Nature, in short, made him a commanding figure, and to this first gift she added a discreet suggestion of romance. When he rises in the House of Commons, his physical distinction compels attention. On a public platform the effect is bigger and more moving. He may lack the grace and humor of Mr. Lloyd George; his power is something more than the slight thing one calls charm, but in its impetus, as in its capacity to touch sudden depths of feeling, it is an emotional endowment: it works like romance; it is Celtic fire. But the Scottish Celt, unless he comes from the inaccessible islands, has been schooled for centuries in a religious and social discipline dictated by a Germanic race. His is not the emotional religion of Welsh Nonconformity; it is a reasoned system of firm morality and rigid belief. It has subjected the wayward impulses of the Celtic temperament to a training in caution which has taught it to stand perpetually on the defensive.

Both these leaders are by instinct and experience tacticians. But tactics mean for Mr. Lloyd George the art of advance; for Mr. MacDonald they mean the patience which waits for the enemy's mistake, and plans the stroke which turns it to advantage. At the head of the Middle Party, Mr. Lloyd George has the daring and invention which would make him a great captain of cavalry on the revolutionary Left Wing. At the head of the Left in British politics, Mr. MacDonald has developed a patience and an opportunism which would make him an ideal leader for the trenches of a somewhat conservative Center.

II

There are in this misfit between temperament and environment the makings of an intriguing comedy. Neither of these Celtic leaders was cast by nature for the part which he has to play. Mr. George, nervous and alert, finds himself at the head of a fatigued and dwindling Party. Mr. MacDonald, on the other hand, trudges, not too happily, behind a Party which moves rather faster than his own ambitions. It is an unstable position, and before it is adjusted the two men must be brought into conjunctions that make drama. Mr. George is the artist with a personality to dispose of. It is his asset and at the same time his handicap. Every group and every party knows him for the unique force that he is. While he speaks nothing lives in men's minds but his quips and his purple passages, his stinging thrusts and his imaginative audacities. He may lose his party; it may seem that he can never again hold office; and yet if two men start discussing in a club "What will L.G. do next?" they will soon have a crowd round them. This expectation of the unexpected makes him at once the most interesting and, for his gifts, the least effective force in politics. For always, sooner or later, his dazzling improvisations end by driving most of those who have worked closely with him into a resolve that they will never trust him again. It is not easy to understand why his sedate colleagues of the Liberal "Shadow Cabinet" decided last autumn to cast him off forever. He had argued for peace by negotiation during the

General Strike. He had even rebuked Mr. Churchill for suppressing the Archbishop of Canterbury's plea for peace. There spoke the authentic Liberal of his early days; but the tone frightened Lord Oxford and Lord Grey.

Was it that these elderly men, living at leisure in a closed world of wealth, had totally forgotten the impulses of their own Liberal youth and the feelings of the rank and file who used to follow them? Or was it, perhaps, that they perceived the tactical direction of Mr. George's moves? They could not ignore the symptoms which indicate that Mr. George is moving very rapidly to the Left. He had produced a land program based, in its first and more logical draft, on the bold proposal to acquire, at one swoop, the whole of the agricultural land of our island as national property. He then resisted during the General Strike the temptation to make common cause with the Government, and hung upon its flank with disturbing proposals and sharp attacks. He intervened again and again in the coal dispute, and when he spoke, he was the most formidable of the Government's critics. He went out of his way to court the gratitude of the miners, by backing their appeal for funds in the United States. The rumor (which happens to be well founded) circulated that he was considering an invitation to visit Russia. And, finally, in language much hotter and more spontaneous than any which the leaders of the Labor Party had used, he assailed British Imperialism in China and pleaded the cause of the Cantonese Nationalists.

In all these moves he seemed to be announcing that the young man had come to life again who used to pursue our landed class with furious and contemptuous invective—the knight errant who braved our patriotic mobs, a quarter of a century ago, in his unbending opposition to the Boer War. If he had staged a public funeral to bury the middle-aged and Right Honorable gentleman who had allied himself with the Tories for the purpose of hanging the Kaiser, he could hardly have advertised his moral rejuvenescence more plainly. Here certainly was a difficult problem for the elderly Whigs. With infinite pain they had first of all managed to forgive the infidelities of his long association with the Tory Party in the detested Coalition. And now they must forgive the resurrection of the insurgent of the Left, who in the old days used to force their hands in domestic policy, and oppose their conception of a "Liberal" Imperialism. It was too much for them. But it can hardly have escaped their notice that all of these activities implied a certain discreet rivalry with the Labor Leader. Mr. MacDonald had been embarrassed and ineffective during the General Strike, of which in his own mind he strongly disapproved. He was on bad terms with the miners' leaders, and had hesitated to appeal to America, until Mr. George forced his hand. And again, though Labor had long had a very interesting unofficial policy for agriculture, it was only after Mr. George led the way that the Party and its leader openly espoused it. Was it Mr. George's impish purpose to suggest that he leads and others follow, and to awaken wistful comparisons in the breasts of Mr. MacDonald's followers?

The result of Mr. George's forward policy was startling. Lord Oxford resigned the leadership, while Lord Grey, at a public dinner which most of the former Liberal Ministers attended, withdrew from any co-operation with Mr. George. An amusing interlude was going on meanwhile within the official organization of the Liberal Party. His personality was not Mr. George's only asset. When he withdrew from the Coalition he carried off with him a private war-chest of a million pounds, which by prudent investment, so gossip declares, has since been doubled. There is little mystery about the origin of this money; Mr. George presumably used his opportunities as Prime Minister to sell "honors" with a jolly cynicism which no Anglo Saxon could ever equal. For years

"the honors" descended in a kindly rain upon the just and the unjust, and a recognized tariff fixed the prices which dubious persons must pay for a peerage or a knighthood. The accumulation of this fund has been the occasion of much malicious wit among Liberals. But on the whole, when Mr. George offered to make over this money "without conditions" to their party, few of them were disposed to recollect the smell which their nostrils had formerly detected. There were, however, important exceptions, including several of the more influential officials of the party organization. They must now withdraw; and subtle persons do not fail to point out that their enforced departure is in effect a "condition." The capital of the fund remains in Mr. George's control; the interest he hands over, until the next General Election is fought out, to an organization from which his more steadfast opponents have departed.

As usual in such affairs, Mr. George has played his cards with skill. He has seemed to the outer world generous and good natured, while the grounds of his opponents' hostility have been barely comprehensible. As a result, his rivals in the leadership have effaced themselves; their satellites have vanished; he has bought the party machine and, on the whole, the rank and file applaud initiative and success. He has purged his party and, though he may never be in a position to sell an "honor" again, its financial future is amply, even lavishly, secured. What, then, does the rejuvenated Liberal propose to do with this well-endowed party?

Mr. George is much too shrewd to imagine that it can ever again attain a majority, or become a governing party. It holds its few urban seats only with the aid of Tory votes. In the towns, indeed, it has lost its hold over the working class so completely that the history of the first decade of this century has become almost unintelligible to the younger generation. It is still shedding, to the advantage of each of the other parties, some of its more vigorous personalities—first a Churchill and a MacKenna and then a Mond or a Kenworthy; and what has happened in Parliament is constantly repeated amongst the local leaders in the constituencies. At elections the point has arrived at which the calculating voter hesitates to back a Liberal candidate lest he should "throw his vote away." The Party retains something like its old vitality only in the Celtic fringe, in Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Cornwall, while of other old-world rural districts, the green oases of industrial England, one can only say that the decay proceeds more slowly than in the bustling towns. Mr. George's calculation quite plainly is, that if he can retain the Celtic fringe and win back some seats in the other rural areas, he will be the captain of a compact little group in the House of Commons. Hence his deep interest in agricultural policy. His group will contain some able professional men. It has at call the services of a few brilliant thinkers like Mr. Keynes and the *Nation* group. It can afford to do valuable research work in promoting progressive policies. It is peculiarly fortunate in its press, for the *Manchester Guardian* is the best daily paper in Europe, while the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* have large circulations. With the most brilliant and eloquent leader in British politics, a capable staff of intellectuals, a strong press and a bulging war-chest, this little Party, Mr. George reckons, may have a great future if it comes back to the next Parliament with forty votes for auction.

The calculation is characteristic, both in its ingenuity and its short-range vision. What Mr. George proposes is that Liberalism shall become the balancing power in British politics. It seems a poor ambition for a once great party, and, with its suggestion of a perpetual see-saw in policy, it implies small faith in principles. But unquestionably it would mean for the leader immense and lasting influence and a controlling hand over the destinies of the nation. He

might never be in office, but he would always be in power. It is highly probable that the next General Election will result in a narrow balance between Tories and Labor. Neither is likely to attain an absolute majority in the Commons; and in that event with forty, or even fewer votes, Mr. George will be a king-maker who can place either Mr. Baldwin or Mr. MacDonald in office. His marked swing to the Left is meant to indicate his preference. He does not on this occasion desire to place the Tories in power, for the obvious reason that their detestation of the former Coalition is not yet dead within them. But, theoretically at least, that possibility must remain open: it is essential to his bargaining power. He must retain it also for the reason that his ability to dictate policy to Labor will depend on his freedom at any moment to withdraw his support and restore the Tories to office.

This clever tactical conception breaks down when one confronts it with human nature. It breaks down, first of all, because the simple mind of the average elector will reject it with disgust. He understands an alternation in office of two great parties; he will not tolerate a system which must make one party—and that the smallest of the three—the permanent arbiter of the nation's life. He looks on politics as a phase of sport, and this ingenious plan is not "playing the game." The simple man would feel this vaguely in any circumstances; he will feel it acutely when the system works for the advantage of this alien and incalculable invader. It is often said that the Irish won their freedom by the application of these balancing tactics. That is a profound delusion. The balancing device roused such resentment in the breast of the stupider type of English elector that (save for one short interval) it kept the Liberals in the wilderness for twenty years and delayed the liberation of Ireland for more than a generation. Nor was it in fact an easy tactic to apply, for when once the Irish had given their backing to the Liberals they were forced to continue it, and dared not insist on the prompt fulfilment of the tacit bargain.

III

But for other and subtler reasons, the plan is unworkable. It ignores the personal equation of the two Celtic leaders. A very kindly and modest leader, like the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might have worked easily with an ally more brilliant than himself. Mr. MacDonald suffers from a needless form of jealousy which renders him intolerant of any marked capacity, or of any show of independence, within the circle of his supporters. To critics he replies with querulous roughness; but he resents even more bitterly than criticism the promptings of a friend who ventures to suggest any new departure in policy. Mr. George drinks in suggestions at every pore, pillages every mind that he encounters, plays with a new idea each week, and in the end selects those which suit his temperament and his gifts. Mr. MacDonald lacks this genial acquisitiveness. He seems in his personal contacts, above all with his abler colleagues in the Party, to be forever on his guard, fending off the intruder and resisting the bare possibility that he should stoop to receive. He expands only in public or in his dealings with foreigners or with men and women who have neither pretensions nor political ambitions. This unreceptive mind is at the same time by no means fertile in positive and creative initiative. His caution has, indeed, hardened into a dogmatic rejection of any bold attempt to construct. He is a quietist who believes in the inevitable march of history, and feels little impulse to assist the process by deliberate action. He is by temperament a governing man, deeply interested in running the machine, but slow to devise or accept any changes in its structure. Unlike Mr. George, he is a reader and a man of the study. He works with incessant application, but

he cannot delegate, and no one, save the genial Mr. Thomas, has ever discovered how to help him. It is impossible to imagine his working happily, even in loose harness, with Mr. George for as much as one brief month. He would be forever shading his eyes against his brilliance: forever wrapping himself in an impenetrable mantle of pride to resist his charm; perpetually pushing aside the schemes and combinations which this restless colleague would improvise at every consultation. But the odds are that the consultations would be extremely infrequent. It is said of the late Lord Salisbury that in crossing St. James' Park one day he met one of the leading members of his Cabinet, Mr. Walter Long. "Who is that fresh-looking man who seemed to know me?" was his question to his secretary. Mr. MacDonald is a little less Olympian in his aloofness, but I have heard one of the leading members of his Ministry say that during their whole period of office they never once met save at sittings of the Cabinet. An alliance with the Liberal group could not be worked in this way.

But the comedy becomes as complicated as an Elizabethan farce when one considers Mr. George's relations with the Labor Party as a whole. For personal reasons Mr. MacDonald will incline to reject the advances of a too brilliant ally or colleague; what happened to Mr. Asquith is a warning. But on impersonal grounds one supposes that he might incline to welcome Liberal collaboration, if it came in a tactful form. His is a moderate brand of Socialism. He has never acted or spoken on the assumption that class war is inevitable. Not only does he desire a gradual advance to Socialism: he disbelieves in any attempt to plan or hasten the advance. Pacifism is the deepest of his convictions, and his opposition to the Great War is the bravest thing in his record, but he can compromise with Imperialism. His views on India or on Egypt, on China or the Navy do not differ from those of the more enlightened members of the other parties, and he is, on the whole, a believer in "continuity" in foreign policy. Yet with his notable moderation, and his detestation of extremists, the personal factor all but forbids his collaboration with Mr. George.

But if that collaboration were possible, are those leaders of Labor's Right, who would welcome it, reckoning wisely? It is easy to understand why Mr. Philip Snowden, for example, would welcome it. The most disinterested of men, no personal jealousy deflects him. A moderate of the Right, in spite of his consistency and courage, he imagines, I suppose, that Mr. George is fixed in his present views. For the practical purposes of day-to-day policy there may be no insuperable cleavage between Mr. George's present views and those of Labor's Right Wing. And so this section imagines him coming in as a powerful and brilliant reinforcement.

One smiles at this static view of Mr. George. If he remained aloof, in his balancing attitude, associating only with the Liberal middle-class, and addressing only Liberal audiences, the reckoning might not be gravely in error. But that attitude could not endure for long. If the partnership can ever be cemented, it must be an alliance as close as that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Liberal Unionists with the Conservative Party at the end of last century—an alliance, that is to say, which must end in fusion. Given such an alliance, with a common public platform, and I should risk the prediction that within six months Mr. Lloyd George would be bidding for the leadership of the Socialist Left. Face to face with an audience he develops a sixth sense. Locate it where you will, in his eyelashes or his finger tips, there is in him some nervous structure which enables him to sense what the men on the benches before him expect and desire him to say. I have known him (on an occasion in which I was myself disastrously involved), change his whole policy in the twinkling of an eye, fling

away a completed treaty without a word of warning, and launch out in a wholly new direction because this sixth sense suddenly warned him that his prepared speech would fail with the particular audience which he was addressing. Let him but begin to speak, even as a mere ally, from a Labor Platform, and this uncanny gift would carry him away. He might enter the hall a Liberal, but some electric current generated between his audience and himself would soon be wagging his tongue like a Morse instrument, and he would end with an ardent Socialist peroration. He cannot be easy in a tepid temperature. If he goes in for war it must be to "the knock-out blow"; if he decides for a hard peace he must "hang the Kaiser." And equally, if he marches with Labor, he will not be easy till he leads the van. He chooses his policies as a prima donna selects her roles. Some will bring out his top notes and his richest register: others do not suit his voice. It is not a voice that lingers happily in moderation. One can see him in any part save that of heavy father. He prefers to be the Rupert of debate, and poses gladly as Knight Errant to the under-dogs. That he would do anything very extreme one need not assert; but assuredly he would talk of doing it.

But now comes another complication. Just as Mr. MacDonald (though he belongs to the Right) is bound to reject the overtures of the Liberal Mr. George, so will the Socialist Left repudiate with fury an ally who is bound to gravitate towards them. There are too many albatrosses round this Ancient Mariner's neck—"the knock-out blow," the peace of Versailles, intervention in Russia, the deeds of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland, his dealings when in office with the miners, and his narrow escape from a war with Turkey. Rather than accept his alliance the Left would split the Labor Party. Even if it were to dawn upon them that he would one day join them, they would refuse his aid, from a fear lest he should betray them. And there are some of the older members of the Right who would take the same view of an alliance. Their young manhood was spent in emancipating themselves from the control of Liberalism: even in its decadence they fear it.

I will risk no prediction save that Mr. George's tactic of a detached and balancing alliance must fail. His only chance lies in an association so close as to amount to fusion. Even that seems to me an adventure so difficult that it might daunt even his ingenuity. But he will make the attempt, changing the details of his moves a dozen times, until by skilful and devious ways he nears his goal. If his ambition be to wreck two parties in succession he has a fair chance of succeeding. One thing one may safely prophesy. He will not be dull. He will not be unenterprising. He will end as he began, the catfish among the cod, the Celt among the Saxons, the *perpetuum mobile* in our stagnant and respectable world. He is destined forever to upset the calculations and disturb the equilibrium of sedate men, true only to one purpose—his settled resolve to prevent Englishmen from being calmly themselves.

MODERN COMFORT

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

A WELL-KNOWN woman novelist published recently an article dealing with the general problem of American domestic extravagance. She drew her analogies very prettily from France. In the end she came, as we all must, to moral issues: she alluded to the familiar fact that "home" is nowadays a place to get away from, and reverted with praise and longing to the abandoned clan life, the regime under which there were always three generations and several casual collaterals inhabiting any given household. She saw, in retrospect, all the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts gathered of an evening round the argand burner. She appealed, in fine, to the ideal of family, of clan interests as opposed to the modern selfish preoccupation, on the part of the individual, with his sole affairs.

We lost, no doubt, a valuable moral asset when little Susie ceased to be interested in Aunt Clara's embroidery, and young Jack became bored with grandfather's reminiscences of the Civil War. When we decided to judge our relatives as we judged our friends, to differentiate between uncles, to accept some of our kin and reject others, we abandoned something: a sort of spiritual refuge, a communal support. I do not know that loyalty has declined, but certainly no young person of to-day is going to find his relatives charming simply because they are kin to him, or to spend his leisure with them (since usually he does not find them charming) if he can avoid it. The novelist was right in saying that the family forces are no longer centripetal. Whether we shall come, in our isolation, to wiser human valuations, or whether the clan idea was worth keeping at any private cost, I do not know. At all events, we are not likely to go back to that wide, inclusive rooftree beneath which the members of the household bore one another's burdens. The whole economic drift, one would say, is away from that rooftree. We are intensely individual; more, we are intensely separatist; we loathe the idea of pooling anything—whether our material resources or our scanty funds of sentiment.

If we lost, in rejecting that regime, a solidarity at once comforting and protective, we lost also large opportunities of wisdom. No lesson is more valuable to the youth than the one which teaches him just why he is the heir of all the ages. To see the continuity of human tradition illustrated daily before his eyes induces to sanity, to sense of proportion. If he is conscious of his place, his succession, in the family, he is less likely to believe himself a unique portent, a soul immaculately conceived. If he could once appreciate, in all its bearings, the fact that grandfather, who is still alive, did fight at Bull Run—that grandfather was once young, husky, and fired with recognizable emotions—it would, perhaps, help to save him from the rootlessness, as of a swaying sea-flower, which is one of the curses of our time. No man who is emancipated from all the natural pieties will ever be able to understand history.

My own point, however, is rather physical than moral. One may not regret the argand burner, yet one may legitimately wonder if we have not, on the whole, thrown away comfort for lux-

ury. I shall not, by your leave, go to a dictionary to define comfort. I mean, by the word, to denote an absence of mental and physical friction as nearly as possible total; a physical state of things which makes for nervous equilibrium, for peace. It is only when one is very young that one can experience æsthetic or intellectual delight while one is chilled to the bone or has a sharp pain in any part of one's body. Comfort is that state of things which, by satisfying bodily claims, releases the mind and heart from preoccupation with them.

I do not know at what date the argand burner cheered the American home; it was before my time. In my earliest childhood most houses that I knew were heated by hot-air furnaces, lighted by gas and kerosene lamps, and furnished with one bathroom; they were unprovided with telephones, vacuum cleaners, gas ranges, garbage incinerators, and servants' sitting rooms. I was well acquainted with houses in the deeper country that had no gas and no fixed plumbing. No one would wish (no one would have wished when I was a child) to go back to the hardships of pioneer life. Certainly the pioneers lacked comfort—almost every comfort except that of strong waters in abundance. But I think the average household was more comfortable (not luxurious) thirty years ago than it is now.

II

If we count up our comforts—apart from the achievements of medical science in preventing and succoring illness; I am definitely not speaking of those—I fancy we shall find that while some are positive gains, others are doubtful, and still others are annoyances in disguise. No one would deny that trains are pleasanter to travel in than they used to be, that both roadbeds and rolling stock have improved. No one will deny the value of the telegraph—though we had that, thirty years ago. No one will deny that the modern tiled bath is more—what shall I say, appetizing?—than the wood-encased tin tub installed in earlier bathrooms. The modern tub, to be sure, is far more dangerous; yet in the interests of taste and cleanliness we may as well accept the deaths and injuries that result from those chaste and slippery surfaces, and declare that plumbing improvements are all to the good. Our houses are better heated; hot-air systems have been generously replaced by steam or hot water. No one resents radiators in a cold wave, and, if you have plenty of money to spend, you can disguise them. Experts admit that these systems dry the air, and that no way has yet been found to import into a room anything like the necessary amount of moisture to offset the dryness. Our noses, our throats, our complexions, our books, our furniture must suffer. But we have got used to being overheated, as any European will tell you, and have grown tender. Suppose we do have colds and headaches. Were we not saying that no one can be happy when he is chilly? We have learned to be chilly at a ridiculously high temperature; we must be overheated in order not to shiver. The whole nation has become senile in this particular. As for the headaches, they may be neuralgic or nervous—perhaps they do not all come from stuffiness or electric light.

Electric light is so established in the heart of the American people that one cannot offend even Mr. Edison or the oculists by criticizing it. I use it, of course, like everyone else, constantly; my eyes have been brought to such a pass that I cannot do, at night, with anything less strong. But that it has ever become comfortable or pleasant like the old student lamps I vigorously deny. Safer? Oh, yes, if the wiring is not defective, though, somehow, those houses stood, with their lamps, for generations. Less work? Certainly; and in a nearly servantless world that is important. Filling and cleaning the lamps must have been a great burden to that happy clan we were referring to. But our eyes, our heads, and our nerves have paid the price, I fancy. I wish to arouse no en-

mities, and I am not going to quote statistics, which are of the devil, anyhow.

Electric devices for lessening household labor? I daresay. The vacuum cleaner, for example, is an unmixed blessing. The dish-washers and clothes-washers and egg-beaters I have never experimented with. They are exhaustively dealt with in the "household" columns of all the women's magazines. I conceived long ago a profound distrust of everything that calls itself "domestic science," because on the one matter of which I knew something, the experts were almost invariably wrong—namely, food. When it comes to the anatomy of a kitchen cabinet or the height of a sink I keep my ignorant voice stilled; when I read their menus I cry out in protest. It has often been said that trained dietitians give you the worst food to be found in any civilized country; and I have acquired indigestion, myself, at their hands. Hospital food is notoriously poor, and where should the trained dietitian rule if not in hospital kitchens? We are all hygiene-mad, in these days—the medicine men have put it over on us—and we will eat, apparently, any distasteful mess if we are assured that it has enough vitamines or proteids, or whatever the things are.

In the matter of food, the average American household, I believe, is doing less well all the time. It has been pointed out to me that once all Americans were dyspeptic, and that now all Americans are not. With due respect to my informants, I should say that the earlier dyspepsia was a relic of our much earlier uneducated past, a past that was linked, in turn, to the old days of isolation, the modified hardships of the wilderness. Days of too much salt pork, too few vegetables, no salads, and heavy breadstuffs. Grant, if you please, that Americans did not know how to eat until they learned from foreign—chiefly Latin—nations. Grant that Washington Irving's gluttonous list—"the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes . . . apple pies, peach pies and pumpkin pies . . . delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces . . . all mingled higgledy-piggledy"—meant dyspepsia in the end. We came honestly by our culinary crassness, being, in early days, largely British in descent and habit. Average British food is very bad. But the English climate, the English leisure, and the English outdoor life do miracles of assimilation. Even my expert on the subject of American dyspepsia admits that the modern American habit of exercise has much to do with the improved state of American stomachs.

Food depends so much on latitude and longitude, on physical opportunity and on group tradition, that one can hardly speak of this or that item of diet as typically American. The North never ate like the South—does not, to this day. The maritime states never ate like the states a thousand miles from the sea. Tamales were never on speaking terms with crullers. What can be said is—what has been said before—that, east, west, north, and south, we eat out of cans and cartons, and console ourselves for the imitative poverty of the contents with the knowledge that no human hand has touched them. Sanitary, yes; but "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." The fact is that, in the matter of food we have been standardized and simplified out of all quality. How many million Americans, I wonder, eat dry cereals out of cartons? How many million Americans have forgotten the taste of a perfectly fresh egg or a chicken that was not "cold-storage"? How many million Americans never eat a fish that came from the sea without the intervention of a cannery?

But "they have all been prepared for consumption by machinery, and no human hand has touched them."

That, itself, gives the whole show away. For there never was any first-rate food set on a table that did not

need either a very long time, or a remarkable deftness, for its preparation, that did not require the intervention of a personal skill and intelligence. You cannot flavor accurately for a thousand people at once; nor can you flavor, even at the most inspired moment, for next year. The housewife's five-foot shelf of tins (see any domestic-science article) is like some other people's five-foot shelf of books—only a make-shift and a negation of quality. Much was said, during the War, of the horrors of *Ersatz* food consumed by the German people. A great deal of our food, in the most prosperous country in the world, is *Ersatz*. Every housekeeper knows the "comfort" of that shelf of cans (until it comes to opening them, always a torture). Meat you did not have to roast, soup you did not have to hover over, fish you did not have to clean, vegetables you did not have to steam, fruit you did not have to boil. Oh, a very miracle of convenience! But to make it really appetizing the ladies in the diet kitchens resort to strange devices. I read a menu a few days ago, in one of those articles that lauds the "comfortable" can-opener. The *pièce de résistance* (even the purists cannot object to discussing food in French) was creamed shrimps garnished with sautéd pineapple. To those unnatural alliances we are brought in our endeavor to surprise the palate when we cannot please it. The whole case of American cookery is given away, I think, by the prevalence of the fruit salad—so far as I know, a purely American offense. The woman who serves, to her family or her friends, an honest fruit garnished with either mayonnaise or French or any other oil-supported dressing, has made the Great Refusal. She has insulted all the kitchen-gods, and admitted that we eat only to live. "You can now go to the movies," say the articles. Yes, we can go to the movies—and suppress our tastes, while we eat, like pigs or anchorites.

Good food is perhaps not very important, and I shall not dwell on it longer. Yet the pleasures of the palate are legitimate enough if not overstressed, and one has heard it said that a delicately satisfied appetite is important both for stomach and nerves. "Eating to live" is, I imagine, one of the easiest roads to dyspepsia. There is no temptation to eat slowly if the palate is not pleased, and we can save our digestions only by substituting a mechanical Fletcherism for what should be an enjoyable and instinctive delay. Good food is still a part of comfort, in the judgment of most peoples. So long as your chief object is to save time and labor you will not have good food. You lose one comfort while you gain another. Do they precisely counterbalance? I fancy not. Are the ghosts of all overworked housewives going to rise up and curse me? Perhaps. Yet I think even those burdened women would have admitted that cooking is an art, and that it is, therefore, possible (if you have not too many other things to do) to take both pleasure and pride in its pursuit. The reason why no American woman is willing to cook nowadays is to be found in the mere spirit of the time. We are all, men and women alike, enslaved to mechanical devices (which we call comforts) because we want to save time for something else. For what? If we could answer that, we could expound the whole American theory of life. Most people, I suspect, do not know for what purpose they want their time and labor saved; and one has only to see the drifting crowds of women in any city to realize that they could be more creative in their own kitchens; that they are not filling with anything valuable, or very delightful, the leisure that can and carton have given them.

III

While I am still speaking of purely feminine preoccupations, let me mention dress. The wasp-waisted corset and the long dragging skirt have gone—unquestionable gains in comfort. No

woman wants the long skirt or the restricted waistline back. It seems, however, to be indelibly written in some Epistle to the Amazons that *il faut souffrir pour être belle*. Even if, thirty years ago, we did not draw in our waists so very much, and were allowed to wear "golf skirts" for country walking, our hats did have to be skewered to our hair with hat-pins; they did blow off in a wind; we did wear high tight collars; and the weight of our skirts was heavy on the hand that kept them lifted. We did not, however, wear three-inch heels, even for dancing—much less for walking. Our feet were far more comfortable; and while so much is said in derision of the old-fashioned corset, why is nothing said in derision of the new-fashioned shoe? When people praise the convenience of bobbed hair why do they not confess the servitude of bobbed hair—the fact that most women are "uglified" (as they say in *Alice*) by it except on the days when they have just visited the hairdresser?

It is not my business to say if, or why, we have more grippe, more colds, more sinus pains than we used to—let the doctors declare it. But that an unnecessary amount of vitality is expended in resisting the climate, would seem to be clear. Chiffon stockings, chiffon underwear, perpetual décolletage leave our bodies pretty well exposed to capricious weather. The rejected corset was at least a rampart against the cold. It is the fashion at present to deny one's sex as vigorously as possible to the eye. (I speak not of evening clothes, which deny nothing—even the ugly curve of upper arm and armpit, beautiful in absolutely no one.) The physical ideal for women has become the young girl's figure before sex declares itself; the stage of almost perfect flatness, the ephemeral, epicene beauty of the girl's litheness when it is hardly to be distinguished from her brother's. Echoes from outdated reformers still haunt my ears—when, from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Louisa M. Alcott, they proclaimed the peril, the discomfort, the natural ugliness of the tiny waist, and spouted in periods about the Venus of Milo. They have their wish, now—even Dr. Mary Walker prevailed after her death. But much has come that they did not foresee. In pleading for natural curves, they did not mean to plead for no curves at all, and never meant women to torture their hips, and flatten their bosoms, out of existence. They really wanted women to be comfortable, and they were—pardonably enough, in that marrying age—concerned with the business of child-bearing. Most obstetricians will tell you that too much indulgence in athletics is fatal to successful maternity. One wonders what they think of the curved and drooping shoulders, the general bodily limpness of these young figures, induced primarily by lack of bodily support, and accentuated, without doubt, by deliberate starvation. All of which is perhaps a digression, since it means only that fashion will always find some way to interfere with comfort. But let no one believe that the short skirt is the whole story.

Our whole conception of comfort has been vitiated perhaps by misapprehension of the real use of these manifold modern devices. Even President Eliot, one supposes, did not envisage his five-foot shelf as anything but an aid to the man who had no time to attain real culture. It was an emergency proposition. The housewife's shelf of tins is theoretically an emergency aid. It is part, perhaps, of our general lack of thoroughness, our unscholarliness in life, to let anything that will serve an emergency serve also the normal day. We live, mentally, on a sort of first-aid kit. What "does" for the unexpected guest will "do" for the family. It is often the abuse of our comforts that turns them into discomforts.

Take our familiar companion, the telephone. Most people will tell you frankly that it is not a comfort but a necessity. It is significant, surely, that

the greatest telephone-luxury is not to be listed in the telephone book; to be able to put in a call if you wish to, but to be inaccessible by telephone to everyone else. That, in itself, is a confession that the telephone is a nuisance. So many of our boasted comforts merely push us into a terrific and unnecessary publicity, a terrific and unnecessary haste! A measure of solitude, of privacy, of deliberateness even, is essential to mental if not to physical health; yet what our modern improvements do—so strangely—is to increase our accessibility, multiply our vulnerable points, hurry us intolerably. There can be no real peace in any house furnished with a telephone unless the house is provided also with intelligent servants who can prevent, save in emergencies, your ever knowing that the telephone has rung. We cannot live without telephones; they have become part of the normal machinery of life. It is a duty to your colleagues and your friends to keep one installed. Without one you clog the wheels of business. And yet . . . It means that your house is no longer your castle, not even your refuge. The thing that should be a present help in time of trouble has become the servant of importunacy and laziness. How few of our telephone calls respond to a crisis in our lives—a supreme need of quick access to some individual or institution! Is it all laziness that obliges us to receive social invitations, telegrams, idle gossip, over the telephone? Are these things done because people do not want the trouble of writing civil notes, or of going to see you, or of sending out a messenger? Not wholly, probably, though the telephone and telegraph have nearly destroyed the art of polite correspondence, and to some extent that of considered conversation—the habit of deliberate decision, I might add. Which one of us has not been pushed into accepting situations, expressing judgments, committing himself, contrary to his sober opinion and real desire, because some inconsiderate being has demanded that he make up his mind over the telephone? Is it better to decide quickly than to decide rightly? Few people are themselves with either a pistol or a transmitter at their heads.

IV

I shall not speak, in any detail, of the motor car, though it is perhaps one of the profoundest influences that American character has, in our own time, been submitted to. I do not like motor cars, myself, and never use one except for a definite purpose of speed or convenience. Therefore, I am not the person to weigh the cultural advantages of the automobile. That I believe them to be in the main non-existent may be owing to prejudice. The motor car enables us to visit places with ease that once were visited only with difficulty. Above all, it enables us to move faster, to keep a dozen engagements where we kept one before. Like the telegraph and telephone, it is invaluable in speeding up first aid—the fire engine, the physician, the policeman. Certainly it permits us all to follow Nietzsche's precept: "Live dangerously." Yet one is dogged and haunted, in spite of oneself, by the old question: *What for?* The rhythm of community life is a matter of period and fashion. You have no right to delay the game by using slower means of locomotion than the rest of your world. The motor car has come to stay, and we must all fall into line and use it. When the community rhythm was slower we were equally well adjusted to the pace of a horse or even of our own feet. We could pack fewer social activities into a day, and those activities had to be carried on nearer home. Did we enjoy them less, I wonder? Creatures of memory and prevision that we are, looking always "before and after," did we not, in retrospect and prospect, savor more deeply the moment which stood clear in time, unjostled by its mates? Did not events keep their luster better when we could both look

forward to them and remember them? For that, one needs time, one needs leisure, and an unsurfeited heart.

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

As the epicure despises a multiplicity of courses, so the man of taste and feeling must object to too crowded a list of engagements, however delightful. That the rhythm of our community life has been speeded up too much for true comfort, I think no sober person will deny.

Whatever the device, the improvement, the invention, all seem destined to push us into a life not only standardized but public. Who shall say that the nerves do not suffer? Except for the very rich, who can surround themselves with parked and guarded acres, thick zones of quiet, which of us is not compelled to live noisily? We all know what towns are; and what has become (if one lives among one's kind at all) of country peace? Unless you are literally isolated, opening your windows to the fresh evening air means letting in your neighbor's radio. Some people's nerves are better than others', but no normal person, I think, enjoys a noise—even a nice noise—over which he has no control. We are doing our unconscious best to live publicly, to standardize ourselves, to suppress individuality, yet that in us which is separate and identifying still knows moods and still struggles for its own expression of them.

The clan lived in a house, and necessarily a large one. The component parts of it, no longer component, now live in apartments or in much smaller houses. In large cities it is usually, and in smaller places increasingly, an apartment. An apartment is another emergency proposition which, thanks to the high cost of living, and the determination of the women of all classes to free themselves from domestic tasks, has become not a comfort but a necessity. You can hardly blame apartment dwellers for abandoning themselves to the public glare and for losing control over their own lives. Moralists cry out that the home has ceased to be a home and is only a place to sleep. How could it be otherwise? Home, in the old sense, meant something fixed, a place that you could count on, and, after wandering, come back to and find unchanged—the *foyer*, in the beautiful French word, so untranslatable by "hearth" alone. It was the altar of natural pieties; and even at the worst, you could say, in Robert Frost's words,

"Home is the place where, when you have to go,
They have to take you in."

It is difficult to feel piously about an apartment. The four outer walls of your own house are as necessary to that sentiment as the four inner walls of your own room. The apartment dweller, the frequenter of restaurants and consumer of ready-cooked foods, however fortunate, knows the bitterness Dante spoke of—the bitterness of eating bread, and climbing stairs, not your own. No apartment ever constructed has the true spaciousness or the real privacy of even a modest house . . . your own entrance, your own stairs, your own bit of ground, though it be no larger than a card-table. Your own. Children feel that need and this lack even more than adults.

In the curious new-fangled perplexities of our own time there is, I think, everything to say for apartments, and very little to say against them. Yet we should face the famous fact that they are destructive of family sentiment. The very impulse to keep as much of that restricted space as possible undefiled by sordidness drives people out to public places to eat, to enjoy themselves, to entertain their friends, to do everything but rest. The intimacy enforced by the exiguous space of most apartments must be relieved, and can be escaped from, only outside. Once, you could withdraw to your own room—or the

attic, or the garden, if necessary. Bedrooms are now too small, and walls too thin, for comfort; there is no attic, there is no garden. To get privacy, you must go forth and lose yourself in a crowd, find, if you can, peace at the heart of tumult. For the comfort of having heat and light and food without our personal labor we have given up the comforts of space and solitude. The family is always on top of you—of course, if you are old enough, sore from so much contact, such constant impinging, you go out to be as solitary as you can among strangers. To be solitary among strangers is lonely work. You join your equally escaping friends, and find them more tolerable than your own kin because you can always leave them if you will. Is not that the procedure of the modern young? Aunt Clara in the ancestral house often got on your nerves (in spite of the sentimentalists); Aunt Clara in an apartment may well come to seem—through no fault of her own—a very fiend. Nothing but romantic love can make the constant presence of another human being delightful, even tolerable. We have no romantic love for Aunt Clara.

By a subtle and scornful twisting of sequences, fate has arranged that our desperate intent to be ourselves, to stand clear of the maddening group, to be free of communal duties, should result in our subjecting ourselves to the vaster crowd, in our abdicating to a large extent our personal tastes. We actually choose our pleasures less than we did in the old restricted days, because we no longer in the same degree create them. Even Aunt Clara at the tinkly piano, one supposes, sang her relatives' favorite songs. If one gave a party one gave, within the limits of possibility, the sort of party one liked. We more or less invented our own distractions. Now that gayety is pursued in public one takes whatever gayety is going. Our very pleasures are under the control of strangers. Avid as modern youth is of self-expression, it must—rather pitifully—fall back on whatever expression is most fashionable and accessible: it must eat the delicacies, rub shoulders with the people, dance to the music, acquiesce in the mood, listen to the dialogue, that it finds. I remember how "caterers' food" used to be mentioned, with lifted eyebrows and pursed lips. It seems to me that nowadays our minds as well as our stomachs are in the hands of caterers. When the saving of time or of toil is your great object, it must needs be so. For a fee, some specialist will select, and furnish you with, recreation. For a fee, no doubt, you can be made to girdle the very planet in an airplane. But it is not, somehow, Puck's journey.

So many practical miracles have been wrought for us by modern ingenuity that we have perhaps drawn false conclusions, falling into the ancient error of argument from analogy. What electricity can do for the body it can do, we are led to think, for the soul. Our physical existence has been made easier, and an easier spiritual life, we assume, follows. More and more we employ experts or machines to perform our tasks for us. Our hands grow soft, our feet stay quiet. *What for?* Does not our very ease destroy pleasure? Ennui that follows pampering is an old, old story. Apparently man can value supremely only those rewards he has explicitly desired, arduously worked for. Some dim constructive sense in him cries out for a pattern. The fortuitous, the unintended, the carelessly come by have not the same luster. The first principle of taste is the principle of choice, and choice is creative, active, volitional. For all our famous energy and "hustle" we are passive creatures compared with an earlier generation. We have so multiplied opportunities, smoothed out approaches, annihilated obstacles that there is no mystery left, no leisure—only bewilderment, and haste.

V

How were we more comfortable, when the dominant generation was our parents',

not our own? We were more comfortable chiefly in that we were freer: we had more time, more peace, more chance to be ourselves. Our nerves were not constantly assailed by noise and crowds and glare. We were not the standardized victims of mass-production. We were not obliged to eat only the food, to see only the plays, to journey only in the vehicles to only those destinations, which some trust ordains. The social amenities were statelier and more gracious. A finer hospitality was given and received; human relations were more spontaneous and natural, more cunningly fostered; books could be discussed as well as read because there were not so many; our lives were more private, more within our own control. Friendship did not mean mere joint participation in some public activity. That there were painful inhibitions, unfortunate hypocrisies, we cannot deny; but one sees only other inhibitions, other hypocrisies, replacing them. Physically? Ah, well, the chairs were comfortable, the lamps were kind, the night was quiet, one could take country walks, to be snowbound was no tragedy, and a closed door was a closed door. We were not painfully, perpetually accessible, and if a household was sometimes a prison, it was also an enduring fortress. No one, I think, in that generation would have borne—unless invalided—a radio. No one would have consented to listen, for hours daily, to whatever some unknown group of individuals chose to fill his ears with. Those were not the days of the Rotary clubs that Mr. Mencken so deplores—nor yet the days of prohibition. We were moving towards the herd life of the present day, but we had not yet reached it.

We were not only freer, but safer; and the sense of safety is a large part of comfort. Mails were not guarded by marines, or bank messengers by armored cars. Children, in most towns, could wander freely without dread of Juggernaut. We did not have to wear ourselves out, when we shopped, in the search for honest goods; we were not beset by synthetic products. The whole world was not out to cheat us—and to prate of "service" while it did so. A migratory people we have always been; but we were not obliged then—as now—to migrate every day.

This determination to be oneself, to fling off the fetters of the clan, to express one's individuality, this latter-day ideal, has been oddly and ironically frustrated. The freer we are to do what we choose, the fewer choices we seem to be allowed. Is it better to be the slaves of legislation than the slaves of tradition? Aunt Clara may have supervised none too kindly our adventures in the pantry, but a bill is pending in the Kansas legislature (so the morning newspaper says) forbidding "the manufacture, sale, gift, or mastication of pie." The law is proposed, I understand, in the hope of shocking the people of Kansas into realizing that a lot of their existing laws are precisely as ridiculous as that. Better have Aunt Clara taking pie away from us than a policeman.

Yet even worse than official interference with our freedom are the universal standardizing of life, and the enforced publicity of existence. The standardizing has come, I suspect, from our "comforts." These manifold devices are forced upon everyone in order that someone may make a fortune, since for a fortune mass-marketing is necessary. The publicity is perhaps a by-product. Most of our modern "comforts" increase, either directly or indirectly, our accessibility. It is the effect of them, if not the purpose, to draw us into a crowd. Their most eloquent advertisements emphasize the desirability of getting away from home, or of bringing into the home something that will make you forget that you *are* at home. "Come out of the cave" is what, in one form or another, they all say. As if the cave were not the only place where man has ever been truly comfortable!

WHEN IT HAPPENS

A STORY

BY JAMES HOPPER

AS I came across Sam Nolan the other day he pounced upon me eagerly. "Just the man I want to see!" he cried. "I've been looking for you, I've got something for you. Something you can use, something good this time. I've had my appendix cut out!"

"Yes?" I said, a bit guardedly. Out of an unbounded admiration for my craft and a touching wishfulness to help, he is ever coming to me with subjects for my pen. "Oh, I've got a story for you," he'll say. "You know the Grand Central Station? Lots of people swirling around—some arriving, some departing—trains tooting. Why don't you write a story about that?" No, he is not quite that bad. But almost.

"Come to lunch with me," he said heartily. "I have an hour. I'll tell you all about it. All about my appendix and the hospital and everything."

So we sat at a small table in a quiet corner of the club's dining room, and he began to tell me about his appendix and the hospital and everything. And after a while I found myself waking to the fact that he was really giving me something this time. A bit in spite of himself, as it were. Giving me more than he knew. Because, as he talked, weighing every detail in his painstaking desire to be of service to me, I was seeing what he did not see: I was seeing his wife, his terrible wife.

He never sees her, of course (not as she is); but we, his friends, ever do. And we call her "terrible," using the word not in the classical sense, but rather in the colloquial—which holds less meaning —and yet so much more. His terrible wife.

She rides poor Sam; she sits upon his head; she weighs upon him, a mountain of unrelenting purpose. She it is who is responsible for all these rows and rows of ugly houses with which assiduously he warts the plains, while plaintive somewhere within him still dwells the ghost of the dream of the House Beautiful. She it is who holds him to an undeviating pursuit of the dollar, in a welter of affairs, in a deafening boiler-factory of ignoble complications, while he, poor man, now and then still wistfully thinks that, with the children almost grown, the pressure relaxing, he might gradually reduce his business a little, and have leisure once in a while to read a book (he had a wistful respect for books), or once more to play the flute (he played it very well before marriage, and would like to play it again).

Of course, we all know he will never, never play the flute again; that he is in for life.

That is what I was seeing all the while as he conscientiously told me all about the cutting-out of his appendix; and that is what he was not seeing at all.

On the morning preceding the day set by his surgeon for the operation he had slipped over to the hospital all alone, "without a soul knowing of it." His family, his wife, were at the seaside for the summer; he did not wish to

worry them. Once in his room in the hospital, however, he had felt very lonely. "Everyone seemed so far away," he said. He had almost revolted, walked out. But by this time he was no longer owning himself. He was in a huge machine, things were being done to him as though he did not own himself. At regular intervals he was made to swallow an unexplained pill. Lunch was brought and he was commanded to eat. He was ordered to bed. A barber came and shaved him. A steward scrubbed him with antiseptics. He was caught in a machine, in a funnel, sliding down toward the thing awaiting him in the morning.

He felt far, far from everybody, far, far from the mild sunshine of what had been his life, but he made no move; it did not even occur to him it was possible to get out of the funnel.

Then in the morning they had placed him in a little low chair with casters and had swiftly rolled him along long halls to the white operating room. The feeling of being in the funnel had increased; he was now in the last little narrow part of the funnel. His loneliness had become a desolation; he felt like raising a shout, anything, toward the outside. Instead, he had carefully adopted an attitude of brisk jollity. Inside the operating room everyone was sheeted in white, with white turbans and looked like fantastic giants. He was lifted to the table, the mask was placed over his face.

"And then," he said, "I took a back-flip into eternity. That's just what it felt like—a prodigious back-flip down and through eternity."

When he returned from this interesting voyage he was a dryad petrified in a tree. He was all of stone, and the only part of him he could move was the lid of one of his eyes which he could just barely raise. And across this slit of vision something was passing to and fro like the wing of a gull. White, light, flitting, like the wing of a gull.

It became a cap. The cap passed to and fro. It vanished, returned, vanished. Suddenly it re-appeared, very large now, quite near, and a voice "sweet as a chime of low bells" (that is the expression he used, Mr. Sam Nolan) sounded a phrase, "Are you in pain?"

Immediately he tried to reassume the pose which had been his last effort. "Is it out?" he asked, in a manner jolly and brisk—and was shocked to hear only a sort of dismal murmuring.

"Yes," said the voice sweet as chimes. "It's all over. But are you in pain?"

A gentle solicitude was about him like a haze; he did not want to show off at all now; he wished to answer with faith and with truth. Was he in pain? Was this pain he was feeling? One fact was evident: he was stretched out like the four points of the compass in the exact center of a clearing, under a broiling sun, pinned there by a stake driven through his body. A long moment of fixed thinking rid him at length of the clearing and the sun. He was not in a clearing, beneath the sun; he was in the hospital, beneath a roof. Back in his bed. But to that bed he was pinned like a butterfly; nailed by a spike that went through him, the mattress, and down into the floor.

"Not so much pain," he answered, "as some sort of very certain discomfort."

He immediately became very proud of that phrase. He had pronounced it just right; with an English accent.

When Sam Nolan had reached this point in the recital of his adventure (men get their adventure as they may) he abruptly stopped and looked at me with his good, honest, slightly bulging eyes. We had begun lunch late, so that by now we were nearly alone in the big darkish room. "Is all this any good to you?" he asked anxiously. "Are you getting anything you can use? Shall I go on?"

And I saw that what he had told me so far was not what he had been eager to tell me. He had thrown it in for

good measure, out of a desire that I should miss nothing—perhaps, also, as a delay. What he really had been eager to tell me he had come to now. But he had fallen into the throes of a doubt, of an embarrassment. His honest face was flushed, he smiled in a forced way.

"Why, you are giving me a lot," I cried encouragingly. "Please go on!"

It was hard, I could see that. But finally he had leaped the hurdle. "Well," he said, "I found out something else which might be of use to you. It's—you know, how in the papers, every now and then, you read about a man falling in love—in love with his nurse. Well, that's it. I think I know pretty well how it happens, when it *does* happen—"

I was looking at him steadily, and he made a sudden little gesture of denial, half frightened, half violent. "Not that I did, of course!" he cried stoutly. "I didn't fall in love with my nurse. No! I'm an old married man. *You* know, John, how close Clare and I are. But you understand that I mean—you see it in the paper every once in a while—how some man falls in love with his nurse. Well, while I was in the hospital a little thing occurred which gave me somewhat of an idea as to how that sort of thing might happen!

"It's partly the dope," he went on hurriedly. "The dope, of course, has a lot to do with it. You see, you're pretty well full of morphine after an operation. And it's also the temperature: you nearly always have a temperature. You're sort of out of your head, you're not normal—*that's* how it happens! Oh, I've got a pretty good idea of how it happens, when it does happen!"

"Go on," I said.

He went on. That first day after the operation had been a hard one. He had suffered discomfort and pain and semi-delirium.

"I kept making a rule in my head, over and over again. A rule for future guidance. Do you know what it was? 'No operation, however successful, is worth the trouble.' I kept saying that to myself over and over again.

"I kept doing something else, too. My watch was on the stand at my side. I'd look at it, then lie back. Then when I thought two hours had gone by, I'd look at the watch again—and only two minutes would have passed. Two *minutes*, not hours!

"Then I'd say to myself, 'I won't stand it. Each minute is just like an hour, and there are so many minutes! I'm going to throw myself out of the window!'

"But then I wouldn't throw myself out of the window, but just lie there. And after a while I'd think, 'Now, surely two hours have gone by,' and I'd look, and again it would be two minutes. 'I won't stand it,' I'd say. 'I'm going to throw myself out of the window.' But I wouldn't."

It was during the interminable stretching of this burning, tossing, enfevered misery that her coolness slowly established itself about him and filtered into him. Her coolness. The coolness of her voice "sweet as chimes." Of her white starched garments, of her light hands. Of her efficiency.

Her efficiency! He waxed quite lyric over that. I wish I could remember all he said; but I was so stupefied by this spectacle of my business man suddenly run poetically amuck that I sat there staring, marvelling at the miracle without registering. One of his phrases I still recall—"The beauty of efficiency."

It seems that she had that to an extraordinary degree. It had never occurred to him before that simple efficiency had beauty; now he knew it. He assured me that it did. A beauty cool, pure and white, which aroused in the beholder a tenderness!

Throughout the length of that long, hot, miserable day this had sifted to him, cooling his fever, smoothing his tortured nerves, but it was when evening came, he said, that something peculiarly charming had occurred.

"A little thing," he said, "something, I understand, quite customary to nursing routine—rather to be expected—but which somehow took on with me that night the most unreasonable emphasis. The most unreasonable!"

It had been announced by a series of small preparations, but even at that he had not believed it possible. A cot had been brought in and set up. Later blankets, sheets, a pillow.

Then, suddenly, she had vanished.

"And when she returned," he said, "she had been transformed, she was another being. You see, all day she had gone about in her uniform, white, starched, gleaming, like a light armor. But now she had on soft garments. And on her head, instead of the stiff white cap, was one all soft and smoky-blue, with just one little rose. I can't tell you how enchanting the change seemed to me, all doped up as I was. It was as if while she had been gone she had stepped into fairyland."

Even then, he had not really believed possible what was about to take place. She went about the room in a last ordering of things already well ordered, then bent over him. "Now, is there anything more I can do for you?" she asked.

He answered there wasn't, that he was all right.

"You are sure there is nothing you want?" she repeated, with gentle insistence.

"You know," he said to me now, "with all her efficiency, there was something a little childish about her. Childish and innocent. It—well, it drew the heart.

"'If there *is* anything,' she said very earnestly—and she seemed such a little girl!—'you won't be afraid to call me, will you? You'll call me?'

"Then I saw that it was true, really true. That the couch, the blankets, the pillows had been brought for her; that she was going to sleep here, in my room.

"Looking back now, I don't see why I should have felt that way about it. It's done regularly in hospitals. I suppose I was light in the head. But I can't tell you what a wonder and a delight filled me now at the thought. This seemed to me the most incredibly charming thing—that little Efficiency should sleep in the same room with me—the *prettiest* thing!

"She slipped about and put out all the lights, all but one; she shaded this low. Then she slid herself out on the couch, and composed herself for sleep. There was a big white pillow at the head; she took it into her arms and drew it to herself, against her breast; she curled up like a little kitten, and in a jiffy was asleep. Sleeping very quietly, without a sound—*just* like a little kitten!"

He halted, he was searching in his head for a better expression than the one he had used. But he came back to it. "It was the *prettiest* thing, John," he said penetratingly.

"I couldn't believe it," he went on. "Every now and then I'd raise myself on my elbow to make sure. 'She really is there,' I'd whisper to myself. But as soon as I'd get tired and fall back out of sight I'd begin to doubt again; I'd have to get up on my elbow again. I'd stay up that way as long as I could, looking at her over there, curled up on the couch *so* cutely, hugging that pillow. Even as I looked I would not quite believe. 'Incredible,' I kept saying to myself. It was *too* wonderful; I couldn't realize such a beautiful thing could be given to me, an old drab like me. I'd keep raising up to make sure. It wasn't a very good exercise for a man who's just lost his appendix, was it?"

I murmured that it very probably was not.

"All the same," he said, with something like a defiant exultation in his tone, "that is how I spent the night! Getting up on my elbow to look, falling back when too tired, getting up on my elbow again. And I remember it as the most delicious night! The moon came up outside after a while and shone

in through the window; it touched her, it made her little corner of the room a little cave filled with fairy light. And she was so pretty and so cute in there, little Efficiency at her rest! So sweet! She was so sweet there, in that light, sleeping so quietly, curled up like a little cat, and hugging that pillow to her heart—I'll never see anything like it again—never!

"The moon moved very slowly, the light remained upon her a long time. I kept getting up to look, getting up to look, and each time a new marvelling at my heart. John, she was so sweet, sleeping there in that little luminous cave made by the moon. I couldn't believe it; I couldn't believe something so beautiful could be happening to me. And thus I spent the night, John!

"But is all this of any use to you? Am I giving you anything at all?"

I came in from far away; I sat there, blinking. "Yes," I said after a moment. "You are giving me something."

"It seems—so strange now," he apologized. "Almost—foolish."

"Go on and tell me more," I said.

But he had come to some sort of block, I could see that. He was studying me furtively, appraisingly. "You really want me to go on? You're not bored?"

"No, I'm not bored!" I said.

"What I wanted to tell you about next," he started doubtfully, "is something that occurred three days later. But—well—I don't know—

"You see, I was still a bit out of my head—I want you to remember that. And they were still giving me morphine—don't forget that."

It seemed that a well-intentioned friend, learning by chance that Sam was in the hospital, had written to Mrs. Sam about it. And she had come down post-haste on the first train.

It was the third day after the operation and a sultry afternoon. In the afternoon, he explained to me, he would be feeling worse than any other time. He was told that his wife was downstairs, waiting to come up to see him.

"It was then something terrible happened," he said to me now.

He choked a little, reddened, but looked me straight in the eye. "I found," he said, "that I did not want to see her at all.

"My wife, John! I did not want to see her at all!

"I didn't want to see her, I didn't want to see anyone at all! I wanted to remain just as I was up there in my little room. Alone in that small, clean, white, quiet world built about me by Marjorie Downe.

"It wasn't only that, John; but there was a sort of despair about it. I tell you truly: I did not want to see her. Wasn't it queer? And terrible?"

She was told to come up; there was a perfunctory knock at the door; she came in and took her place at his bedside.

"I was altogether desperate, John—it was the *queerest* thing! I was trying to hide it from her, of course. I was trying to talk to her in our regular, accustomed manner. But, do you know, I couldn't! I couldn't remember what had been my usual, my familiar manner; I couldn't remember the *tone*. It would come out all wrong, all the inflections wrong. Just as when you miss the right note. What I said kept sounding as if I were talking to a stranger. I'd listen and I'd know I was talking as if to a stranger, and I wouldn't be able to change it, I wouldn't be able to remember the right tone. Everything I tried would twist around into that wrong way, of speaking to a stranger. It was terrible.

"After a time, John, she began to speak of a project close to her heart—that of our building a new house. The old place, you know, has become insufficient. The children entertain now, and they are a bit ashamed of the old place. Perfectly reasonable, all that; we do need a new house. But, do you know, when she began to speak about it I suddenly went quite wild! I felt as if a hole were being punched in my circle—the enchanted circle which had been drawn about me here, which kept all

such things out. Everything began to pour in now—all the mix-ups, the complications—just the idea of moving all that furniture, all those books . . .

"John, suddenly I found myself tearing at my hair. Violently, with both hands. In the most melodramatic manner. Such as you used to see in cheap plays. Tearing away at my hair with both hands. In the most *foolish* manner!"

He came to a stop, looking at me with his flat, honest face twisted with a rueful smile. He seemed to have stopped for good. "What happened then?" I urged.

"Well—she—Mrs. Sam—was surprised, of course. Sat there looking at me in amazement. And a little disgust, I dare say—naturally! But she saw I was not up to par, was not quite right. She cut her visit short."

The big dining room in which we were sitting was now empty. Curtains had been drawn; even the waiter who had been hovering about our corner was now gone.

"And that was my wife, John," he said, "my own wife! Isn't it strange what a little illness, a little pain, a few grains of some strange drug can do to one? How utterly, for the time being, they can change one? Alter and twist the real and fundamental nature? My own wife, John! Isn't it queer?

"Anyhow, I've told you all. I'm a bit ashamed to have told you so much. But I've done that because you are a writer, John. I feel that we poor dubs who go about, busy as anything, creating nothing, owe it to you fellows to tell you anything that may help you. Help you to get things right. And now you have an idea of how it must happen when a man falls in love with his nurse—as you read in the papers often. If ever you have to get that into a story, you'll know pretty well how it may happen—"

He was fumbling along the bench behind him, he had half risen. "Yes," I interrupted, "but *you* didn't, did you? You didn't fall in love with your—with—what is it you called her? With Marjorie Downe?"

"Oh, no, not I!" he said hastily. "Why, I am married, John! Happily married—you know how close we are, Clare and I! No question of anything like that for me. But I did get a pretty good idea as to how it happens when it *does* happen, and that's what I've been trying to get over to you. About the morphine and everything."

We had risen, ready to go, cramped with our long stay; we were facing each other in the large darkish place. "How did it end?" I asked brutally.

He made a vague gesture. "It ended—well—just naturally. You see, in a few days the doctor told me I no longer needed a private nurse; the regular staff service would do. Well, the thing was clear, then. A private nurse costs something; I had no right spending a lot of money that way—when it was so much needed elsewhere—besides the cost of the operation and everything, and my lying idle, my business probably going to pots. I let her go."

He looked at me fixedly. "I gave her a pair of gloves," he said.

His eyes were remaining fixed on me, he did not seem to be able to let go. Then suddenly his face screwed up in a quick spasm, and two tears squeezed out of his eyes. He was appalled; I could see he was appalled at this which was taking place in him. His hands reached out and clutched me. He held on to me like a man choking, who wants his collar loosened, like a man with a heart attack who blindly wants to be held up—and as, helpless, I stood still, looking out over his head, pretending not to see, the movement of his body, transmitted to mine, shook me as if with short hard sobs.

There—it was over—he had mastered himself; he let me go. And catching up our hats we walked out together, I and the man who thought he had some sort of an idea as to how it happens when it does happen.

THE PENDULUM OF POLITICS

BY WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

"BEFORE the sea of human opinion," wrote Sainte-Beuve, "as on the shore of the ocean, I admire the ebb and flow. Who shall discover its law?" Now the fact is that we have done astonishingly little to discover the forces which control the ebb and flow of political opinion, although it is obvious that there must be fundamental laws at work here as in every other domain of human action. The tendency has been to explain these periodic shifts in the political inclinations of the people by seeking, in each case, some new impelling factor. Hence, we have had interpretations of political history in terms of dynastic ambition, class antagonisms, and economic rivalry; likewise in terms of sea power, man power, and money power. Too seldom have historians been ready to accept the events of one age as the natural and inevitable reaction from those of an era preceding.

The fickleness of man is proverbial. It has been a matter of observation and comment for at least twenty centuries. There are exceptions, of course, but the human being is not by nature capable of a strong, sustained loyalty to any new cause. His urge is to overdo things, both in his likes and his dislikes. Hence, at any given moment, he tends to be an extremist in his political attitudes; and extremes always generate their opposites. That is the psychological fact upon which the law of the pendulum rests.

Take as an illustration the popular attitude towards political leadership. At one moment we see the whole people crying aloud for it, demanding strong and forceful guidance, and apparently willing to tolerate a virtual dictatorship to gain the desired end. But give them their Moses, and even before he has had time to pilot them out of the wilderness they become strangely intolerant of his leadership; they call it bossism and other hard names and they insist on getting back to normalcy. Everybody who is not himself a leader begins scolding about it. Presently, with sighs of relief, the voters restore their allegiance to checks and balances, division of powers, deals and bargains, government by compromise. We have seen that cycle completed in American politics a great many times, and there is nothing mysterious about it. It is a perfectly normal phenomenon. People do not naturally crave leadership. But they clamor for it at times because they want something irksome or uncongenial removed, some reform accomplished. When this immediate aim has been achieved there is nothing to keep their zeal for leadership stimulated, and it quickly subsides.

The decade 1910–1920 will serve as an illustration. It began with an outburst of widespread and violent grumbling over the policy of inaction and drift in national government. On the issue of drift versus mastery the Republican party split itself in twain. Then ensued, by way of the Democratic triumph, an era of strong executive domination. Mr. Wilson determined to be prime minister as well as president. He brushed aside all considerations of constitutional theory and assumed the leadership of Congress without reticence or apology. And his resolute leadership was productive of unprecedented results on the statute

book. During the first five years of his presidency Mr. Wilson obtained, in the way of legislation, practically everything that he asked. The legislative record of these years, 1913–1918, is virtually without parallel in American political history.

Never did this country obtain in greater amplitude exactly what it had been clamoring for. It obtained action, and plenty of it. The outcome is obvious to everyone now, but it was predictable even before the event. It was as inevitable as the thunder clap that follows a zigzag in the darkened heavens. Murmurs of resentment against executive dictatorship began to be heard even before the War came to a close, and after the armistice the chorus of resentment swelled in volume. By 1920 it had assumed the proportions of nation-wide insurgency, and at the presidential election of that year the voters avowed themselves weary of personal government. By an impressive majority they declared for a return to normalcy.

It has always been so. The cycle represented by a popular demand for leadership and a popular reaction against it runs with almost clocklike precision. Just glance for a moment at the list of American presidents during the past forty years. I give the list without particularizing and without comment, but anyone whose memory is good can determine whether it does not sound like the regular alternations of a loud and a soft pedal in the symphony of national politics. Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison; Grover Cleveland and William McKinley; Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft; Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding. I am not a prophet, so I leave to prophets the task of continuing the series.

II

Equally observable is the lurch of the public temper from conservatism to radicalism and back again. Its inclination to chronological regularity is far greater than most people suspect. No prediction, indeed, can be safer than that momentum in either direction will automatically check itself and produce a revulsion—and one which is directly proportioned to the strength of the preceding swing. This is a law of mechanics and politics alike. The excesses of the French and Russian revolutions, as every student of history knows, were traceable to the superoppressions of the old regime in both countries. And the highly centralized despotism which Napoleon Bonaparte established in France under the name of the First Empire would not have been possible but for the excesses of the Revolution. Nor would the pseudo-consitutionalism of the Restoration ever have gained a footing in France had it not been for the extinction of free political life under Napoleon. Bearing in mind the repetitive proclivities of historical evolution, one, therefore, takes but little chance of error in predicting that out of the present situation in Russia there will ultimately come a form of government just as highly centralized as was that of the Tzars, and perhaps more so. It will be an autocracy disguised by a new nomenclature.

Neither democracy nor liberalism ever proceeds in a steady evolution, for both are reactions against the normal order of affairs in government. What we call a "wave of democracy" is merely a protest against the inevitable tendency of political power to drift into the hands of the few. I call it an inevitable tendency because the principle that all men vested with power will strive to enlarge their authority is no more open to challenge than is the principle that nature abhors a vacuum. Liberalism in politics is an outburst of impatience at the inevitable inclination of government to become stagnant and unprogressive. Both democracy and liberalism are disintegrating in their immediate effects upon government and must necessarily be followed by periods of integration. War is the greatest of all political

disintegrators, hence is likely to produce the strongest repercussion.

Now it is a noteworthy fact, borne out by the whole course of political history, that great wars are invariably followed by a swing to the Right; that is, by a world-wide sweep to conservatism. We have had a striking exemplification of this law during the past half-dozen years. Look at Italy, Spain, Poland, Germany, Hungary—or even at France and England. Fascism, militarism, conservatism, and reaction have taken the helm in nearly all European countries. They embody the demand of the Old Continent for tranquillity, economy, and order. Their triumph has been variously explained, but fundamentally it is nothing more than a natural rebound from the democratic idealism and political disintegrations of a war era. The world is in a very conservative frame of mind just now, which means nothing more than that political history is running true to form. Not for a hundred years has it had so much reason to be reactionary.

There are the best of reasons why a wave of conservatism should always follow in the wake of a war. One of them is to be found in mass psychology. A war era is an interlude of moral exaltation, a period in which the ideals of the people are keyed high by artificial stimulation. But men and women cannot stand this over-stimulation very long. War-weariness, as we call it, is not so much a matter of physical suffering and deprivation as of inability to stand up under the moral strain. Statesmen are aware of this, hence their herculean efforts to bolster the morale of warring nations. But when the fighting comes to an end and the pressure is taken off, the whole nation casts its idealism aside, undergoes a spiritual slump, reverts to materialism, and the tide recedes so strongly that you can feel the undertow.

In America we had this experience after the Civil War. Emerson wrote in his *Journal* (November 5, 1865): "We had hoped that in the peace, after such a war, a great expansion would follow in the mind of the country; grand views in every direction, with true freedom in politics, in religion, in social science, in thought. But the energy of the nation seems to have expended itself in the war and every interest is found as sectional and as timorous as before." This might just as well have been written in 1920 as in 1865. In the nature of things, some such disillusionment is bound to follow every great war.

There is also a practical reason. War is a great unsettler of the social, political, and economic organization. Nothing else so rudely interferes with routine. For war involves the participants in huge outlays, wastes their capital, raises taxes to the peak, piles up great national debts, and inspires an orgy of extravagance in public expenditures. It results in conditions which call for drastic retrenchment and economy—which is another way of saying that it creates conditions which call for a firm government, a strong executive, a government pledged to oppose all new public undertakings, a government that is ready to sacrifice democracy for the sake of efficiency and thrift. To bring their government back to the old plane of order and economy, after an era of war chaos the people of great nations seem ready to tolerate almost any sacrifice of democratic principles and to rally around any form of government that will assure stability. War destroys and paves the way for rebuilding, but of itself it never rebuilds. It is the heyday of the *démolisseurs*. Then, when the armies are demobilized, comes the task of political reconstruction, which calls for architects. One follows the other as the night the day. There is nothing accidental about post-war autocracies.

III

And after the autocracies, what then? Will there be a recoil to the Left, a reaction to liberalism—and if so, how

soon may we expect it to come? There is only one way of shedding light upon this interesting question, which is to find the last occasion when world conditions were somewhat similar to those of to-day and see what happened at that time. World conditions have never been exactly similar to those of the present day, but by going back a hundred years one can find a situation which is roughly comparable in most of the main essentials. Recall the decade 1820–1830. The Napoleonic wars, in their later stages, had expanded into a great world conflict, for during the years 1812–1815 almost the whole of Europe, with the United States as well, were drawn in. Ultimately, the vaunting ambitions of an emperor were brought to collapse in 1815, as they were in 1918, and the world in solemn conclave proceeded to assure itself against any repetition of what had happened. The Congress of Vienna, which took this mission in hand, left Europe in a situation relatively similar to that which materialized from the Peace Conference at Versailles—with all manner of shattered illusions, disputed boundaries, economic depressions, high taxes, and monumental debts.

During these Napoleonic wars there was the same talk of making the world safe for liberalism by preserving the best fruits of the French Revolution. There was more than talk, as the Stein reforms in Prussia demonstrated. In England the Tories were much alarmed by the extremism of Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, and by the hold which his radical doctrines seemed to be gaining upon the minds of the industrial workers. Many Federalists in America looked upon Paine and the French Jacobins with the same intolerance that their descendants of a later day have bestowed upon Lenin and his fellow Bolsheviks. Men of property trembled lest orderly government might be everywhere overthrown and replaced by ragged republics of the great unwashed.

But the danger-point was passed even before the war came to an end, and with the consummation of peace in 1815 the reaction against liberalism and democracy began to gain momentum. The Bourbons were restored in France under a constitution which they had no mind to observe. Metternich, the arch-reactionary, was firmly installed at Vienna. In England this was the age of Liverpool and Wellington and Castlereagh, the era of Toryism triumphant. In the United States the drift away from Jeffersonian democracy became apparent in the later part of Madison's term and reached its climax with the accession of John Quincy Adams in 1825. A hundred years ago we had a Massachusetts President in the White House, and then, as now, the administration was commonly alleged to be dominated by the conservative business interests of the East. Then, as now, the Western farmer was chafing under the inaction of a government which he thought was interested in everybody but himself. The world marched in a solid column to the Right, to extreme conservatism, autocracy, law and order, *laissez-faire* and normalcy during the dozen years which followed Napoleon's collapse at Waterloo.

Then in due course the backwash came, and it synchronized on the two continents. Every student of American history is familiar with the new era which the triumph of Andrew Jackson inaugurated in the United States, with its violent outburst against the aristocratic and conservative policy of the preceding administration. Jacksonian democracy, as a generic term in American political history, is associated with the extension of the suffrage, the rise of the spoils system, the awakening of labor, the war on vested interests as represented by the bank, and a reaction against the spending of large sums for internal improvements. In a word, it was a recoil from all the works and doctrines of the Adams-Clay regime. Property qualifications for voting and for holding office were abandoned in one state after another. Many state and local offices, including judgeships, which had been filled by

appointment were made elective. The common man came into his own.

All this has usually been attributed to the influence of the frontier. Jackson was a son of the West, as the West existed in 1828; he prefigured the spirit of the frontier, and his election has been generally interpreted as indicating that the West had become a dominant factor in American national politics. "If Jackson had not been elected president in 1828," writes one of my colleagues, "it is almost certain that the choice would have fallen on someone like him." That is doubtless true. The people were looking to the Left, and a century ago the Left was the West.

This is not a distinction without a difference. To say that the "influence of the frontier" put Adams out and Jackson in; that it ended the seaboard dynasty and proceeded to make the United States safe for democracy; to explain the whole Jacksonian upheaval in this way is misleading. It disregards the essential unity of American and European history. Most of the great dynamic currents have been alike on both continents; alike in volume, direction, and strength of flow. Strong revulsions against aristocratic and conservative government took place in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe during the years covered by the Jacksonian era. Yet there was no such thing as frontier influence on the other side of the Atlantic.

The decade between 1830 and 1840 was marked by a great advance in English democracy. The Tory rulership, which had continued since 1815, came to an abrupt end. With the advent of the Whigs, parliament enacted the Great Reform Act of 1832, followed quickly by the municipal reforms of 1835. The Act of 1832 nearly doubled the British electorate—an expansion relatively greater than that which took place in the American suffrage during Andrew Jackson's reign. The rotten boroughs were abolished; civil and political disabilities were removed, and England became a political democracy in fact as in form. In those hectic thirties of the nineteenth century, the common man took the control of government into his own hands. Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel were the Sam Adams and Andrew Jackson of British politics, although in somewhat more chaste editions. They bore no more resemblance to Wellington and Castlereagh than Jackson bore to John Quincy Adams.

In France, again, the incoming of the thirties saw the expulsion of the Bourbons and the establishment in France of the citizen kingship under Louis Philippe. Here also the suffrage was extended and the most reverent gestures were made to the dogmas of popular sovereignty. The citizen king affected to be a democrat in ideas and demeanor. The voice of Andrew Jackson could have wished no truer echo beyond the seas. Yet it was not "frontier influence" that inspired the July Revolution in 1830. Neither was there any such inspiration in Germany, in Italy, or in Poland, where waves of militant liberalism were set in motion, but through various mishaps failed to gain adequate momentum. Even in Canada, just to the north of us, there was a tidal wave of radicalism at this time, culminating in the rebellions of 1836–1837; but the frontier had nothing to do with it.

The frontier interpretation of American history has been overworked. It is time for someone to point out that what happened in the United States during this Jacksonian decade was just what was happening everywhere. The pendulum was taking one of its periodic, world-wide swings. In America the frontier may have given it some peculiarities, but not momentum. There would have been a Jacksonian interlude without a frontier. Indeed, the eruption would probably have been more violent but for the fact that much Eastern radicalism had been drawn westward during the years preceding 1828 and had been considerably sobered by the influence of land ownership.

The triumph of Toryism, which assumed international proportions during the dozen years that followed the close of the Napoleonic wars, was bound to induce a reaction. It came during the early thirties in Europe and America alike. The law of the pendulum, rather than influence of the frontier, would seem to furnish the right clue. It has the merit of recognizing, moreover, the essential unity of European and American history. When the world swings to the Right America goes with it—and to the Left also.

Nor is this at all surprising, for we are a people of the same flesh and blood as Europeans, inspired by the same general motives, subject to the same political shortcomings, similarly intolerant of the *status quo*, and obedient to the same promptings of mass psychology. Let us not be hoodwinked by terminology. Americans during the nineteenth century "civilized a half continent" while Britishers, Frenchmen, and Russians "built up great empires." They, of course, were imperialistic while we were merely humanitarian! But the expansion in both cases was prompted by the same motives and carried through by the same methods in so far as such methods needed to be used. It was all a part of the world-wide quest for wealth and power, the response of civilized mankind to a law of human nature. Human actions, as Kant once said, are as much under the control of law as any other physical phenomena.

Hence, every great movement in American politics is likely to have its counterpart abroad, although its outward manifestations may be different, and differences in terminology may obscure the essential identity. With greater intimacy of contact between the two continents, and with the more complex interlocking of their economic interests, it seems probable that the swings of the pendulum will synchronize even more closely and more visibly in the future than they have done in the past.

IV

I have used the period 1815–1840 as an illustration, but other eras would serve as well. The political history of Great Britain during the whole of the past century is a panorama of upheaval and integration, reform and reaction, liberalism and conservatism. During the years following the close of the Napoleonic wars we have the Tory domination of Liverpool, Wellington, and Castlereagh; from 1830 to 1841, the epoch of the great reforms under Whig leadership; from 1840 to the middle fifties another period of Conservative ascendancy, followed by the great duel between Disraeli and Gladstone; then, in the closing quarter of the nineteenth century, came the almost systematic alternation of Unionists and Liberals which continued down to the outbreak of the War. These alternations did not come with exact chronological regularity, to be sure; in some cases the span of party triumph lasted longer than in others. But the longest term during which either of the two great political elements held office during the century—1815 to 1915—was about a dozen years.

Cycles in politics cannot be chronologically exact for the reason that various factors intervene to modify the inclination to regularity, just as the operation of natural laws can be forestalled, delayed, or speeded up by the actions of man. A war, for example, always constitutes a serious interference with the normal evolution of domestic politics. In war all the usual currents are deviated from their course. The Civil War in the United States gave the Republicans a grip upon power which it took two decades to release. In England, where the date of an appeal to the country can be determined by the party in power, it has more than once happened that a "khaki election" could be utilized, and was utilized, to secure the perpetuation of a government in office. And Continental govern-

ments with autocratic leanings have more than once welcomed war as a means of deflecting the current of home politics from its normal course.

Likewise, the regularity of the cycle is broken, from time to time, by a well-advised or fortunate political stroke on the one side, or a serious mistake on the other. It can hardly be doubted that the acceptance of bimetallism by the Democratic Party in 1896 was a grave strategic error and one that stalled an incipient drift which might well have brought this party into power long before 1913. Good leadership or the lack of it has also had something to do with the acceleration or slackening of the swing. The accession of Colonel Roosevelt to the presidency in 1901 is an instance in point. His aggressive personality served to halt the exodus from the ranks of his party and gave the Republicans an accession of strength which lasted beyond the close of his second term. Other instances could be given; yet we should not overstress the personal equation. There are vagaries of nature, yet all nature is governed by law. The social structure is subject to conscious manipulation in no greater degree.

It is the irregularities in political evolution that draw our attention, yet the fundamental inclination to a cyclic course is always there. The great simplicities are merely clouded from the unpracticed eye. When every allowance is made for the vicissitudes of fortune and misfortune, the truth remains, and it is elemental, that a party in power inclines to grow weaker from the day that it takes office; while the opposing party, barring mishaps, inclines to become stronger. The party in power must choose between the practical alternatives and, by so doing, it inevitably creates antagonisms. Even by the exercise of the most adroit statesmanship these antagonisms are not to be avoided. The party in power must distribute patronage, and every seasoned politician knows that this is a channel through which no ultimate strength is generated. The distribution of patronage in the form of offices and contracts creates more resentment than gratitude; it inures to the advantage of the immediate beneficiaries, but never to that of the party as a whole. The party which is in opposition can gather into its fold all who demand impracticable measures, the discontented, the disappointed, and the disillusioned; it can rub salt into their wounds and breathe soothing promises into their ears. Thus it tends to become a Cave of Adullam, sheltering malcontents of every stripe. All are welcome provided they are willing to join the array against the common enemy.

But when victory at the polls is achieved through these accessions of strength from various irreconcilable quarters, the process of weakening at once begins—begins from the moment that the victors take office, or even before it. The new administration cannot hope to satisfy the expectations of its variegated following, but must shoulder the heritage of disappointment. It is now the turn of the other party to take advantage of the ebbing tide. Let it be repeated, however, that this cycle of strength and weakness does not run its round with a precision that can be forecast. Politics is an art, and a true art is never completely enslaved to formal rules.

V

There is one phase of the matter to which, in a final word, I beg to invite attention. I have used the pendulum as an analogy, but it is by no means an altogether suitable one. The base of a mechanical pendulum—the point from which it swings—is fixed and immovable, but the base of the pendulum in politics is not. On the contrary, it is continually in motion. In other words, the "point of rest" from which public sentiment gravitates in one direction or the other—this point of rest is not, paradoxically, a fixed point at all. And this for the reason that during the interval between the action and the

reaction, the base of the pendulum—that is, the political consensus of the people—has been moving either to the Right or to the Left; so that the return swing carries farther, or not so far, as would otherwise be the case. If it has moved to the Right, the conservative reaction will be the more intense, and vice versa.

During the years from 1850 to the beginning of the World War, the base of the pendulum in all countries kept moving towards the Left, virtually without interruption. The world as a whole became more liberally minded. Political leaders, both radical and reactionary, had to keep stepping leftwards to avoid being dropped out of the procession. Some of them did not manage to do it. Mr. Bryan, for example, was perhaps the most radical of all the outstanding political leaders in the United States thirty years ago. Not a few people looked upon him at that time as a menace to the very foundations of the Republic. But Mr. Bryan at the time of his death was regarded by the radicals as a straggler from the ranks. He was our premier fundamentalist in religion and had become a good deal of a fundamentalist in politics. It was not that Mr. Bryan recanted any of his earlier political beliefs during this interim, but merely that the leftward march of the national consensus had left him stranded on the Right.

The leader in politics who desires to be successful must, therefore, keep his eye on the pendulum, both its tip and its base. Much has been written autobiographically about qualities which successful statesmen must possess, but none is more important than this. We speak of the vicissitudes of politics, and as Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked, "A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected." That may be the reason why politicians are so often optimists. But what we call the vicissitudes and vagaries of politics are for the most part not vicissitudes or vagaries at all, any more than the tides of the ocean are pranks of nature. They are, in many instances, merely the manifestations of an elemental law to which neither political scientists nor practical politicians have as yet given sufficient attention.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST IN EUROPE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

IN MY wanderings about Europe last summer I fell into the orbit of a good many groups of tourists of various nationalities. In eastern Belgium and Luxembourg they were chiefly Dutch and Rhinelanders. In Austria they were largely from Bavaria and the Danube States, while in western Belgium the English predominated. Elsewhere, especially in France and Holland, the vast majority were good home-grown Yanks.

These wayfarers were something of a novelty to me, since I had not been in Europe for fifteen years during the tourist season. Even then I had seen only a few assorted job-lots in Rome—mostly Americans—and I had noticed them but casually, being pretty busy with other matters. But last summer I began to speculate about these groups as a social phenomenon, and more or less kept an eye on their qualities, behavior, and pursuits. This led me to think up some reasons why the tourist is always an object of aversion and contumely to his countrymen abroad. "For Heaven's sake," wrote an American acquaintance, asking me to suggest some tours in Europe, "don't route me where I'll run into a lot of American tourists." A Belgian lady, too, complained bitterly to me about the general run of Belgians she encountered on a trip to England. "They made me ashamed to tell anybody I was a Belgian," she said. I find a certain lack of humor in this attitude. It reminds me somewhat of our hundred-per-center's naïve priggishness about immigrants and their offspring. His own father may speak with an accent that you could cut with a butter-knife, but he is no less strong for Americanizing all foreigners who are in the country, and keeping out all who are not. Over here it is a ticklish business to say just what a tourist is, and it is still more ticklish to deride tourists or to put on airs about them.

For my own part, I believe the conventional reasons for disliking tourists have no more solid foundation than that of most generalizations about human beings, which is to say, precious little. I have some objections to tourists in general, and some to American tourists in particular—which last I shall state presently—but they are not the ones usually put forward. Most people think they dislike tourists, I believe, when what they really dislike is the effect of a crowd. They would feel the same at home towards a lot of convention delegates if they found the place all cluttered up with them. Tourists give the impression of being always under foot, of preëmpting all the room there is, and swarming over everything. But this is due to their numbers and preoccupations, and it is hardly reasonable to dislike them for either; nevertheless, one does do so. They are like women at a bargain-counter, or the people ahead of one in line at a ticket window. One hates them instinctively and puts them down as shocking pigs, when most probably they are very decent people simply busy with their legitimate preoccupations which happen to be accidentally annoying to those who do not share them or who have preoccupations of their own. Again tourists are thought to look un-

lovely and "ornery." For the most part they do. It is pretty hard for one who is steadily traveling to look otherwise. Besides this, it is notorious that the aspect of any large and more or less homogeneous crowd is uninviting. Look at the graduating class *en masse* of one of our women's colleges, for instance, and you would take oath there was nothing like a pretty girl among them.

Again, tourists are thought to have bad manners. Superficially, there is something in this, but it is a relative matter. The English tourists I saw last summer had, in most cases, manners that I should regard as considerably under par if they had been mine. But they were not bad *for them.* National practices differ. I have been in England enough to know that English practice of the amenities at large is in intention neither better nor worse than American practice, but quite different; and it is not just to let oneself be put off by a mere difference that indicates no fault in character or motive. Besides, there is the influence of a sense of strangeness, of self-consciousness, and some apprehension. It takes a very large and easy release from one's provincialisms to escape this, and few of us can command it. Not all of us escape this influence when we move a step or two out of our customary surroundings at home, and how much less the chance of escaping it abroad! Mark Twain's book *The Innocents Abroad* is fundamentally a record of the progressive workings of that influence; and this, I believe, more than any of its other qualities, accounts for the book's immense popularity with a traveling public.

II

But I must begin to particularize about American tourists. Some of them got in trouble with a street crowd in Paris last summer, and had unpleasant experiences, so the papers said, which led President Coolidge to take notice of the incident and issue some good advice. He made the rather commonplace division of tourists into the sheep and the goats. In conversation with a much-traveled Englishman, whom I met on a train at the time of the incident, I remarked that the really objectionable American tourist was not often seen outside Paris, London, and a few fashionable resorts, mostly French, and that he went to those places because they are organized for him and are a kind of standing advertisement for his patronage; and, therefore, they ought not to resent the only sort of conduct they could expect from him. "Quite so," the Englishman assented. "They get quite what they ask for."

This is something that ought to be remembered when the behavior of the tourist is under consideration at home. President Coolidge's second category of tourists might be subdivided as follows:

1. Those who have more dollars than sense and who go abroad to splurge. It is *vox populi* in Europe that all one sees of this class are Americans, but this is an error. It is an odd fact that this class has created a purely international type, like the Jew or the Quaker. Having spent many years in lower-middle Manhattan, and wearily plodded about Western Europe for a total of several more, I have become pretty quick at spotting nationality, but I can do nothing with this type. It has become a matter of curiosity with me. Wherever I go in Europe I occasionally see people who might be American, English, German, Scandinavian, anything. Their characteristic marks of nationality are all overlaid by the one mark of having money to burn, and a great desire to burn it. Yet the most of these that one sees in Europe in the summer are presumably American, because, as things stand, there are more rich Americans than there are of other tribes.

2. Those whose uppermost thought in going abroad is to make their escape from our peculiarly national inhibitions and prohibitions as thorough, obvious, workmanlike, and spectacular as possible. These, whatever their nominal errand in Europe, go back like Abe Potash's friend

Hymie Salzman, "with new idees about tchampanyer wine yet, and not about garments."

3. The infatuate. These are they who have been in Europe before and have contracted an effeminate "crush" on some European center, almost invariably Paris or London. They get out of the steamer-train, glance around a grimy and hideous railway station, and into the iron countenances of cab drivers and *commissionaires*, and say, "Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it lovely? Where'll we dine to-night, and what theater'll we go to first?"

In my judgment, these three subclasses make up the class of objectionable American tourists that President Coolidge adverted to. They are all direct products of extremely serious defects in our civilization, and as long as these defects are unremedied, so long will they go on being produced, and so long will European centers continue pandering to their weakness, viciousness, vulgarity, and foolery. This is all one needs say about them and, indeed, it is about all that can profitably be said, except perhaps that their numerical increase of late is evidence that the defects which produce them are being confirmed, and not remedied. But this evidence is not particularly needed.

III

Concerning Mr. Coolidge's first class of tourists, I can only say that everything I saw last summer bore him out handsomely in his championship of them. Of course I am giving merely the brief and casual observations of one person, but for what those are worth I had absolutely invariable reason to think well of my countrymen, and every comparison that I make with tourists of the same class from other lands was in their favor. My first experience was with a rather special body of traveling Americans, very early in the season, when about two hundred hotel men, many of them with their families, came to Brussels, and were entertained at a gala performance of "La Traviata," at the Royal Opera. When I heard that they were coming it occurred to me that here would be about as prepossessing a representation of my country as one could get, because hotel men are professionally trained to encounter almost any kind of public, and they have a professional knowledge of the amenities demanded by almost any kind of occasion. I was not disappointed. After a week's gruelling razoo from the hospitalities of Paris, these poor men and women had taken the train at six o'clock that morning, reached Brussels at ten, junketed around town all day, were promptly in their seats at nine o'clock, and stuck out the opera to the bitter end at half-past twelve. If they knew anything about music they were too ravaged by weariness to care for it—what they wanted was solitude and sleep. Yet they heroically did the right thing, and did it gracefully, until the very last dog was hung—until a pretty Belgian Violetta finally expired, and the curtain went down. In the long waits between acts I looked them over as they dragged themselves about the lobby to fight off somnolence, and I was gratified by the display of quiet good taste which they made in dress and manner, by their dignity and courtesy, and by their terrific efforts to appear happy, interested, and appreciative.

The tourists I surveyed in Holland were divisible into two lots or sets. One set seemed to be none too well off and to come from small towns where they did something regularly for their living. I saw several parties of these, all being piloted around by tourist-agencies. The other set, which also comprised several parties and was under commercial management, was apparently on the *tour de luxe*, stopping at the best hotels and, while not in the least flamboyant, looking as if money was no great object. I went around Amsterdam and the Hague in the wake of a couple of parties of both sets, mostly through museums, and accompanied one party on the all-day trip to Vollendam and Marken. Like the

hotel men, all these people were dog-tired, fagged out, not with the healthy fatigue that comes at the end of a reasonable day's work, but with the settled tiredness that means frazzled nerves and an undermined disposition. Yet not once did I see any of them show a streak of petulance, bad temper, or bad manners. Not once all summer, indeed, did I see an American tourist of Mr. Coolidge's first class show himself anything but kindly, good-tempered and decent.

More than that, I was quite astonished to see how regularly these people—many of whom I would regard as pretty unpromising in this respect—were intent on making the most of really good things. In the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, for instance, I noticed some well-to-do, spoiled-looking young girls—flappers—with the usual vacuous face and hard expression, accentuated by utter weariness. I wondered what they were there for, and kept an eye on them. I became intensely interested at seeing them pick out great pictures and try to get some impression of them. It was a hopeless attempt—they were too tired to get any impression of anything—but they made the attempt and made it with a dogged persistence I should not imagine they could show even in dancing the Charleston. Behavior like this was pretty generally characteristic of the American tourists who fell under my observation all summer. I would give anything to know what they got out of seeing the things they showed interest in, or what it was that they were looking for and expecting to get. I tried to overhear some comments, but heard very few—they did not talk much, which again surprised me, until I realized that they were too tired to talk. But the fact remains that in general they picked out good things, and tried to get something out of them.

Current opinion and every recognized authority are against me, I believe, but I have come around to the notion that the American tourist is a good deal of a singed cat. Perhaps I ran into a string of coincidences, so in giving my opinion I give it with all deference to those of larger experience. On a rubberneck wagon in Paris one day was a young woman who looked extremely unintelligent, and I think actually was; but she had somehow accumulated an astonishing amount of technical and well-knit information about art and architecture. I wish I had as much. I wondered where she had picked it up, and why. Her knowledge was not formative in her case, evidently. Though wholly of the formative kind, it had not "struck in"; I could not see that it had especially affected her taste or her sensibilities. But inert as it was, she had it. In the same party was a woman from California who seemed very commonplace as, again, I think she was. But she had almost a professional knowledge of trees and flowers, such knowledge as I would give a great deal to have. Again, one day in Bruges I saw a couple, early middle aged, highly prosperous, very genial and good humored, neither of whom would one suspect of ever setting the river afire with interest in things of the spirit. Yet in their travels they had been industriously photographing a lot of architectural details here and there, in order to get practicable ideas for the embellishment of a new house. How intelligent they were about this, or how trustworthy their taste was, I cannot say. I have great doubts. I suspect that the new house may turn out to be rather a terror, but the fact remains that with the best taste and intelligence they possessed, they were certainly trying hard and taking no end of trouble about it.

IV

On the whole, then, I am led to believe that the tourist has a good deal to say for himself, much more than he usually gets credit for. Nevertheless, I have some complaints against our tourist which I wish he would heed, because I give voice to them mostly in his own interest. The first one is that he

does not organize his trip well. Artemus Ward said the trouble with Napoleon was that he tried to do too much, and did it. That is precisely the trouble with our tourists. They invariably try to cover from ten to twenty times the ground that Nietszche's superman could profitably cover in twice the time—and by gum, they cover it. They can't think of leaving out Rome, they must see Paris, they would never forgive themselves for not going to London, they can't endure the thought of not visiting Switzerland when they will be so near, and so forth and so on. I am speaking, remember, of persons of average seriousness, who regard a visit to Europe as something of an opportunity. They overlook the factors of weariness and surfeit. The human mind cannot receive many sharp impressions in rapid succession without fagging, and after the first few the rest of the impressions simply do not "take." Or, for a better comparison, the mind is like the stomach. It is not how much you put into it that counts, but how much it digests—if you try to feed it with a shovel you get bad results.

Here is where the Continental tourist is wiser than ours. He picks out a region that interests him—a small one—studies it minutely from all the books he can get his hands on before he starts, and then sees it methodically and thoroughly. He knows he cannot see everything in the world, and prefers really seeing a little to looking at a great deal and seeing nothing. If our tourists would follow his example they would be much less of a nuisance to others and to themselves, and they would lay up solid profit out of every moment of their stay. To see the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, for instance, or the Hermitage at Petersburg, and have any real idea of what is there, or any real feeling for what one sees, means a straight month's work at the very least; and to see the Dresden gallery means twice that. What is the use of walking through them in half a day apiece? One would get as much out of trying to read the *Iliad* by turning over leaves at the rate of one a second. It takes a long time also to get the feel of any strange city, and one who tries to get it in less is merely wasting precious time.

Precious time—that is what I wish our tourists would learn, that their time here is *precious*, far too precious for an hour of it to be frittered away in what really amounts to no more than desultory or galvanic motion. This brings me to my second count against the tourist, which is that he spends so much time on things that he can do as well—sometimes better—at home, to the neglect of things that can only be done here, or done far better. In speaking frankly of these matters, it must be understood that I am not disparaging anything, but am merely speaking from the point of view of a person who comes to Europe with a strictly limited amount of time and attention at his command, and who desires to bestow them to the best advantage.

For instance, there is natural scenery. I am the very farthest from implying that Switzerland is not worth visiting. If I were English or European, I should go there. But why should an American go there when he can go to the Canadian Rockies or the Grand Canyon, or any one of a dozen places in his own country? Not that Swiss scenery is inferior—let us grant for argument that it is a great deal better. But is it *so much* better that the difference is worth the tourist's time in competition with the enormous multitude of things that Europe can display and America cannot? I doubt it. Take, on the other hand, the man-made scenery in eastern Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, as something marvellously beautiful that cannot be matched in America. We have nothing even remotely like it. Let the tourist who is interested in scenic effects gamble on my assurance for a "flyer" of four hours in a motor car, and then decide for himself whether or not he has seen something brand-new, and so much

worth seeing that he will remember it all his life. On a sunny day in late July or early August let him take the Hosingen Road from Diekirch through Vianden, branch off to Wiltz and Esch, and then return through Bursheid and Ettelbruck. If he wishes to make the comparison clear, let him run over from Ettelbruck about a dozen miles to Müllerthal, Luxembourg's prize bit of natural wild scenery. It will be no treat to him. He will find only the unpretending kind of thing that he can see any day at the entrance to the Adirondacks.

Again, there are many things in Holland immensely worth seeing if one had all the time in the world. But why should the tourist who has so little time spend any of it in cruising about canals, looking at Dutch public buildings, windmills, and wooden shoes, or going over to Vollendam or Marken, especially since for such things he could do about as well at Nantucket and, most especially, since Holland itself has so much to offer which cannot be matched elsewhere. My advice to the tourist would be, Go to Holland—don't miss it—stay as long as you possibly can, and don't stir a foot outside the museums at the Hague, Haarlem, and Amsterdam for anything but to eat and sleep all the time you are there. Those three museums are not by any means all in Holland that is worth attention, but they are all that is worth the American tourist's attention.

Then there is the matter of the European cities one visits—and here, I suppose, I shall step on red-hot burning ground. Remember, however, I am not speaking of what is appropriate to the spendthrift and snob, the infatuate, or the person who, in Mrs. Pumpilion's phrase, comes to Europe to pass his hours in roaring iniquity. I hereby "make the break," and offer myself as a target for utter derision, by declaring that I cannot see why any tourist outside these categories, and with no more than the usual amount of time at his command, should go to Paris, London, or Berlin, when he can go to New York. I have asked many people for a satisfactory reason why he should, and never got one. I have nothing in the world against these four cities; all I wish to suggest is that for a tourist's purposes they are essentially so much alike that the handiest one is the one best worth visiting. Paris, true, has great beauty, and the others have not; but so have many other Continental cities which in other respects are more worth the tourist's while; and besides, the beauty of Paris, in my judgment, is far less interesting and delightful than it is opulent and impressive. Paris also probably remains the great exhibit center of the world in certain kinds of merchandise, but they are very few, and none of them is important enough to make it imperative that the tourists should sacrifice the time to see them.

Many Americans, I find, are under a curious illusion. They think that certain things which attract them are peculiarly French, or even Parisian, when they are really European. "Not going to Paris?" said one woman to another, in my hearing. "Why, do you mean to say you are going to miss the chance of drinking coffee at one of those charming places where they have tables out on the sidewalk?" The fact is that there are precious few crossroad villages, even, let alone cities, in all Europe, where these agreeable facilities are not to be found. If the tourist looks into it, he will learn that the point of this story touches a great many matters beside sidewalk cafés. It touches art and architecture, clothes, cooking—yes, really—antiquities, music, the theater, and any number of interesting things, both great and small.

My third objection to our tourist is that he averages too young. Regarding Europe as an eligible place for American youth, I am becoming as skeptical about it as Thomas Jefferson was, and for the same reason. I never yet knew a very young person to come here who got much out of it that was

worth having, or, if he stayed any length of time, did not in some way deteriorate under it. Our tourists, being young, are too inexperienced, too unthoughtful; they have read too little and ineffectively, and they possess in consequence too vague, shifting, and incompetent an idea of what they are here for, what they want, where best to find it, and if they do find it, how to recognize it and properly take it in. Europe is for maturity, not for youth,—maturity in thought, reflective power, observation, appreciation. Let the intending tourist be patient and remember that youth is a disability from which one usually recovers, and that as a rule its special misfortunes and trials are self inflicted and unnecessary. There are enough of these, generally, without aggravating them by an undertaking which in the nature of things cannot be very profitable, but which is pretty sure to yield decent dividends if deferred until it can be approached more intelligently, and with less regard to the solicitations (wholly innocent, no doubt) of mere crude sensation.

V

The tourist may resent, as unsympathetic, the frankness of my observations, but he is quite wrong. He has my sympathy before he starts, when he is contemplating in imagination the myriad attractions of Europe, for I myself have confronted a Norwegian breakfast in my day. I have come down in the morning and faced a buffet bearing eleven kinds of cheese and thirteen kinds of smoked fish. I wanted to eat them all, but it was not practicable—or even half of them—one would die the death of the unrighteous before noon. One's memory was haunted by whatever one decided to leave out, and it took resolution not to let the thought of it make the things one chose seem dissatisfying. But if one just sensibly carried through, one did well in the end, and was happy; and if not, not. I sympathize with the tourist also in his sudden taste of the holiday spirit, which is the spice of one's summer and flavors everything delightfully if one does not try to make a whole meal of it. I sympathize with him especially after his foot has slipped and carried him into a preposterously impossible schedule; for his desolating and benumbing weariness exceeds any known to man. Hardly an American tourist did I see all summer who was not so tired that he had practically lost all the attributes of a sentient being. Above all, I sympathize with him in his constant subjection to a running fire of alluring temptations from tourist literature. I am a great friend to commercial sightseeing. It does the work of the old-style personal courier, and does it better, as a rule, and cheaper. Even the organized cruise seems to me on the whole a good thing, though I never took one—I speak only from observation—and particularly good for people who need to get out of a rut, if they happen to be the kind that can rest on shipboard and can enjoy travel. I can do neither, so to me, and those like me, the cruise would be a hard life. But commendable as commercial sightseeing is, one should use its facilities intelligently, and not deliver oneself over, soul and body, to the tourist agency. Here again I would say that the Continental traveler is a little wiser than ours. He goes independently to a region he wishes to visit, and when he gets there he uses the tourist agency's local facilities for finding and exhibiting just the things he wants to see, and nothing else.

So in all respects I think I am sympathetic with the tourist, and entirely on his side. Long may he wave! I want him to have the most for his money, and also to get out from under the obloquy that now attaches to his appellation. Following the three suggestions I have offered will help him to both. Let him put off starting until a little of youth's effervescence has subsided. Then let him make a schedule which is

within the limits of reasonable human endurance, and one which comprises only matters which are distinctly and beyond doubt such as he cannot compass at home.

VI

It might be, moreover, that he could get the tourist agencies to lend a hand and simplify things for him in their highly competent way. Looking over their literature at large, I think they do not at present advertise much service that is organized qualitatively. They have not arranged and grouped sets of attractions to meet any definite interests, or presented plans for the intensive and leisurely consideration of small areas with reference to special interests. I am not a business man and, therefore, cannot say that it would be commercially practicable to do this; but I see no reason against it. Even if the margin of direct profit were small, it might still have value as a business-getter, for I believe that on this basis they might figure out how a person could manage two trips for only a moderate "raise" on the price of one. Along with their offers, I mean, showing how much ground you may cover for the money, and how many indiscriminate things you may see, they might make some offers showing how thoroughly and comfortably you may cover certain carefully assorted sets of attractions in a relatively small area. But whether they see their way to do anything like this or not, it is still possible for the tourist to arrange his schedules for himself, though probably not so well, and use their local facilities in carrying them out.

If the tourist takes what I have said in good part, he will form the closest and most intelligent of sentimental ties with Europe, and then I shall be more on his side than ever, because we shall have that much more in common. But even if he does not—indeed, if he ridicules with Homeric laughter every word I say—I shall still continue staunchly to be on his side.

THE END

BY A. A. MILNE

WHEN I was one
I had just begun.

When I was two
I was nearly new.

When I was three
I was hardly Me.

When I was four
I was not much more.

When I was five
I was just alive.

But now I am six I'm as clever as clever,
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

PREFACE TO AN UNWRITTEN NOVEL

BY DONALD CORLEY

IT WAS a moist spring morning, early enough for footsteps to be audible in the third street on Murray Hill, that the skylark sang his two soft notes somewhere near the Church Without a Saint. . . . Perhaps the skylark lives there, in the tiny garden of the church, I conjectured, having heard him once or twice before this, and always two hours before daybreak of a certain kind of spring morning, when great events were presaged. "Sea-island weather," a friend born in a far archipelago once called that vague and suave and beguiling kind of a morning, that reminds you that New York *is* on an island in the sea, and under the spell of the Gulf Stream at times—when the wheels have all stopped turning for a moment and the acrid aroma of gasoline has gone, wherever aromas go.

I had come to associate the skylark with great events, in fact—(events of my own, you understand)—and to expect them to happen should I be so fortunate as to pass the Church Without a Saint at the hour of his matins. Perhaps the skylark plays the part of the ecclesiastical dove in that church. And if you protest that there is no third street on Murray Hill I can only say that it depends upon where you count them from, and what your orientation is. And if you protest that there could not be a skylark there, and that I must have heard some other bird, may I ask if you have never seen an elephant being taken for a walk on Fifth Avenue by a small Syrian boy? Anything can happen in New York. Have two gray nuns ever called upon you to inform you that you lived in Saint Gabriel's Parish, whether you wanted to or not?

So perhaps you will concede that there *is* a church without a saint, for the simple reason that the faith is not yet old enough to have acquired one. Ergo, if there were a saint in residence there no skylark would live there. It would be a parrot. . . .

And so, thinking of parrots, skylarks, Danish weather, how Tycho Brahe managed to make his momentous observations on an island in the fog—or did he use those nights to correlate his data about the unknown stars?—the red-gold eyes of the Siamese cat whom I had that evening christened Angkor Thom after the Cambodian temple . . . wondering if that strange cat really had monkey blood . . . thinking of colophons and why they are so called . . . of dramaturges and astrolabes, and if the talesmen of a jury had ever been called talismen, and if the whistles on the river could be likened to oreads, since it is coal that makes whistles, and forests that make coal, and forests are full of nostalgia, and oreads' voices speak it, too . . . New York is full of all the nostalgias for every other place, and the whistles speak it . . . out of the coal that comes from so many places—petrified sunshine—homesickness is, then, a desire to return to the sun, from which this little earth may have been born, even as the moon is said to have been born from the Pacific Ocean . . . thinking, in fact, of all the loose ends of things that one does, returning home from a pleasant evening, and still not sleepy . . .

And thus I came to the door of the

Goldbeater's House, a block farther towards the East River, the house where I lived. The dark-blue crackled door confronted me like the old worn leather cover of a book that I had perused too often, and which had, finally, nothing more to offer except footnotes.

What was here that had not been here at noon when I went away? To return to one's house after an absence of even a few hours is always a thumb-nail adventure, to the observant. If, that is, your door responds to no other key than your own.

If, that is, you live alone.

For no hand will have stirred your chairs into new relationships, nor swept your work-table of its debris of unfinished tasks, nor found the missing page of that manuscript which you discovered anew with such joy day before yesterday, after a long time, nor turned the hour-glass that had amused you until you realized how much scrupulous attention it demanded, nor turned the page of the book of Scriabijn on your piano. (There it is, still open upon the somber prelude that emphasized another's loneliness for you that morning.) You wish you did not remember how lonely that was . . . The cork is still out of your bottle of green ink, the worse for so much evaporation to no purpose . . . you have left all your lights burning from that dark morning . . . you have come back to yourself, that is all.

And yet, there is always hope that your furniture may have conspired against you, especially the wicker chairs that have such a way of speaking in a silence, as if ghosts had just risen from them. For wicker is willow, and willow is a voluble material, perhaps from growing always where there are wind and water. A willow wand was the old divining rod of the Magi, still used in some of the simpler countries for finding water, and willow chairs never forget their birthplaces, where they no doubt trafficked with water-ghosts.

The door of the Goldbeater's House seemed more than ever like the cover of an old book, a blue-leather book containing anything whatever, from the high formulæ of magic to the flat dull tools of prose. The old gilded escutcheon of the Goldbeater glimmered on the wall—the clasping of the book. It had once had an arm holding a hammer for its device, but a brick had fallen off the cornice one day and broke the arm, so the Goldbeater had explained. But that was why I lived there, where gold was beaten thin upon a marble block in the ancient way. There are not many goldbeaters. Would you live two flights above a tinsmith? An ironmonger? It is pleasant to find shreds of gold leaf upon your floor, light as thistle down, carried up by the wind—your only endurable charwoman—from the shop in the garden. Truly, that was why I lived there; and as I went up the stairs it came to me that I was bringing home something new, and that, besides what I was bringing, there would be nothing new, nothing changed, above stairs.

But I had *that*, and the skylark had just announced the validity of it. For I was bringing home the desire to write a novel, and somehow I felt that the goldbeater's method would be the way to do it.

For during that Sunday evening my friends had violently urged this course of conduct. "Makes a sort of milestone for you," Tara had said. "After that you are established in the world," quoth Edward. "It's the decent thing to do" was the sober verdict of Greta (who had, you observe, a sense of one's responsibility towards life).

And Dirce, who was the daughter of Tara, and fifteen, said nothing, as she had the habit of doing. So I was constrained to ask her if she had written a novel, being more than suspicious. (You never knew what Dirce might have done, you see.) "Yes, I have," she replied, languidly. "It's very easy, you know." And how did she do it? was my natural query. "Why, you just *write* it!" she exclaimed, somewhat petulantly. And that was all that any of us could get out

of her, although Tara, her mother, has since confided to me that the "novel" had come to her notice accidentally, and that it was called simply *The Story of Dirce*, but that it was really about a cat mostly, and that its tonnage (so to speak) did not exceed five hundred words! And yet how weighty were those words of Dirce's! How much she must have enjoyed her suffering to write them, for you will admit that to use words at all requires a staunch, stark courage, a certain violence of emotion, a bitter economy of metaphor, and a vast knowledge of human nobility, frailty, grief, love, cupidity, cruelty, and many other potentialities ending in -ty!

And Dirce was fifteen!

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," muttered Gareth, who was inclined to take a carping and gloomy view of the matter, "not to have done it long ago. Everyone who can write writes a novel, and lots of people who can't write at all do it, too. It's like going to confession. Besides, it's like having your name in the City Directory for being a householder, in this migratory age—like having your name in brass on a church pew, to be shown by the verger some day. Why, you could go into a bookshop with a friend and casually lead him to the shelf and say, 'see there,' or something, or 'isn't that funny! They keep my novel here, too!' And after that, you see, you're *supposed* to be a writer. No longer any doubt about it. It's expected of you by your friends . . . puts a graceful tombstone over your buried youth, with some graceful bit of Attic salt for the dedication: 'Here lies . . . *et alii, dum spes . . . loquantur,*' in good doggish Latin. Then keep right on lying, interestingly, right up to the last chapter, and *then*, tell the truth in a few terse sentences, so that no one will believe you!"

And Gareth, being a taciturn man, lapsed into silence.

It remained for Caerloeen to soften the worldliness of Gareth with a little quaint perfume. "Anyway," she said, softly, "you could write a novel that wouldn't be a novel, you know, about your adventures that you didn't have, not through any fault of your own, but just because the others didn't get to the oak tree that day in time, or find the letter hidden in the book, or even know what you meant when you sent them an Eighteenth Century letter on parchment, dated two hundred years ago, all flowered with pretty phrases concealing your ardent passion, pounced, sealed, and crested! Of course, *I* should have known," added Caerloeen, "but you never sent me one, you see. I shall look for it in the novel. Don't have a plot; that's like the set of plans for a house that you can buy from a magazine. The house always looks as if you had bought it in a department store. Make it droll, make it *gay*, my friend the world is sad, and don't use too many asterisks. . . . You must have the makings of a novel tucked away in that house of yours. Have you ever looked?"

And so having been interrogated, censured, condemned, upbraided, and a promise extorted, to write that novel forthwith, I left Caerloeen to her stringing of colored beads and Gareth to his saturnine perusal of Josephus, and Dirce to her languid entertainment of the Siamese cat recently "christianed" (as she said) "Angkor Thom," and very much bored, as all royal cats are of a Sunday evening, and Edward and Greta to their game of chess (which was their way of quarreling), and Tara, the mother of Dirce, to the horoscope that she was casting. (It was Dirce's horoscope, but that young woman, after the manner of her peers, was just as languid about the result as she was about the cat! But, then, it may be that this languor is the mask of very serious things in Dirce and her peers. I think that Tara knew *that!*)

Well, I reached the top of the stairs, opened the door, and listened as the wicker chairs spoke volubly in the silence of their ghosts. "Tell us a story," they seemed to be saying, "*not* a ghost-story, but a *real* story about love and things!"

The telephone had its usual smug and

somewhat feline secrecy, its air of having rung in vain, its determination not to reveal anything; it was the shank of a spring night; the skylark had spoken; a novel must be written. I had sworn it. How? With what? Of what? My fanciful friends would not quite do. They had returned into the shadowy house in which they lived, more or less fancifully; for I beg you to believe that I invented them, as it is hard to find a household that has no radio in it these days. Still, Dirce, if properly launched, might grow up in a novel to be somewhat less shadowy than Tara her mother, might find herself involved pleasantly in all of the difficulties of a young woman alone in a novel, with all the expectations and inconsistencies of her sex. Who knows? Properly endowed, and guided a little, she might turn out very well, unless, of course, I should fall in love with her, as she got a little older, and get entangled in the meshes of that novel myself. For which there is no remedy, I am told. Still, I reflected, Dirce's impertinences would be very amusing, her mock erudition, her conviction that the world of Romance was made particularly for her, even as she had made at an early age a world for herself, and a map thereof (being engaged upon the study of the human heart in high school at the time). "Brocadia," she called her world, and the major ventricle was the River Ganges, the minor the Straits of Canso. Beyond that, it was a simple world, where anyone might be reasonably happy, since one province of Brocadia was called Mandragora, the other Lucidia, with a sort of debatable land in between, divided by the Ganges and the Straits, a land called, with Greek simplicity, Andthen. (Lucy, it might be explained, was the name that Dirce wished she had been called.) And as for Mandragora? Well . . . ! A "gange" in the language of Brocadia was a tributary, as she insisted that Ganges was plural, if Straits was singular! But you begin to see how promising Dirce seemed for a lay figure, don't you?

At an earlier transitional period of her career Dirce was met at a railway station, terminating a considerable journey taken alone, and under one arm she had a doll named Effie, who had a cinder in one eye. The other arm supported a bulky history of the Ptolemies of Egypt. Effie's trunk had been checked and caused considerable respect when found, having Effie's initials across one end. The check was in Effie's pocket and the key around Effie's neck. The trunk once opened, and Effie given smelling salts for the cinder in her eye, Dirce calmly opened her book while waiting for luncheon, and lamented the unwarrantable expurgation of historical facts concerning the Ptolemies that went on in publishers' offices! Dirce was convinced that the truth was what everyone was entitled to. Her father and I pointed out that the Ptolemies could never have achieved tablets in the Social Register, although *Who's Who* might have recognized them remotely, and Dirce replied —but here she is already occupying too much space for the preface of a novel that may not turn out to be about her at all, so let us leave Effie and her cinder, and hope the smelling salts revived her, and leave the Ptolemies, too, since a curtain always has to be drawn about them, sooner or later.

But Dirce, you will admit, was a terrible temptation, since later on she set out to restore its pristine magic to the Circus, having been struck with its decay since the Charleston set in upon our times as an epidemic.

Waving Dirce aside for a moment, on that significant evening (although I kept a copy of the map of Brocadia, in case I should need her), I turned successively to "The True Story of Denyse of Amboise," which unfortunate and much maligned lady I have always been impelled to vindicate, despite the inevitable condemnation that would come of it (for she was frail, in the opinion of everyone), to a "Recapitulation of the Times of Tamerlane, King of Bokkhara"—a good old epoch of rapine and falconry, as yet un-

discovered by the movies, *Deo volente!* to, more modernly, the "Curious History of one Pierre de Longuevarde del' Torre and Taxis," who galloped the horses of the first post all over Europe, and brought new manuscripts as fast as they could be evolved and illuminated in distant monasteries and hermit-holes to the University of Paris, which still lies along the green river, a languid and hungry hippogriffon, waiting for learning, as unappeasable as the great beast Misfortune in the Sanskrit tale—he who fed upon a bushel of needles a day. This same Pierre exists upon a tapestry, presenting to Our Lady a letter sealed with a wafer, his kneeling cushion and other appointments being of the most sumptuous, his charger in the offing, Our Lady displaying the utmost civility, condescension, approval. Truly, a gallant figure, Pierre de Longuevarde! It is, of course, the true story of that letter, its recipient, its contents (which naturally could not very well be woven into a public tapestry), that sent me wandering along the muddy roads of Moyenage Europe with Pierre, who always had a led-horse for the errant damsel, flying from one place to another upon a secret feminine journey . . . Pierre, in whose leather bags were letters of Marque, Lettres de Cachet, appointments of Cardinals, love-letters. He was their first carrier, and worthy of a novel. In particular, the episode of Mlle. V. (It was well kept, that secret of her name. I do not even know it myself.) Except how she encountered Pierre when his arm was broken (thanks to a broil with Athos of Pont-tarasçon, the same wishing to prevent a certain incriminating letter on lavender parchment from reaching its destination), and how Mlle. V. took care of him, and delivered his letters to king, poet, and beating heart alike and all faithfully, and how, when he had recovered, she left him as mysteriously as she had found him with, however, an equivocal promise somewhat outside the usual procedure in such matters . . . and here the wicker chairs objected, somewhat stuffily, that such novels had been written, or "written at," until the formula was as worn as an old shoe-string.

And so Denyse of Amboise, and Tamerlane of Bokkhara, and the Seven Paintmakers of Limoges (who had crept into the room unawares) both hags and houris, and even Pierre de Longuevarde faded a little into the country of Brocadia along with Dirce, although I could see her red-heeled shoes twinkling through the asphodel of the Debatable Land of Andthen as she ran after Pierre to give him a letter.

For I have great respect for the wisdom of my wicker chairs.

There remained nothing but the cupboard in the corner. It was that sort of cupboard into which one puts things that one does not know what to do with, until some remote and future day.

Ah, yes, there might be a novel in it, waiting to be born!

But of that you may judge (if there was). For I took from it all the papers that there were, to wit: stories that had evaded publication, notes, letters from others, letters never sent, letters returned with acrimony, letters not even written were there, too, as well as letters unfinished, love-letters, bills, both paid and unpaid, all the motley contents of the cupboard I heaped upon the floor, within the square of the blue rug. Surely there was enough substance here for a novel! But I added a handful of poems for good measure, for the tare, so to speak, and yet more letters. It is astonishing how many letters people may have written to one, from time to time!

The wicker chairs evinced great eagerness. They hitched themselves forward with an air of "Well! We always wanted to know what was in that cupboard!" Now, surely, I said to the one who evinced the most astonishment, here is enough "life," enough squandered emotion, enough hard labor, enough of magpie savings, enough material, in short, to make a splendid novel. But it had best be disseminated. First by broom, then by electric fan, then by some set and

cabalistic form of dealing all the sheets into piles, such as Solomon must have employed, to follow the turnings in Hiram's revengeful riddle.

Around the edges of the blue rug the piles grew, as daylight came: a sheet of manuscript, a scribbled character sketch, a pale, old letter from a half-forgotten acquaintance, the fragment of a sonnet, a sheet of stage directions to a lost play,—a cablegram that brought no answer, a list of the necessities of life to be purchased some day: "One ship's clock, one antique atlas, some red lacquer, one crystal ball, one telescope, that Persian miniature in a shop, the *Travels of Marco Polo.*"

So they went, divided to a nicety into forty-four piles of almost even thickness, orderly in their disorderly association of contents—surely the metaphysical warp of the fabric. The woof, it was evident, would have to be derived from the air, as nitrates are: cobwebs, spindrift, emanations, phosphorus from the sea—the fragrant footprints of Dirce in the fields of crushed asphodel. For here were tragic facts, God wot, and a mort of queer incidents, many philosophical and lapidary sentences interspersed with more impassioned words. And I remembered that the goldbeater down below was careful to save the sweepings of his shop, and at odd times when there was no gold to beat he burned them, and the residue was pure gold, which nothing can change. It seemed an arrogance to fancy that these yellowed papers might have any gold in them except what others had left in them, and still . . . the procedure seemed valid. A good image, anyway. The burning would have to be "a holocaustic conflagration in an alembic of the heart," quoth the eldest wicker chair ponderously, and we let it go at that. "'Hearth,'" he expounded, "was derived from 'heart.'"

Finally the gods were appeased (since I had dragged them in as witnesses to the vigil), and only two sheets of paper remained in the arena of the blue rug. And Silentinus, the old Latin deity, read the lines written upon one of them, in a sonorous and wine-muffled voice.

"*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit, cras amet.*"

Which I took to be the dedication suitable to the slice of belles-lettres that might be cut from the cake which the gods brought with them. And Silentinus departed, since it was now dawn and the pervigilium ended. What more fitting Attic salt, crystallized by way of Rome, could Gareth even have found to put upon the tombstone of one's still living youth?

He who would love to-morrow has never loved, indeed, and he who has loved may indeed love to-morrow if not cured by then—although some of the more silent of the gods seemed to translate the latter *cras amet* as "let him love *to-morrow*" . . . who has never loved! But leave the equivocal phrase to be read as the hope or chagrin of the reader prompts, there was still a sheet of paper upon the floor, and it was blank. A bad omen, that!

But Æthalides, the Herald of the Argonauts, turned it over with his wingéd foot, that sheet of gray paper, and with due solemnity read aloud to the assembly two words written there, "Galley West."

And being the Herald of the Argonauts, Æthalides nodded sagely, for he knew that place very well, had in fact had to discover it in order that the Argonauts might go there, and others. For it is not only the winds of chance that propel even such hardy folk as Jason's seekers after the Fleece into the Sea of Surmises, into maelstroms, but all others who have more than one purpose at a time. For it is that very impertinence that makes all the trouble. To have developed a brain, and its gentler twin, an imagination, which began to live a life of their own, opposed to, but tinctured by, the empirical desires of the species, was to offend the gods. They, in their dubious wisdom, have provided pots of gold at the spring of the arch of the rainbow, for anyone to go and find if

he went without doubt. The Golden Fleece was one; the Holy Grail was another; the Alchemists' bitter delving was to wrest the truth from the pot . . . only, the truth ceases to be, as soon as you have named it, for the doubting part of man gives a name only to that thing he does not possess, and cannot, having put it forever away from himself. *Vide* Utopia, the dream of Peace, or any other Lost Cause that could have been achieved, had not the name limited it. "A gentleman," observed Petronius, "ceases by that much to be one when he proclaims that he is one."

And the gods and the Paint-makers of Limoges, having eaten their cake, each using the top of a pile of manuscript for his slice, rose up and departed silently, as if they had business elsewhere at the third cockcrow. But one of the Sybils (she who had come with Silentinus, who had forgotten her when he went) indicated that an oracle had been spoken upon the last sheet of paper, and that the title of the ambiguous work *had* to be *Galley West, or the State of the Conscious.*

And as the early wanton breeze threatened the order of these papers, I made haste to lay the tongs across as many as could be spanned, books, lumps of coal, an orange eking out the necessity. It is at such moments that the obvious remedy does not occur to one, such as closing the window.

Then I numbered the chapters. The early temple builders numbered their stones from the northeast corner, I had read, or imagined, and skipped each fifth one, returning later to give it a magic symbol.

The significant phrase that a glance at the top sheet revealed became the chapter title; for I fancied that the gods had left some crumbs of their cake there—and, presto, the great work was launched!

And Silentinus' sybil named the last, as you will see, before she dragged her cloak of bats' wings across the threshold in pursuit of him.

What its purport may be, unless *you* have been in Galley West, I do not know. But, *pardieu!* Who has not been there? It is the limbo of the Sea, the place where Circumstance propels us forcibly at times; it is a state of mind induced by adverse circumstances crossing in their eccentric orbits, the place in space where one is . . . it is a state of what certain skilled makers of language have named *contretemps!*

But if you are interested in formal definitions, it is defined as: "Adv. Into confusion, all to pieces, Slang, U. S." in any dictionary.

Encyclopedias do not honor the phrase at all, but if they did, you would learn that its origin is buried in the anchored galleys in the Mediterranean's depths, and that "West" indicates where the sun set upon something that had happened, finished—until another day!

Here ends the apologia, and begins the story or, if you prefer, here ends the story and begins the apologia. And if *you* earnestly desire to write a novel, and know not how, then may I urge you to your own cupboard, your limbo of papers, to taste the thrill of the unexpected (including the forgotten bottle of wine that you have hidden beneath them, as I did), the re-discovered: these letters hung on my doorknob one day (I hope that you can boast a doorknob instead of a pressed steel door with a neat but mortuary Yale lock in it), hung by a hempen string: murdered letters, whose crime was to speak too openly of love, impassioned letters, written in Tokay and pounced with tarnished stardust, written by myself to a woman, and returned to the boundary as ambassadors are returned to the frontier when diplomatic relations cease. This story, so carefully wrought, has languished like a lily bulb in a cellar, mistaken for an onion. This was the poem of a summer's night, and is the X-ray of a fractured friendship. This letter describes a peremptory hypocrite, and this is the letter of a child, in thanks for a trifling gift—a silver whistle, one gathers from the context, and accompanied by a drawing of a

horse, a drawing out of the Han Dynasty! For not all these overtones of other days are tragic ones, nor sinister, nor even dull. Many gay things happen, and the record of them is equally voluminous, if you have saved—nearly everything!

Reflect, my ambitious reader, (if that is your temperament), upon the vast granary of *recorded life* that you may have in your cupboard, and what you may make of it, before you proceed farther, for, even after this preamble there may not be a novel at the end, and you may be better employed upon your own! Not that I would bring upon the book-ridden world any more books, unless they were true tales of love and things, being, myself, as plaintively in search of such as my wicker chairs, and despite every desire to recommend this novel to you, I am bound to confess that I do not know what you will find in it, since contrary to custom and order I have written the preface first, to forestall all later hypocrisy (as the others, alas, seldom do!).

You have heard a chess-player, or a poker-player, make endless explanations as to why he had not done so well with a certain move, or with his four queens? That I decline to do, at the end, and so promise you a good game, fair stories, many crisp croutons in the soup, meat to set the tooth in, and flavored with pine-needles, a pastry compounded of the dried fruits of many far places, and perhaps a salad-dressing that will surprise you.

Would you know the thumb-nail legend of a certain olive merchant of Stamboul, who opened a shop, an evening-shop, to insure companionship for himself between six and eight? Would you like to know how he made archaic Greek sculpture in milk bottles, thus solving the problems as to what to do with them? The device of a lady, hard pressed by her emotions, desiring to succumb to them, yet wishing to seem unaware? How two Chinese dogs of bronze were set in surety for an honor? How a certain lady who knew the true identity of a man of great importance was able thereby to frequent night-clubs to her heart's desire, and never be without a willing escort? How many horns there really are to a dilemma that might happen to any of us? What argument to use to keep the gas from being "temporarily discontinued" when there are guests in the vestibule? How to reconcile two quarrelsome friends without recourse to bad Scotch?

And yes, how to die, gracefully and with dignity, and yet keep one's self-respect upon any suicidal occasion of any moment—where grave things are to be kept intact (including one's life)?

In short, may I tempt you into this labyrinth and tell you more of the Skylark and the Church Without a Saint, and of the Bishop who drives up at eleven like a business man, in a silk hat and a taxi, and of the irony of being poor and of the irony of being rich, and of the supreme irony of loving someone who loves another, who loves still another . . . and *all* hopelessly? And of being beloved yourself, thus, at the end of the circle. And why women bob their hair, by their own confession, somewhat edited, as confessions must be? And other things that beguile curiosity from time to time?

If so, then enter the blue-leather door of the Goldbeater's house of many years ago, with me, and open the cupboard door with a rusty key, and peruse the book and the footnotes, and the chance papers that lay upon the floor on a spring night, and know some of the turnings in Galley West (mine or yours, for I am not so very different from anyone else); it may indeed be a familiar place to you, also—

If, that is, you live alone . . . in your own soul.

Pardieu! Who does not!

A GLANCE AT THE REAL PURITANS

BY JOHN MACY

IT IS the fashion in our time to designate as "puritanic" any encroachment on our individual liberties. Puritanism has been lately confounded with Prohibitionism and Fundamentalism. I find that most people know little about the Puritans, who they were, what they thought, what they did. Professor Edward Channing says in the first volume of his *History of the United States*, "There is no good account of the rise of seventeenth-century Puritanism. The movement was largely social in its character; but hitherto all treatment of it has been mainly religious with more or less of politics thrown in." So we cannot make wholly clear the story of the Puritans. But we can try to unsepulcher our ancestors and get a little light on what manner of men they were. At least we can deliver them from the injustice of caricature to which they have been subjected from Butler's witty *Hudibras* to the latest less witty newspaper cartoon.

Puritanism was born in England about the middle of the sixteenth century and is one phase, but not the whole, of the Protestant Reformation. That reformation has several phases, not identical, even mutually hostile. One is the separation of the Church of England from Rome. Another is the revolt of Luther, which transformed Germany but had only a belated and secondary effect in England. Another is the revolt of Calvin, which to-day survives in English-speaking countries in Presbyterianism.

If we try to elucidate these movements, we come immediately into the foggy, perplexing, abhorrent region of theological controversy where clearness of judgment and impartiality of thought are almost impossible. We wade also into a bewildering complexity of facts. Nevertheless, it is possible to get a sort of philosophic and detached view of the various contestants if we forget our beliefs and cling to the cool hand of history. And history here will lead us on a very brief excursion, for there is not space or time to attempt the whole journey—even if one had the competence and endurance for the hazardous undertaking.

The severance of Canterbury from Rome was largely economic and political. English monarchy and nobility coveted Church property and wished to be free from foreign authority. There was no fundamental religious issue, only hair-splitting differences of doctrine which interested theologians to the end of the Oxford Movement and probably continue to interest them to this day. To the dissenters the establishment of an independent English Church did not settle the essential troubles. Privilege was simply shifted. The old abuses, ethical and social, continued as before.

The early Puritans wished to reform the Church from within and not break away from it, just as Savonarola, a Puritan in the Roman Catholic Church, never dreamed of disloyalty to the faith or the papacy, but on the contrary thought of himself as an especially devoted servant of the Church. In England before the seventeenth century there was no definite Puritan party, no fixed Puritan type, no clearly marked

social or economic class in which Puritanism had its origin or in which it uniquely flourished. Puritanism was a state of mind, vague at first, and was not until the period before the Civil War identified with political and social hostilities. The social cleavage was never sharp. Macaulay's famous description of the Puritan is grotesquely misleading.

Nothing could be more absurd than to regard Puritanism as the expression of a mob of discontented have-nots envious of the prosperous classes who had the means and the culture to enjoy life. In the first place, many of the common people never became Puritans, but remained faithful to King and Church, even when the final break came; for obviously there were not enough "cavaliers" in England to make a respectable army, and the anti-Cromwellian armies, the royalist hosts, were very powerful with a large rank and file. In the second place, some of the Puritans, early and late, religious and political, were aristocrats and scholars. Milton is the shining example; but before him Sidney and Spenser had revealed strong veins of Puritanism; indeed, strange as it may seem, some of the ideals of Puritanism, personal purity and austerity of conduct, are allied with the most aristocratic and loftily romantic of all European traditions, that is, Chivalry.

Some of the English Puritans were men of the best blood and breeding. Oliver Cromwell was the grandson of Sir Henry Cromwell and nephew of Sir Oliver Cromwell, one of the members of the Virginia Company. He was educated like any young gentleman of the time. It is important to remember that the universities, especially Cambridge, at the beginning of the seventeenth century were seething with Puritanism; the official sources of conventional culture were thoroughly poisoned with rebellion, and men of the better, the more prosperous classes—not the common people—were nourished at those sources. To be sure, there was a contest, and many gentlemen hated Puritanism and when they were in power after the Restoration turned the Puritans out of their positions as heads of the colleges. (William Penn was one of the most vigorous protestants against this deposition of the Puritans at Oxford.) But for at least three-quarters of a century before the Restoration Puritanism enlisted some of the best minds of England and partook of whatever was best in the formal culture of the time.

Cromwell's cousin, John Hampden, came of a family so ancient that it could smile at kings. He studied at Oxford. His interests were political rather than religious, but at the height of his activity the fight against the monarchy had become inseparable from the fight against the episcopacy, the Presbyterian-Puritan rebellion. Another great leader of this rebellion, Pym, can hardly be classed as a Puritan. He wished to save the Church of England. He was a parliamentarian, forced to accept Presbyterianism as a political necessity. He is a capital example of the fact that Puritanism was a practical matter, not merely a question of religious faith, and that its leaders were educated men of affairs, not whining parsons, illiterate evangelists, ignorant "fundamentalists" of a seventeenth-century Tennessee. All the great leaders of religious reform, the founders of sects, even when their interest seems to have been largely ethical and theological, have been efficient, executive men with much plain wisdom about this world, whatever their vision of the next. Such men were Luther, Calvin, the Wesleys, John Knox. If they had not been men of powerful intellect and worldly ability they would have failed utterly, for they usually had to contend with men of at least equal power whose business it was to defend whatever existing order the new movement sought to overthrow or modify.

The leading English Puritans were men of intellect, education, skill in the management of human affairs. And

such men were the leaders in New England. William Brewster, leader of the Plymouth colony, studied at Cambridge and served under William Davison, who negotiated a treaty between the Netherlands and England and was assistant to Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary of state. When Brewster with other dissenters went to Leyden in Holland, he made his living as a printer—an occupation which implies and increases a good education. He left a library of four hundred books, sixty in Latin and a hundred on non-religious subjects. Evidently good Elder Brewster was something more than a canting fool.

Another man of parts among the Pilgrim Fathers was William Bradford, whose *History of Plymouth Plantation*, the source of most of our knowledge about the colony, is written in pure vigorous English. He read the Bible at twelve when less than half of the adult Englishmen of the world were able to read it. He learned Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch. As a master of men and courageous contender with difficulties he showed truly great qualities; he was a fine specimen of the civilized seventeenth-century Englishman. As much can be said of his associate and collaborator in the famous *Journal*, Edward Winslow. We do not know much about him, except that he came of an ancient Worcestershire family, wrote clear sinewy English, and was tactful and humane in dealing with the Indians. He was so much a man that Cromwell appointed him chief commissioner in the expedition under Admiral Penn (William Penn's father) against the Spanish West Indies. It is worth noting that his portrait, which is preserved in the gallery of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth, is the only authentic likeness we have of any of the Mayflower colonists.

Among the founders and governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony (Boston and its environs) were several remarkable men. One of the most remarkable was John Winthrop. He belonged to an ancient and honorable family. He was a student for some time at Cambridge University. Later he practiced law in a semi-official capacity. During the first years of Charles Stuart's reign, the Winthrops seem to have been on good terms with the throne, but with the imprisonment of John Eliot and other increasing abuses of liberty John Winthrop is found vigorously in the opposition. He lost his legal office, saw no future for himself in England, and turned toward the new world with imagination and courage. He was many times re-elected governor of the Massachusetts colony, and to his combination of administrative ability, magnanimity, and foresight are largely due the success and stability of the colony.

It was an experiment in an unknown country, where practical difficulties and problems required immediate resourcefulness and long vision. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were an age of experiment and adventure. From the tangled human skein three motives emerge: the economic, the religious, the will to political freedom and self-government.

Winthrop embodies all these motives in his immensely interesting and admirable person. He had to find a new life, if he could, at a time when Puritanism was not yet triumphant in England and the dissenter had at best an uncomfortable time. The New World promised a living; it was to the Englishman an El Dorado almost as brilliant as that which had flamed in the minds of the more imaginative gold-seeking Spaniards. In point of fact Winthrop succeeded. After the first years in which he saved the struggling colony from starvation—or part of it, for many died of want and disease—he became a relatively prosperous man and lived and died in the finest, largest house in Boston. He was an incalculable asset to America and an even more incalculable loss to England, where, if he had elected to stay in the Old World, his wisdom and fortitude would have made him one of the leaders of the Great Rebellion.

II

It should never be forgotten that the founding and organization of Massachusetts and of other colonies in America and all over the world were what we should call business propositions. The promoters, many of whom never saw the colonies, were exploiters with an eye to profit. Before Winthrop sailed from England in 1630 he was chosen governor of the new colony by a sort of board of directors. And he fulfilled his obligation to them and also to the colonists he brought with him and to those who followed in the successive migrations. He was devoted to his people, ready to sacrifice life and fortune to their interests. He was as unselfish as any man's natural personal ambitions can ever permit him to be. He made errors of judgment, seen in the retrospect of historical criticism. But he was unfailingly generous and patient even with people like Mrs. Anne Hutchinson whom he hated and who seemed to him to threaten the welfare of the colony. She really was a pest, though a woman of vigorous intelligence and commanding personality. One is tempted to tell her story. But this is not the place for it. We are concerned with Winthrop as a typical Puritan.

And he was "typical" of the best of the first settlers. He was typical, if the word means anything, in his religious motives. These motives are remote from the interests of most liberal people of the present time. But they are not to be treated contemptuously, not by any honest student of human nature who likes to study its impulses and experiences. Winthrop went through religious experiences of a sort not uncommon to religious zealots of his time, or of any other time, intensely emotional, introspective, soul-worrying, and fertilely visionary and expansive. They were among the "varieties of religious experience" that become weak and hysterical in timid souls but are tremendously impressive, even to the skeptical critic, when the subject is a strong and resolute man.

Winthrop combined practical good sense with ecstatic faith. Though not a professional theologian, he belonged to the breed of Calvin and the later Jonathan Edwards. He thought out what he felt like doing—the rational logic of belief. He wanted to go to America and so he found many reasons why God wished him to go. These "reasons," and his admirable written *Journal*, are more than the record of an individual; they express the nonconformist or Puritan temper and the religious justification of the "great emigration." Works and faith were in holy unity; mysticism and prudence were sacredly allied. This happens to be a fact which later criticism confirms and only complete ignorance of history and of human nature can deny. The emigrants were driven by necessity and discontent and they were led by hope and sustained by unsubduable fervor.

The New World was to be a new Canaan, an unspoiled wilderness where could be established the true Church of Christ, a Bible Commonwealth, a place of liberty for such as adhered to that "particular church." For Winthrop and the other New England founders had no idea (as William Penn more or less vaguely had) of establishing a state of universal liberty, of absolute freedom, of asylum for the oppressed of the earth. They wanted a place where *their* consciences and *their* faith might grow and flourish. To that extent the Puritans were selfish and narrow, as men usually are, and within that limitation is to be found the autocratic tyranny which became oppressive in New England, a tyranny as bad in its way as that from which these brave and driven souls had tried to escape when they left Europe.

The emigration was an escape and a promise. It was something more. This third thing—the sense of adventure and enterprise, the quest of novelty—was strong in all men of that time when distant parts of the world were unknown. The early emigrants were animated by

the desire for strangeness, which is the same thing as weariness with the familiar. It is the desire which now sends men into fruitless jungles and over sterile fields of ice.

In Winthrop and other emigrants the sense of adventure has to be read between the lines. It is heavily concealed beneath moral and religious disquisitions which do not convince us unless we understand the spirit of these explorers and pioneers and see through them to the complex and yet not very obscure sources of human actions.

III

It has frequently been charged against the Puritans that they despised and prohibited the arts and graces, the civilized amenities of life. Well, some did and some did not. The ignorant were ignorant, as they are now. The civilized were civilized, as they are now. There was nothing in Puritanism essentially hostile to the appreciation and creation of good and beautiful things. Of course most of the migrating Puritans were not artists. You cannot think a sonnet or paint portraits while you are fighting for life. But the New England Puritans did build good houses and churches, some of which still stand. And their literature is very much richer in thought and more eloquent in style than we sniffing moderns realize until we dig into those musty theological documents and see what is there.

Winthrop was enamored, like a poet, of the birds and flowers of the New World. In the midst of most exacting duties he found time to cruise in Boston Harbor—for the sheer pleasure of it. The Puritan fathers were great readers, perhaps because in off hours there was almost no other entertainment than a book. That is, no intellectual entertainment. The normal desires and passions of the flesh seem not to have been inhibited by spiritual exaltation. Celibacy was evidently not regarded as an absolute virtue, and evening prayers mounting to Paradise did not transport the godly from tellurian ecstasies. Winthrop had four wives and fifteen children, all duly legalized, recorded, and sanctioned by Almighty God. Profligacy, licentiousness, drunkenness were discouraged, as they are now, and with about the same effect.

The profligacy against which the Puritans in England revolted was the extravagance of the court and some of the wealthy classes. It is a mistake to assign this revolt wholly to envious impoverished malcontents; many men of ample means were among the rebels. The lavishness of the well-to-do bore with more evident directness on the poor and on the great totality of society in those days than any similar abuse of wealth in our time, which is more or less indirect, is somewhat justified by the enormous increase of wealth, and eased by the general prosperity of all classes. In the seventeenth century the burden of the profligate few did sit plainly on the backs of the people. And the leading Puritans were not merely disgruntled sour-faces but sound economists and statesmen. Winthrop could have been a Malthus or an Adam Smith. Among the reasons for migrating he notes the over-population of England. "Children, servants, and neighbors, especially if they be poor, are counted the greatest burdens, which if things were right would be the chiefest earthly blessing." America was a continent ready for improvement and for population. And so it proved to be, with or without the guidance of God or the establishment of any "particular church," but certainly not without the enterprise, capability, and good sense of men like Winthrop.

Winthrop may have been so distinguished, gifted, and expressive that we cannot regard him as a "typical" Puritan, or typical of any sort of common humanity. The unusual man is not typical. But Winthrop was a Puritan. And he was a man not only of executive capacity and religious zeal but of charm, gentleness, sweetness. Read

the letter that he wrote to his wife on the eve of his departure for America. It begins, "My love, my joy, my faithful one." Nothing very austere about that! Read anywhere in his *Journal* and admire the excellent prose. It is seventeenth-century prose and not suited to twentieth-century magazines. But it is none the worse for that contemporaneous disability.

Another Puritan of autobiographical record was Judge Samuel Sewall, who kept a diary, happily preserved, of truly Pepysian quality. He was judge in the Salem witchcraft delusion, but he came to his senses and made a splendidly humble public confession of his error and prayed for the pardon of God and man. He is celebrated in Whittier's crude but effective lines, "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall."

But Sewall was much more than a judge and representative of Puritan justice. In his diary are some lively items. He courted a beautiful lady, Madam Katharine Winthrop. His suit was not successful. But he seems to have enjoyed life. "Mr. Belcher saw me by the South Meetinghouse though 'twas duskish, and said I had been at a House-warming (he had been at our house). Invited me to drink a Glass of Wine at his house at 7." Again: "In the Evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me with great deal of courtesy; Wine, Marmalade." Again: "Sarah fill'd a Glass of Wine, she drank to me, I to her." Again: "She gave me a Dram of Black Cherry Brandy." And again: "Gave me a glass or two of Canary." And yet again: "She gave me a glass of Wine. . . . As came down the steps she bid me have a care." And finally, for this suit of the eminent judge: "Din'd alone upon Kilby's Pyes and good Beer."

The high society of Puritanville was not totally abstinent, and neither were the common people. There is a curious bit of naïve unwitting testimony on this point. It is to be found in the book of Captain Edward Johnson, called by the delightful long-winded title, *Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England*. Captain Johnson, like many other Puritans of England and New England, was a doughty man with pen and with sword. The New England colonists had to defend themselves against enemies at home and abroad. Among the meanest enemies were lazy vagabonds who tried to sponge on the increasingly prosperous but frugal young settlements. The predatory brethren met their masters. They were fired out of town. In revenge they circulated in England nasty derogatory reports about the colonists. And the colonists retorted upon their assailants.

One of the retorts is Captain Johnson's book, a defense of the colony and so, making allowances for propaganda, a very valuable contribution to history. There is one small detail in his story which I will, not unfairly, erect into significance. He is celebrating the bravery of the women—and God knows they went through more kinds of hell than their perverted theology ever dreamed of—and he says with great nobility and unconscious comedy in setting forth the tragic hardships of those women: "The valiant of the Lord waited with patience, and in the miss of beer contented themselves with water."

The "miss of beer." I am not joking; it is in a solemn book. The implication is perfectly plain, that beer was taken for granted as one of the necessities of life and the "miss" of it was a hardship bravely to be endured.

Our Puritan fathers brewed beer, casked wine, and distilled brandy. Their sexual life was abundant, productive. Else some of us authentic New Englanders would not be here to tell the tale; and Longfellow would not have been the descendant of Priscilla Mullins, whom in point of fact Miles Standish did not woo, because he already had a second wife—a prohibitive fact in those times as in these.

The Puritans, the early New Englanders, were undoubtedly severe in their

punishment of departures from matrimonial regularity. The Hester Prynnes were marked with the scarlet letter, and Hawthorne's romance is to a certain extent founded on fact; historians tell us that the penalty is to be found in the laws of Boston and Plymouth in the middle of the seventeenth century. But severity of punishment prevailed in all countries, and those who inflicted the punishment were whoever happened to be in authority. No sect, party, government in England or anywhere else in Europe was guiltless of the most ferocious acts of punitive violence. People were killed, tortured, maimed, branded with hot irons, more terrible physically if not emotionally than the imprint of an embroidered letter. And are we much more liberal and forgiving? The ostracism of Hester Prynne, with its visible symbol, is not more severe and merciless than that visited upon some errant women of our time. The fate of Hester Prynne is not more tragic than that of Anna Karenina. And if both women be the fictitious creations of tragic romantic artists, romantic art in the work of men strongly possessed by ethical considerations does represent the social temper of the period and the race.

The old New England people permitted one custom which seems to our higher morality quaintly free and easy, the custom of "bundling." Young people not legally united were allowed to go to bed together with their clothes on. The custom arose probably after the stricter discipline of early Puritanism had somewhat relaxed. It drew the censure of some visiting critics, who may have enjoyed the privilege. It was doubtless an innocent custom, an escape from the cold of severe winters. Doubtless the recumbent persons were usually as safe as the knight and virgin of older romance who slept with a sword between them. But human nature is inflammable. And though there seems to be no disastrous case on record, it may be that the petting party is older than the twentieth century.

IV

The New England Puritan of the third and fourth generations did degenerate from the first comers; his intellectual interests narrowed. This was not due to his religion, which underwent almost no development of creed for two hundred years. It was due to his isolation from European civilization. And it was due also to the hardship of life. As Lewis Mumford has shown in his fine book, *The Golden Day*, a pioneer life is inimical to civilization. And the colonists were pioneers, a thousand times more distant from European centers of culture than later pioneers in western America were distant from the later maturing civilization of the Atlantic Coast. The English Puritan was continuously corrected by the other kinds of life in England, no matter how stubbornly he resisted them. In the end he was to a great extent frustrated, defeated by the graces of the Restoration and the intellectual eighteenth century. The New England Puritan had it all his own way in a half-wilderness of villages and farms, until at length Europe came closer again by increased communication, and there was a renaissance of civilization in America, personified in Franklin, in Jefferson, and later in the Unitarian movement in New England.

A representative study of the Puritan mind might be an analysis of the decline or progress of the great Puritan family of the Mathers. There are three generations of this family of especial interest to American thought and history. The founder of the Colonial family is Richard, whose life covers the first two-thirds of the seventeenth century. He was born in England, a schoolmaster at fifteen, a student at Brasenose, Oxford, a famous nonconformist preacher in England before he migrated to America. Here he became a leading mind in the framing of the constitution and platform of the New England church. Literature remembers him as one of the authors of the *Bay Psalm Book*, the first book printed

in America. Though he was one of the founders of religious and intellectual life in New England, three of his sons preached in England or Ireland and were in part educated there, and Richard Mather remained an Englishman with the roots of his thought in the old country.

His most famous son, Increase, moves forward from his father's position in two directions—the development of the political power of the church in New England and the defense of American rights against English authority. The clergyman is a man of affairs, agent of the colonies to Crown and Parliament. He has urbanity, and is at home with the English divines, Baxter and Tillotson. His theological arguments, which are to us so tedious, were not the blatherings of a provincial ignoramus; they were the sort of thing which made polite and impolite conversation in England and all over the world. The prose of Increase is in good seventeenth-century style. He is a scholar, a gentleman, not divorced from the old culture and not divorced from common life, for he speaks in a robust vernacular manner, without much pedantry, and with a charm which we shall not get unless we enjoy generally the brocaded seventeenth-century manner.

Now move one step more to the famous son of Increase, Cotton Mather. Cotton Mather is not European. He is a thorough-going provincial, a barbarian, a decivilized man, a vulgarian for all his enormous and miscellaneous learning. It is not a question of theology or creed. It is a question of a man in a village, a potentially great, practically powerful man, who lives in pioneer savagery, far from the centers of human light. Oxford and Cambridge could not be replaced by Harvard and Yale. Even when liberalism dawned faintly in Yale, Cotton Mather resented it. He was a lost soul. Puritanism was at its abysmal nadir in this learned, vigorous, honest man. A man shows himself in the way he writes—not to repeat a much misunderstood phrase by a great Frenchman—and Cotton Mather writes like a pedant; he is muddled and ponderous, though his voluminous works, especially the *Magnalia*, are an immense source library for historians.

The conclusions are simple, though too summary to be complete. The trouble with Puritanism in America was not Puritanism, it was provincialism. It is not a question of religion but of lack of civilized contacts. Mere book learning and a conventionally classical education are no insurance against a perverted Puritanism or any other narrowness and stupidity of the human spirit. Cotton Mather read more books and wrote more than some men of liberal mind and broad imagination have time to read. The early Puritans had no vices that were peculiar to their theology or ethical precepts, no virtues that were directly and exclusively due to their precepts. They were not more austere and bigoted than some of their contemporaries of other faiths. Neither native intelligence nor educational and social environment wholly accounts for the presence or absence of Puritanism. Calvin in an old civilization and Jonathan Edwards in a new and raw community, both men of superior mind and vast learning, were Puritans. Franklin, a skeptical deist and rationalist, grows up in the very center of Puritanism. And Jefferson is a striking case of a liberal man of the world who lives most of his life in a backward ignorant society where the law prescribes an iron-clad established church as vicious as the New England theocracy. When Jefferson was elected President some good New Englanders buried their Bibles for fear he would confiscate them, and from the pulpits of the North the righteous hurled at his gentle head epithets that make one shudder to read. But this prejudiced opposition was less a matter of religion than of politics. The hostility in New England to Jefferson was not much more severe than the opinions of some of the good folk in Virginia, the

difference being that Jefferson's neighbors knew him and liked him.

We cannot fix too definitely, not without allowing generously for exceptions, the social conditions under which Puritanism flourishes and becomes a disease of the soul. A liberal and enlightened man may be born and brought up in a village of hicks. On the other hand we hear to-day one of the most notorious and narrow-minded of Fundamentalists thundering from a prosperous church in New York City, where thought is as varied and free as in any other great metropolis. But on the whole, allowing for exceptions, it is true that the most fertile soil for the growth of Puritanism or any other form of bigotry and intolerence is the small frontier community, remote from the civilizing contacts of the world. The trouble with the Puritans was not Puritanism at all, not Puritanism as a form of religion, but provincialism, barbarism, the antithesis of civilization, which means city-life. Every period of American thought and literature shows something of the intellectual sterility of the frontier. For a century and longer the westward course of empire has also been the westward course of savagery. The pioneer has much of the heroic in him, but he is crude, ignorant, uncultivated.

Even the leading minds of the New England enlightenment, the thinkers of Concord, Cambridge, and Boston, whose revolt against Puritanism took the form of Unitarianism, Transcendentalism, and world culture, were not quite free from provincialism; they did not thoroughly assimilate the nourishment which they drank avidly from European sources. Hawthorne, who made Puritanism romantic, saw the limitations of his countrymen very clearly and thought that America was an unfavorable place for the development of beautiful letters and art. He longed for the skies and background of Europe. He says plainly of his unhappy Mr. Pyncheon that "his long residence abroad and intercourse with men of wit and fashion—courtiers, worldlings and free-thinkers—had done much toward obliterating the grim Puritan superstitions which no man of New England birth, at that early period, could entirely escape." And he knew that Puritanism had not disappeared from a later New England than that in which *The House of the Seven Gables* is laid. He looked with sardonic disillusion on the Brook Farm experiment, which was exquisitely provincial and by its isolation from society defeated the very purpose of self-culture and purification of spirit for which it was conceived. Poe, who was the most finely civilized man among the American writers of his time, despised the New Englanders (Hawthorne was the only one whom he really respected) and was indeed out of tune with American society everywhere. The voluntary expatriation of Henry James is clearly explicable, however it may offend the patriotism of his native land, a patriotism which is itself in many aspects crude, provincial, uncivilized.

The evil of Puritanism, as it developed in America, was, in the last analysis, not a theological aberration, but a general ingrowing state of mind fostered by a provincial society, not expanding in a great free country but contracting and degenerating from the lofty ideals of the first European Puritans.

YOUNG CHINA MARRIES

BY LEWIS S. GANNETT

WHEN Chang Wen-chu went back to his native village in remote Shansi he had been away from home for nine years—four years at a missionary college in one of the treaty ports and five years in America. He had been engaged for thirteen years, but he had never seen his fiancée.

Chang was an historian, and a Chinese historian. He had a contempt for Orientals who steeped themselves in Western history at American colleges and found, upon their return, that they were trained but not trained for any possible service in China. He intended to apply the technic of Western scholarship to the materials of Chinese history. But in learning the technic of Western scholarship he had learned of other things Western as well. Western girls, for instance. An historian could see that the American girl was the product of a long and fruitful evolution, and that in the twentieth-century decades Chinese girls would follow the same evolutionary paths.

Meanwhile Chang Wen-chu was to live his life in post-war China. Post-war China is a turbulent, revolutionary area, but in the mass it preserves its ancient ideas of womanhood. If Chang were to play the role to which he looked forward he would have to marry the girl his parents had picked out for him. To deny that obligation would ruin his hopes at the start. Chang, from America, had written long letters to his wise old mother in Shansi; his mother took his letters to the village reader to be interpreted to her, and dictated her replies, which were three months on the way to Chang in New Haven. And Chang pondered and wrote more long replies, dwelling upon the Western ideas of the freedom of the individual.

So when Chang returned to Shansi his mother was anxious. Neither broached the subject of his marriage for a week; then one day Chang said, "Mother, I have decided. I will marry the girl you have selected for me. I ask only one thing, that I be permitted to see her before I marry her."

It was a revolutionary demand; Chang was surprised when his mother made no protest. So he wrote to his prospective brother-in-law, and again the simple acceptance surprised him, "Brother, you will be welcome." But, as he learned later, the startled brother had not dared to tell the girl.

Thirty *li* away, over a steep Shansi mountain pass, lay the girl's village. But Chang Wen-chu was young and eager and, accompanied by a little old uncle who knew the trails, he set out. Toward evening, from one of the foothills they looked down upon the village, and the uncle pointed out the girl's home. Lying on a couch in the sun before it was a woman's figure. Chang knew that rumors of his wild Western ideas had crossed the mountains, and that the girl's doubts of his decision had brought her close to nervous collapse; he wondered if the figure on the couch were his bride-to-be. He hurried down the hill; an old crone who was a great-aunt of his bride and a fifth or sixth cousin of his own recognized him as he came and cried, "So there you are at last!" And as she called, the figure

slipped from the couch and a door banged.

Scores of brothers and cousins and uncles and aunts overwhelmed Chang. He was led protesting to a relative's house where a great feast had been prepared. He tried to draw the brother aside.

"I must go home early in the morning," he explained. "When can I see—"

He had no chance; the brother overwhelmed him. "Later," he said, "later. First we must eat."

For four hours they ate—all the delicacies which the Chinese, the subtlest cooks in the world, eat on such occasions, infinite varieties of vegetables and soups, tidbits of chicken and duck. The little uncle grew gay with *kaoliang* wine. It was nine o'clock when they were done, and Chang found another opportunity to remind the brother of the object of his visit. His brother-in-law called in the mother; the mother called in the great-aunt; all three, and other members of the family, consulted noisily. Chang stood by, more and more regretting his strange demand, yet more and more determined to carry through what he had begun.

The escort of relatives led him into the third courtyard of the bride's house. "There," they said—and pointed—"is her room." The brother admitted that he had not dared transmit the strange request. Chang Wen-chu delivered a brief lecture upon the strange habits of the West, and insisted. The mother, still uncomprehending, but willing to do anything to assure herself so distinguished a son-in-law, volunteered to prepare her daughter for the ordeal. Chang and the relatives stood in the courtyard in the summer night, waiting. They heard voices. Soon the mother returned, defeated.

"She won't be seen."

The great-aunt offered to add the prestige of old age. Chang still waited in the dark courtyard.

"No use," the aunt reported. "She says she will die first."

It was the brother's turn, to insist with all the authority of the male. Chang was tormented, too miserable to see any way out but through. The brother returned with a new idea. "She's stubborn," he said, "but you go in anyway. Pretend you are one of us. See, she's there"—and indeed, by the faint lamplight that shone at the door, Chang could see a small fist tightly clenching the drawn curtain of a bed. He hesitated; then the suppressed titter of a listening servant decided him. He turned and stalked out.

At dawn he rose, roused the reluctant uncle, bade the relatives farewell, and started up the mountain. He tried, as he walked, to imagine the girl's feelings; and the more he thought the more dismal he felt. How could she understand his strange half-Western notions? Under a great pine tree he sat down, and composed a poem, which he sent back from the next village. "Coming from afar," it read, "my visit seemed sudden. Like a cold wind in summer, I alarmed you. Think of me rather as a friendly brook that brings strange water from the mountains."

As the trail grew steeper, and his uncle puffed and fagged, Chang began to think also of his own home village. Everyone there knew of the strange mission on which he had set out. What would they say? What would they think?

"Uncle," he said finally, breaking a long silence, "if anyone asks you whether I saw my bride, say, 'yes.' That will be true, for it was she who lay on the couch in the sunlight. If anyone asks how I saw her and under what circumstances, say that you do not know—that you got drunk at the feast—and that too will be true."

The uncle agreed, and did his part manfully. But one night, weeks later, Chang's mother came to him in the dark and asked, "Did you really see her?" And then Chang knew that his uncle had been drunk again, and had

told the story to his aunt, who had told his sister-in-law, who had told his mother, and that soon the whole village would know.

A month later Chang Wen-chu married the girl whom he had never seen except as she lay in the sunlight far below the foothill on which he and his uncle stood. And five years later he told me the story in Tientsin. He had two children and he was miserable. He was known as a great scholar, and respected because he had followed Chinese tradition in his marriage; but, torn by inner conflicts, he was a sick man.

II

It was on the boat from Hongkong to Canton that Chin Wei-chin told me the story of his niece. Chin is a young silk manufacturer, wealthy and a man of the world. He has never been out of China, but he studied a year at a mission school, speaks English like an American, and considers himself a judicious modern.

"It is better to cultivate love after marriage than before," he assured me. "The old way works better." He repeated the Chinese proverb about putting the kettle on to boil instead of letting a hot kettle cool; and then he launched into the story of his own family. "My two elder brothers were married in the old way," he said, "and their families are very happy. But my father came into contact with foreign business men and was touched by the new ideas. He let me and my young brother pick our own wives. With me it has worked well enough; with my young brother not so well. It seldom does—how can a young man tell what sort of girl will make him a good wife?"

I had heard rumors about Chin's family, its traditions and its wealth; and I wondered about those brothers' families. "Do your brothers," I asked, "have only one wife each?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "both have their secondary wives and concubines too"—this with a trace of pride—"but the first wives rule the house and are happy. They might, of course, prefer solitary splendor; what woman would not? But they are well cared for and protected; and they would never dare protest. The old system works."

And then Chin told me the story of his niece to prove his point. His eldest brother, Nai-kwong, he said, was married on the same day as his boyhood chum Wang Chao-chu, and the two young men learned that they were to become fathers in the same month. Before the children were born they agreed that if one baby were a boy and the other a girl the two should be betrothed. Sure enough, Wang's baby was a boy, Nai-kwong's was a girl; and the two were solemnly pledged to each other before either could do more than coo.

Two years later Wang Chao-chu died, and his wife returned to her native village. She was totally illiterate, and she had charge of her son's education; the boy never got far in his studies. Mu-lan, Nai-kwong's daughter, on the other hand, went to school in Shanghai and then to a mission college in Peking; and when she graduated she was offered a position as a teacher. She accepted it and wrote home that she could never marry the man her parents had selected for her.

Nai-kwong was surprised but not much alarmed. He had expected the foreign schools to put strange ideas into a girl's head, but he thought he knew his daughter. He replied that she might teach for a year, then she must come home and be married.

Mu-lan's replies were evasive. Her family, meanwhile, and the Wang family continued preparations for the elaborate Chinese wedding. They set the date and informed Mu-lan, but this time her answer was definite: she would not come. The family wrote her impressive letters; still she refused. Finally they called in Chin Wei-chin. He was the modern member of the family: he had, with the

consent of his parents, selected his own wife, but he would appreciate the importance of keeping a marriage contract. Chin Wei-chin telegraphed, ordering Mu-lan to come home. Still she refused.

So Chin Wei-chin made the long journey to Peking to see his recalcitrant niece and bring her home. He presented her case to her in all its ramifications. She was more than an individual; she was a member of one of the oldest and most honorable families in China. Her great-great-grandfather had been privileged to enter the court of the emperor's palace without dismounting from his donkey. She would, if she persisted, dishonor him and all his honorable descendants. Mu-lan, weeping, suggested that the shades of her ancestors might get along in much the same way whatever she did. Chin Wei-chin continued: It was not only the dead ancestors whom she would dishonor; her father and her mother, all her uncles and her brothers would lose face; the family prestige would decline and its business would suffer. Mu-lan wept still, and shook her head. But Chin Wei-chin had more to say: If she refused to marry her betrothed she could never marry anyone. No decent Chinese man would marry her after such an affair. Radical young men-students might encourage her and admire her theories, but their modernism was only skin-deep; when it came to marrying a girl who had so put herself outside the pale they would think twice and turn elsewhere. Mu-lan wept more still—and returned with Chin Wei-chin to Canton.

"I saved her life," said her proud uncle. "She is a happy mother; she would have been a miserable spinster. She has three children; her husband, although he is too stupid to fill any place in my business (I tried him twice), is a charming fellow. He stays at home and adores the three children. Knowing how superior his wife is to himself, he would never dare take a second wife or a concubine; and the honor of the family has been saved. You may doubt; but I am right."

It sounded horrible; but I inquired of friends, and there was no doubt that Mu-lan, college graduate, married to a semi-literate loafer, had the reputation of being a happy woman.

III

We were four at tiffin in Hankow—Tom, a half-mad American who had lived in China so long that he knew all the disreputable stories which Chinese tell one another about their enemies; Hsia, a graduate of the Sorbonne who had returned to a brilliant but brief political career, and Liu, a philosopher of parts, who, with an intimate and subtle knowledge of life on three continents, now was living the life of a disillusioned and disappointed young Chinese; and I. The conversation turned to women.

Tom was more than half in love with an exquisite girl who had tasted freedom and then married into an old Chinese family, which seemed to be absorbing her in its vast relentless maw. She had broken loose the day before, had come to see Tom, and told him of her humiliation when her mother-in-law made her bow down and kowtow to the family kitchen god, and Tom was still filled with anger. He denounced with magnificent passion the Chinese family system, the inferior status of women in China and, in general, the inequality of the sexes.

"Well, why not?" said Hsia. "Why should men and women be treated just alike? They aren't alike. They aren't equal. You know that. They aren't equal economically, or physically, or intellectually, or socially; and any society which pretends they are is based on fraud."

"Rats!" said Tom. "Of course they're not equal, but neither are men. All I ask is that they be given an equal show. A woman here doesn't have a chance."

Hsia replied, with that touch of a French accent which made his English

so delicious, "Take it all in all, from birth to death, a woman in China has a better time than a woman in America."

"How so?" Tom demanded belligerently.

"Well, for one thing," said Hsia, "there's no divorce here. Once a wife, a woman is always a wife, and respected as such. A Chinese woman does not want to gad about; she isn't like a man, always chasing after new amusements; what she wants is a safe home—security. Look what happens in America: when the women begin to get a little old and faded the men divorce them and leave them stranded. I don't think it's decent."

"It's decenter than to take a concubine, as your brother has done," said Tom with the retort personal.

"I don't think so," Hsia came back. "The wife suffers less. She isn't left alone, unwanted and uncared for. My brother's wife is still head of the house; she can give orders to the concubine. The concubine fulfils her purpose, and my brother may spend more money on her, but she can never have the position of authority in the home or respect in the family that my brother's wife enjoys. Your American divorcée is not happy; my brother's wife is happy, for she knows my brother loves her."

Tom snorted. "Whaddeyemean, loves her?"

"I mean he loves her. He supports her. He respects her. He doesn't leave her in lonely misery."

"But you know that he goes out every night and spends more in a week on singsong girls than he does in a month on his wife."

Hsia flushed. "That's different," he retorted, "and you know it. You do the same thing. We are merely more honest. We don't keep women secretly and pretend that we do nothing of the sort. If we want concubines, we take them into our homes. We do what we do openly—and what we do is much the same as married men do, and conceal, in the West. But we also have a kind of respect for our wives that you don't. My brother respects his wife too much to expect from her the titillation he gets from singsong girls. You Westerners, even when you do not go to public houses, go to dances and get from what you call nice women the same kind of pleasurable excitement which we Chinese get from singsong girls. We don't go to them as you go to public houses; we discriminate. You foreigners seem to make no distinctions—you expect all women to serve you in the same way. We do not ask our wives to behave like singsong girls, who are trained in the art of entertaining men, and when we go to a singsong house we do not brutally demand the immediate physical satisfaction which seems to be the only interest of half the white men in the East. We ask that they give color and grace to a life that is inevitably boring—and they do."

"Well, anyway," Tom broke in, "divorce is increasing in China—and that shows that you Chinese yourselves do not like your own system."

"It shows nothing of the sort," said Hsia. "It's just part of our damned inferiority complex—we imitate everything you Westerners do, and it is horrible."

Liu suddenly entered the conversation. "I think the increase of divorce in China is a very good thing," he said in his mild but singularly emphatic way.

"How so?" asked Hsia.

"Because half the divorces are started by women—and that proves that the women have more freedom and self-respect."

"It only proves," Hsia grunted, "that some of them have rich families that are willing to support them."

"Ah, there you put your finger on it," said Liu. "The basic fact is that the Chinese woman has no opportunity to support herself. Do you think that a Chinese girl who has tasted independence and has a choice would ever go back to the slavery of an old-fashioned Chinese family, any more than an American

girl would tolerate similar conditions? I don't! What's the use of talking of equality of the sexes in China to-day? The fundamental conditions for it do not exist. In the West you have a general level of equal social, intellectual, and economic opportunity; and a girl makes her choice on the basis of that background. Here there are no such opportunities for women. We are only beginning to open colleges for them, and the graduates of those colleges can find hardly any jobs except teaching. You went through much the same experience in America a generation ago, only your women were miles farther along when they began. They're not really different—your women and our women; give our girls a chance, and they'll be like yours. Hsia here is just an old sentimentalist, trying to stop the tide from coming in."

Hsia was not defeated. "Well," he said, "I seem to recall that you married an old-fashioned Chinese girl yourself; you did not pick out a mission-school graduate. What does that prove? Do you believe your own doctrine?"

"Yes, I believe it," Liu answered slowly, "but I cannot practice it. We belong to a generation that must be sacrificed first to its parents and then to its children. I did not pick out my wife at all; my father chose her for me. I might have refused to marry her. I almost did; but that would have broken my father's and mother's faith in themselves and the family, and it would have spoiled my usefulness to my own generation. That was nearly fifteen years ago. In that fifteen years, it seems to me, China has accomplished a century's worth of change. I think my choice was right then; but if I could make my choice over again, in 1926 China, I should pick my own wife, and I should pick a different kind of girl."

"Certainly," said Hsia, "I should never marry a mission-college girl. Nor a returned student! I saw Lung Ping-san, the other day—A.B. (Vassar), A.M. (Columbia), and utterly spoiled by America—able to think of nothing but bungalows and motor cars and flirting."

"That's right!" Tom broke in. "And she has a good time thinking about them—a better time than any old-fashioned Chinese girl ever had thinking of the day when her mother-in-law would die and leave her to rule the roost."

Liu restored the conversation to its judicial plane. "I think," he said, "that if I were a young man to-day I probably should want to marry a mission-school girl or a returned student. We are standing on a kind of bridge between two Chinas. The old education has outlived itself, and the new is only being born. We have to go to foreigners for education to-day: maybe that won't be true ten years hence, but it is to-day. And I'd want an educated wife."

He paused a moment, thinking. "My children," he added, "will feel they owe me nothing. I shall be an old fogey to them, and they will have lost all Confucian sense of duty to their parents. The respect I have given my father will never come back to me from my son. Ours is a generation which can never realize itself; it is too bound to the old for self-expression, and the youth whom we are setting free will never thank us for it. They won't even know that we have freed them; they will think of us only as fetters trying to bind them to that past from which we cannot free ourselves."

Hsia was silent. Even Tom was silent. And I was thinking how essentially like, behind the surface masks of tradition and custom and convention, the youth of old China were to the wild young things of other lands.

LUCK IN BUSINESS

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

THERE are many differences between the betting ring of a race track and the counting house of an industrial plant. The differences, however, are largely in utility, purpose, tone, and entertainment. But if we look at them as business propositions and apart from their social uses, we notice that the differences are largely accidental. Both are gambling institutions. Of course the factory is much more of a gambling instrument than the race course. At the book-maker's desk the public gambles against the proprietor. In the marketplace it is the proprietor who gambles against the public. At the race course the customers always lose; the bookmakers, who are nothing more than bet merchants, business men of a very hard-boiled variety, always win. With them the element of chance is almost entirely eliminated. They operate on a cunningly devised calculation which guarantees that their patrons in the mass shall lose. In trade the proprietor is at the mercy of innumerable capricious circumstances outside of his control which may bless him with profit or curse him with loss according to the manner in which they break across his path.

In other words, the business man, in addition to a good mind, a stout heart, a far-seeing eye, a patient and enduring will, and a sense of thrift, must also "get the breaks." Bad luck can ruin him or at least hold him back; good luck can make him, or at least speed him on his way.

Now on this point you can get all sorts of opinions from business men. Indeed, most business men, I have discovered, have two sets of opinions on the matter. One is for private, the other for public use—for consumption in plant bulletins, trade-journal interviews, Rotary Club orations, and inspirational school deliverances. This latter brand of philosophy deals in such uplifting phrases as "Pluck makes luck," "The wise man is a maker of opportunities," "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Many a man has one of these bromidic wall mottoes hanging above his desk and a cherished lucky piece hanging upon his vest. I once heard Mr. Charles Schwab, in one of those fluent, good-natured speeches for which he is famous, decry the existence of either genius or luck in business and assure his hearers that success is due to "hard, honest toil" and to nothing else. Yet I have been told that Mr. Schwab makes it a policy to deal only with successful men; and he himself, able organizer and salesman that he is, has been somewhat favored by good luck. It is said he owed his first contact with Andrew Carnegie to a fortunate chance. Young Schwab as a boy had a sweet singing voice. One evening its notes drifted from the stables where he worked to the veranda where sat the great Scotch steel-master. Carnegie liked the voice and the song, and had the singer brought over to the great house so that he might enjoy the music at close range. Will anyone claim that that was not a lucky day for Schwab?

In the course of an active newspaper career it has fallen my way to interview many business men of large achievement about their careers. On the basis of

this experience I have ventured to come to two or three conclusions. One is that most men who have captured the big prizes would have got along after a fashion under any circumstances. Another is that the attainment of very large and conspicuous success in business is pretty much the result of one's choice of a career: fortune gets in her best licks at the very threshold. Still another is that while luck plays an important part, and while all men are at all times subject to the influence of chance, neither good luck nor bad luck can be counted on as a personal attribute.

II

I once worked beside an old newspaper man who felt he had been cheated by chance out of his fortune. As a boy of twelve, he and a friend, looking for work, fell upon two jobs—one in a newspaper city room, the other in a broker's office. The boys tossed a coin to see how they would divide the jobs. The fateful nickel sent him to the newspaper office, his chum to the broker's. He became a very good newspaper man. His chum rose to partnership in the brokerage house and to riches. Out of this episode the old reporter had evolved a theory on which he liked to discourse on Saturday night under the stimulus, I have no doubt, of his ill-furnished pay envelope. I have listened to him into the still watches of Sunday morning as we sat in the quiet of the city room, waiting for the first papers to come from the press.

"It's all in the start," he would say. And then he would enlarge upon his two classic examples, John Jacob Astor and Charles Goodyear. "Look at Astor. He set out from Holland with just a few guilders in his pocket. When he reached New York he went straight into the one business in which a penniless man might amass a fortune with the greatest speed and certainty. He might have become a storekeeper, or a stage-driver or a peddler, in which case even he would have achieved, it is not to be doubted, such modest success as was open to a man in those callings at the time. But he went instead into the fur trade—and this was in consequence of a pure accident. The ship which brought him over was held in the ice two months just outside of New York. In those two months young Astor made the acquaintance of a fellow passenger who told him of the opportunities of the fur trade, explaining that a poor man in exchange for toys and baubles might get countless skins which he could sell in London for fabulous sums. The delay of Astor's boat put him in the way of a fortune of over two million dollars, which in those days he could hardly have made in any other way.

"And look at Goodyear. He was a bankrupt. That ostensible misfortune set him wandering about one day until his gaze fell by chance upon a display of India rubber in a show window. The crude commodity took hold of his fancy. Later another chance stroll brought him into conversation with a man from Roxbury in the rubber trade, who explained to Goodyear how that industry was on the edge of disaster because no means had been found to preserve the rubber for use. Goodyear thought he saw an escape from his financial ills if he could discover the secret of treating rubber. But the business entanglements distracted him until a third chance gave him the leisure to work at the problem. And this had all the appearance of mischance—he was arrested for debt, and for several years was forced to live in the neighborhood of jail, frequently within it. Thus under the shadows of the jail and in its enforced idleness Goodyear found time to perfect his process and establish the foundations of the Goodyear fortune. There was so much of the fortuitous in these events that Goodyear himself always believed he was called by divine Providence to commercialize rubber.

"There are some kinds of business in which men can make great fortunes. There are others in which those same men, however talented, can just 'do well.'

And it is chance which usually determines along which line a man will travel."

All this was brewed from the bitter dregs in the career of a disappointed old man. But much wandering among the great and the near-great of business has convinced me that it is true. Let anyone examine minutely his own career and see by what a small chance he was directed upon his present course and by what a small margin he missed another—the little want "ad" that set him forever in a bank, the chance recommendation that opened for him the door to the classroom as a teacher, the overheard conversation that pointed the way for him into a railroad office under the very eye of the President. One of the great lumbermen of the country—Mr. Thomas B. Walker—tells how he was sitting one afternoon in the lobby of a little country hotel waiting for a letter from the University of Wisconsin which he hoped would bring him a teaching position there. The letter came, but before it did Walker had flown—flown to another job and another career. Sitting in the hotel expecting his letter, he dropped casually into conversation with a man from Minneapolis who painted in golden colors the opportunities of that city. Almost at that very moment a whistle announced a Mississippi River steamboat "comin' round the bend" bound for Minneapolis. It was the hour of fate for Walker. Opportunity, which usually knocks upon the door, this time blew a blast on a steamboat siren. Walker flipped a coin to settle whether he should wait for the letter or take the steamboat. The coin decided for the steamboat, and the would-be pedagogue went to Minneapolis and into the lumber business, in which he made a fortune.

It would be difficult to call up a more impressive example of the interference of chance at the very outset of a career than the case of James J. Hill, the picturesque builder of the Great Northern railroad. When Hill was a boy, his imagination was inflamed by tales of the Orient and its shipping. So at eighteen he started for the Atlantic seaboard to become a seaman. In the East he failed to find a place in any crew. It is interesting to note how many small chances altered his course as he moved from town to town, and how at last, as the result of almost aimless wandering, he found himself in a small Virginia town. There he suddenly remembered that the town was the former home of an old classmate whose family had moved to the Pacific coast, and who had urgently invited Hill to visit him. Thereupon Hill made a decision. Though within sight of the Atlantic, he turned his face toward the Pacific, hoping that perhaps his old friend's father might find him a place on some vessel. He trusted to chance for his route, and that chance led him by innumerable hitches to St. Paul where, he had learned on the way, he might join a brigade of trappers and traders and thus cross the Rockies. But the winter beat him to St. Paul. When he reached that small Minnesota village the last brigade of adventurers had gone. He dared not attempt the bleak trail over the mountains alone. The dreadful Northwest winter came down and held him a prisoner in St. Paul until the spring should release him. But that spring never came. The series of chances which had led him to St. Paul was destined to hold him there. It was at St. Paul that he found the opportunity, first to enter railroading, and then to envision and build the great road which opened and developed half a continent.

It is not to be supposed from cases such as these that good luck can achieve success all by itself. It must get hearty and valiant co-operation from its favorite. Whatever the verdict may be on the morals of Doheny's system of devouring government oil reserves, the fact remains that he is one of America's wealthiest men and, judged by that standard, one of her most successful business leaders. He was sitting years ago in front of a little hotel in Los Angeles. He was broke and calmly meditating his next move. At that moment a wagon loaded with pitch and

driven by a Mexican lumbered by. Something about that chance wagon-load of dirt commanded Doheny's eye. He hailed the driver and learned that it came from Westlake Park. Doheny trolleyed out to the park without further ado and, scratching in the excavation whence the pitch came, found the earth dark and apparently saturated with oil. He had no money, but he hunted up an old partner and the two got options on the land, raised a few dollars and set to drilling. The oil gushed forth in response. In a few hours Doheny would have left Los Angeles had not that wagon crossed his vision. And yet that wagon had passed a thousand persons, broadcasting its bargain. It was a call of fate to them all—but only Doheny's ear heard the call.

William C. Durant, the audacious maker of automobiles and bull markets, as a very young man strolling a little aimlessly along a country road got a lift in a two-wheeled road cart. As he rode along his eye was fascinated by the graceful lines and sturdy construction of that cart. He looked for the name of the maker. That was his curiosity and interest at work. The maker's mill was at Coldwater, Michigan. There was something about wagons that had always captivated Durant, and he thereupon made up his mind to go to Coldwater to connect with that factory. So far we have a chance meeting on a roadside and Durant's curiosity and decisiveness conspiring toward a result. When the young industrial adventurer got to Coldwater he found the factory for sale and, though he had no funds, he bought it. He had to seek a partner with cash. He found one in a chap named Dort—later to achieve fame as a motor maker. These two men quickly enough built up one of the great wagon manufacturing firms of the country and very naturally, when the wagon's days were numbered, drifted into the automobile field.

I have heard two celebrated bankers tell how luck gave them their chance in their early years. Henry P. Davison used to tell how he was "shot" into promotion. He got a job as paying teller in a bank. One day a gentleman presented a check for many thousands "payable to Almighty God" and duly endorsed by the divine payee. Davison looked up and saw a revolver presented at his chest and a solemn madman demanding payment of the check. Bank tellers seldom have dramatic moments. But Davison had his. He scrutinized the check critically, then read it aloud—very loud, ostensibly to see that it was all right, but in reality to attract the attention of his neighboring tellers. The ruse worked. The man in the next cage summoned the bank officer, who seized the lunatic and saved the bank some of its money and Davison all of his life. He was immediately promoted to assistant cashier and three years later was president of that bank.

The late A. Barton Hepburn, the banker, always insisted he was lucky and that his first opportunity came from a pure chance. This opportunity turned up during his service in the legislature. At the time John F. Smythe, chairman of the state Republican committee, was the great political mogul in Albany and he went to no end of trouble to favor Hepburn. There was no apparent reason for these benefactions and it was not until years later he learned Smythe's motive. The Albany boss in his youth had been befriended by an old Scottish nobleman, Sir Andrew Hepburn, and Smythe throughout his life took a sentimental satisfaction in repaying upon anyone named Hepburn his debt to the old baronet.

III

To all this the inspirational lecturer replies that these men did no more than grasp the opportunities flung in their way; that such opportunities come to all; that had not these opportunities appeared there would have been others; and that the thing which counts in the end, therefore, is not the opportunities, which are universal, but the wise and

ready use of them, which is a matter of individual excellence.

I am content to let this view stand. Still, we are permitted to conclude that the character of our success will depend on the kind of opportunity we seize. We have one set of choices to-day and quite a different set to-morrow. One set leads to moderate and mediocre success and the other, with no more expenditure of intelligence and industry, to vast riches. A very enterprising and ambitious spirit filled with belief in that ancient error that opportunity knocks but once is apt to open upon the first knock and follow the first summons. The opportunity which knocks to-day may lead a man into the oil business, the automobile industry, or perhaps to the department store, all blessed by favoring winds. The opportunity of to-morrow may lead the same man into the textile industry or the leather business or some other such calling, harassed with problems and forever threatening disaster. Whether a man becomes a first-rate captain or plutocratic empire builder, a college professor or a lumber baron will be governed by the manner in which all the numberless circumstances of life and time are marshalled at some given moment when he is ripe for a decision. Having set out in one direction, he can never be sure at what corner he may be induced to make a turning. Judge Gary might still be practicing law and sitting as the honored dean of the Chicago bar but for the chance which brought him into court one day in a minor case against a man named John W. Gates. Gates never forgot the highly professional drubbing he received at the hands of that young lawyer, and when he was ready to put together his barbed-wired trust he hired Gary to pilot him through the pitfalls of the law. That set Gary into the way of forming later the Federal Iron Co. and ultimately the United States Steel Corporation.

Consider again the case of Henry Davison, already noted. Certainly no man would select the teller's cage as the scene for a heroic exploit. Davison hoped to plod along as best he might, by industry, thrift, and attention, rising slowly through the levels of promotion. And if a pious madman had not entered the bank he might have continued his plodding path for some years longer, finding his opportunity at last in an altogether different direction. There were so many chances to be reckoned with. That madman had to make his entrance. Davison had to think of the ruse which attracted his neighboring teller. That teller had to be at his post at the instant and in full possession of his wits to catch his cue. He had to recognize Davison's ingenious alarm. He had to call the watchman, and that gentleman had to be within call. Had not all these circumstances and innumerable others combined, Mr. Davison might have received an idiot's bullet, or indeed might never have heard of the idiot and gone industriously about his way until some other opportunity came along and swept him to another community and an altogether different fate. His own part in the affair consisted in his clever alarm. But if the other factors had failed, it is even conceivable that the incident might have brought him blame instead of promotion.

Andrew Carnegie often speculated on this contingency in his own fortune. As a boy, riding in a locomotive cab, carrying a payroll he dropped it from the cab window. The package fell on the bank of a stream and rolled to the very brink but not in. The engine was stopped and young Andrew recovered his bundle. But suppose it had rolled another foot and into the deep stream, meditated the astute Andrew. He believed he would most certainly have been reprimanded, perhaps dismissed, and the whole course of his life changed. He might never have gone into the iron and steel business. And if he had not, there might have been no Carnegie Steel Company, and hence no Charles Schwab, and of course no United States Steel Corporation, and finally no such Judge Gary as we know. Or if

these individuals were invincibly marked for success, the Charles Schwab might have been known to fame as a musical comedy star and Judge Gary as a highly respected lawyer. The chronicles of commerce are filled with such tales. At the tail-end of 1919 a group of Wallingfords set out to collect a little easy money by selling fake oil securities. The promoters leased some oil fields for scenery to lend verisimilitude to their pictures of the future and its golden gushers. When two-thirds of their stock was sold the market for blue sky went dead. To stimulate sales a young chap was hired to set up derricks in the similitude of drills and photograph the scene for sales purposes. The young man sent a pipe down twenty feet and struck oil. When the flood gushed forth there wasn't so much as a barrel provided for it. The last thing these adventurers were thinking of was oil. But quickly enough the containers were assembled and in short order the whole enterprise was changed from a swindling adventure to a real productive business boring for oil and not for suckers. This concern, I am informed, was later taken over by the Standard Oil Co. Now for another and a different tale. The American Malting Co.—distillers—failed, I think, three times. After a long series of misfortunes it finally struggled out of the slough toward solvency and profit. And then—prohibition came.

Are we wrong then in supposing that the hand of chance is forever busy in our affairs? I do not mean that we live in a lawless world in which all things are the children of accident. If one thinks of chance as the nameless agent which produces effects without a cause then I am willing to say with Bacon that "chance is the name of a thing which does not exist." By chance I mean the unexpected, the unforeseen, the undesigned cause of many things. Man makes his plans. He includes in them all the factors he can foresee. The wiser he is, the more he foresees. The more he accounts for in his plans, the more he limits the part played by chance. But the wisest cannot foresee all. As he goes forward with his enterprise, the unknown, the unpredictable elements begin to make their appearance. And as these impinge upon his plans, he must modify his course, retard or hurry his pace, or abandon his quest altogether. One is appalled at the innumerable forces shuttling back and forth across the highway of our lives; countless incidents, accidents, currents, delays, suggestions moving and pushing us about. Every incident in our lives is a climax—a climax cumulated and matured out of vast chains of circumstances of which our own minds and wills form but a part—a small part playing against the immense fabric of the universe. Every trivial incident is a crisis—the crisis of an infinite series of incidents brewing through the ages. It is the fruit of immeasurable, complicated forces, the rise and fall of dynasties, the march of armies, the migrations of continents, the sweep of floods and storms and eruptions, the progressions of an unnumbered sequence of episodes converging on a fixed point and bringing man, time, and circumstance together for so trivial an event as the lighting of a cigarette.

All this is but another way of saying that while man may be the captain of his ship he is by no means captain of the ocean. A successful voyage, therefore, will be the result of propitious seas and good seamanship, favorable chance and wise management, good luck and the commercial virtues. A few bold appraisers have endeavored to estimate the precise percentage of chance and thrift in the successful career. The late Professor Richet of the French Academy thought there was 60 per cent intelligence, 10 per cent hard work and 30 per cent chance. I do not know how he achieved this analysis but he weakened somewhat its scientific value by venturing that even intelligence and industry are themselves the fine flowers of good luck—and, he slyly added, the worst luck of all is to be born a fool. A famous

Florentine success doctor who specialized in vocational guidance for princes, one Niccolo Machiavelli, preceded the Frenchman with a gauge of success which assigned half the credit to fortune and half to one's self. This at least seems certain: whatever the percentage of the business virtues, they are quite essential. Three per cent alcohol in a malt brew is not very much; but it is all the difference between a good glass of beer and the sterile, profitless draught we are offered to-day.

IV

We are then arrived at this—that man collaborates with chance in his own career. The successful man supplies some of the factors of his success. The others are marshalled by some force or forces outside of him. But what is it that controls these collaborating forces, moves them about, into our way or out of it? "All we know," said Josiah Royce, "is that events happen to us and happen in a certain fixed order. We do not know the ultimate cause of these events. If we lived on some other planet, doubtless causes of a very novel sort would be manifest to us." But as this distant and detached view of the game is not open to us we see only—and somewhat darkly—a universe of law with innumerable particles moving about in countless orbits, and our own little orbit bisected each instant by others without our having any power to manage the matter entirely.

And yet there are many who cling to the old savage anthropomorphism: who see these events happening not as part of what we have called chance but under the management of some genial or kindly spirits. They believe that the elements of what I have named chance are being constantly shuffled and dealt out by Providence. They conceive of Providence, not as the artificer of a great law, but as a watchful, supervising, interfering Deity who also keeps things moving in some vast but forever shifting design of his own. Good luck is a blessing from a loving Father. Bad luck, if not a visitation from an angry God, is a stratagem to try our spirits. Mr. Henry Doherty, the oil and utility financier, tells how on an occasion when funds were not forthcoming through the ordinary channels and all his associates were frankly disturbed, John D. Rockefeller maintained his calm and assured his nervous comrades that "the Lord would provide." Mr. Melville Davisson Post in a current magazine article defines chance as "the manifestation of the Wisdom of God." There are many pious souls who are sure that the saints of heaven lean from their eternal abodes to help close a real-estate deal, or that unfriendly demons occasionally desert their haunts in the darkness to affect the price of stocks, or that the stars pause in their courses to blast with an evil twinkle the fate of a bargain. If we do not, like the old Romans, build temples to Chance as a directing goddess participating consciously in our designs, we manage to worship her privately in many ways. Prayers for business success are as common as prayers for success in battle, and we always have the spectacle, which must bring laughter from the angels, of devout speculators praying on both sides of the market.

Thus faith in the fates, in the stars, in charms and amulets and mascots, in lucky days and hunches and superstitious signs, makes its way into the practical affairs of the work-a-day world and expresses itself in profits and losses. I am told that in the Metropolitan financial district landlords must be content with lower rents on thirteenth floors. Indeed, there are no buildings in Wall Street precisely thirteen stories high. Recently a newspaper humorist, burlesquing the popular detective story, described a crime committed on the thirteenth floor of an office building and when the detectives arrived—lo! the floor was gone. There are many buildings in which the thirteenth floor is really missing. The ingenuous demons are cleverly deceived by omitting the thirteenth floor alto-

gether and calling the story above the twelfth the fourteenth.

What is all this but a belief, backed by dollars and cents, that in some way these outside factors which I have ascribed to chance are really subject to the control of intelligences which may be propitiated or deceived or aroused by certain magical evocations and charms?

Indeed there is no legend more generally received than that certain men are habitually attended by good luck or bad luck. There are, to be sure, men and enterprises singularly favored by good fortune and others pursued apparently by evil. Have we not always heard of the men of destiny, from the light-hearted Mr. Tunney who believes profoundly that some friendly force, which he calls his destiny, conducted him to his champion's throne, to the ponderous and less fanciful Mr. Grover Cleveland who talked frequently of the Cleveland luck? When Roosevelt was named for the vice-presidency, a very important financial leader exclaimed: "I would not like to be in William McKinley's shoes. There is a man of destiny standing in line behind him." It fell to my lot to communicate the news of McKinley's assassination to a leading politician of the day. His first words were, "I knew it! I said it would happen." These men believed that the event came not by chance but through the machinations of some mysterious force—a man's destiny in whose hands the wretched Czolgoz was but a blind tool to work its design.

And yet unless we are willing to slip back into the dim regions of superstition, what warrant have we for believing that luck rides habitually with any man, that it is for him a personal attribute, and that the universe can be depended on so to arrange its affairs as to forward his plans?

V

But if many a bewildered business man in his struggle to capture the favors of chance has, without quite knowing it, put his reliance on the fairies and built barriers against the demons, business has now found a better weapon against chance—for after all chance is the unknown; it fights us from the dark. It is the unknown which has been the curse of business.

Man has never known enough to make his plans complete. He cannot tell what the clouds will do; what the other fellow will do. The merchant cannot tell what fickle woman's fancy will seize upon for style, leaving him with a basement full of unsalable colors and designs. Innumerable unknown facts about production and prices and demand and employment and money and such things have imperiled and wrecked the calculations of business men time out of mind. They have been the victims of what Mr. Vanderlip calls economic illiteracy. The business has been a gamble. One of the great builders of the Standard Oil Co. told me a little while ago that when he and his associates were laying the foundation of their great oil empire, business was almost a pure gamble. Business has been too much a game made up of decisions on insufficient facts.

In poker a man holds and sees five cards. The other forty-seven cards constitute the unknown elements which baffle his skill. Business is often a game in which the player holds fewer than five cards and plays against a pack as big as the world itself. One of the conspicuous developments of the last dozen years has been the effort to reduce the number of these unknown cards—the growing passion for facts. And it is one of the interesting phenomena of our present legal civilization that the effort of Mr. Hoover to collect the facts about business has been hampered by our anti-trust laws which insist that industry shall be conducted not as a game of skill and science, as Mr. Eustace McGogle puts it, but as one of chance like "the old army game."

However, the work of research in business moves steadily forward. Science is making a "dope-sheet" for the business man which puts him on a level as

good at least as the race-horse better. Economists, psychologists, accountants, chemists, physicists, engineers are daily bringing in new facts and thus daily cutting down the area under the dominion of chance. About thirty-five trade associations now support co-operative research bureaus. In the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research at the University of Pittsburgh, out of fifty-two fellowships, fifteen are maintained by trade associations. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has more than a thousand men in its service working on problems of research. These are part of the standing army of industry against the invasions of chance.

About three years ago I stood in the office of a great oil-distributing company. The papers were filled with stories of over-production. Oil prices were going down. Oil men were frantically dumping their supplies on the market. A leading official of this great company brought me into a small room carefully guarded. On the wall was an enormous map, filled with dots, buttons, curves, markings of every sort. It was beyond my power to comprehend, but it informed the experts who compiled it that the apparent over-production was drawing to an end, that it would be overtaken shortly by consumption, and that then the price of oil would rise. This company, therefore, was calmly storing away its oil. The little men didn't know the facts. The great corporation with scouts in every continent did know. The little fellows, groping in fright amid unknown facts, were just gambling and taking the short end of the gamble. The big concern was operating scientifically on knowledge.

Some months ago I had an amazingly interesting interview with Mr. Henry Clay Graton, a pioneer New England manufacturer, nearly one hundred years old, who built his first shop back in the days when Millard Fillmore was President of the United States. He told me one of the chief differences between business then and now was the extent to which the element of chance had been reduced. He is one of the largest tanners of leather in the world. Years ago when he put a fortune in skins into his tanning baths for months he took a chance on bringing out a batch of hides poisoned by a defective tanning solution. That cannot happen any more. Now when he buys tanning chemicals he is protected against faulty mixtures by his laboratory. Strangely enough it is the professor—once set down as the most impractical of men, good for chasing butterflies and construing verses—who is taking the gamble out of industry. And as the unknown factors are diminishing, the luck element is being cut down. If this means anything it means that intelligence and industry have a better opportunity for success than ever before.

However, there will always remain plenty of play for chance in life and in business—at least until all of us become clairvoyant and clairaudient. Would we wish to have it otherwise? A life of solemn certainties would not be tolerated long by the adventurous soul of man. And I think we may safely go forward gathering more facts without being troubled by the fear of knowing too much. Enough of knowledge will always evade us to preserve the seasoning we get out of the glorious uncertainty of life.

TWO STORIES

BY EUGENIA SCHWARZWALD

Dr. Eugenia Schwarzwald is one of the best-known and appreciated figures in present-day Vienna. Twenty-five years ago she went there as a young girl from the University of Zurich, disgusted with the arid pedantry of Austro-German public-school life, and without experience and against the pressure of prevailing pedagogy, founded "the happy school"—a venture which paved the way for the whole reform of Austrian public-school administration which has been carried out with great thoroughness since the War. She may be called the Vienna Montessori. Her far-reaching and magnificently organized public activities have made her known to most foreign visitors to Vienna, and her stories written for the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna and the *Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin, have endeared her to an even wider circle.

—*The Editors.*

THE FIRST LOVE LETTER

SHE was an Ukrainian servant girl, twenty-eight years old, was called Marynia, had a fine slender body, a pale freckled face, a pointed nose, colorless blonde hair, gray eyes with slightly reddened rims, and a warm heart. And this last belonged to the forester Antek. Every evening he came to the pond near by, and then Marynia disappeared for an hour or so, and when she came back she had more color than usual, and all people in the house looked at her obliquely—because hate is everywhere loved in this world, but all men set themselves against love. And for a servant girl love is a luxury worse than silk stockings; for in decent families it is an axiom that it is proper for a cook to have no stomach and for a chambermaid to have no heart.

Marynia had a heart, and all the inhabitants of the house took offense at this fact from various points of view. There was only one sympathetic soul, the nine-years' old daughter. She knew a great deal about love. First of all, she had secretly read Kleist's "Käthchen von Heilbronn" and Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" and even *The Treasure in the Himmelpfort Street*, a novel which the cook had borrowed in a circulating library. And she herself loved with all fervor Georg von der Sturmfeder, the hero of Hauff's *Lichtenstein*. But although she valued her own feelings very highly, still she found that Marynia's love came from a depth of soul which was still closed to her; and, apart from this, she was a very close friend of Marynia's. She did not think much of Antek as an object of love. He was decidedly a mistake. If she had known there was such a thing, she would have spoken of a mesalliance. For Antek was half a head shorter than Marynia and not very well built. And he only came off with one blue eye, for his second was a different color and had a preference for turning inwards. In no case could he be compared with Georg von der Sturmfeder. But the tastes of people are, after all, different. When one really thought about it, Wetter von Strahl was also a conceited old thing, and Lyonel a fop, and still Käthchen and Joan had loved them so much. Well, then, Marynia also could love Antek. That was his luck; and because of all these considerations the little girl was quietly the protector of this love affair. And if mother asked where Marynia was, she always knew lots of

other places which could be mentioned, but she never remembered the pond.

But one summer she did not find time to bother about this love affair. A great personal experience prevented her. In July, on her birthday, she had got *Robinson Crusoe* as a present. Not a stupid child's edition but the real, original Robinson. Scarcely had she finished reading it when she took up quarters in a summer-house, far out in the garden, and there began to translate Robinson's experiences into reality. The most important thing was to manufacture glass, for which serious work she strengthened herself from time to time by biting a lemon which she had stolen from the kitchen. Lemons were good against fever, and even if she had none it could do no harm, in any case; what Robinson had done had to be respected. It did not bother her that, in spite of the waste of immense quantities of salt, she did not get much farther with her glass manufacture. She was not even disappointed that she had not been able one single time to make a fire by rubbing dry sticks against each other. Sunken in the life of Robinson she had forgotten the world about her.

But one hot August afternoon, she heard from her summer house heavy sobs. She ran out. There in the grass, as though mown down with the scythe, lay Marynia. "What is wrong?" asked the child terrified. "Antek! Antek!" . . . "Is he dead?"

"No, because of Kasia, he did not come yesterday evening . . . he went to dance with her . . . and I shall jump into the water!"

"Don't do that," said the child seriously, "the pond is dreadfully dirty, and perhaps he does not love this Kasia at all. She is so fat. Just for one time you cannot make such a fuss! Do you know what? Write him a letter."

"Oh, God, what do you imagine," said Marynia. "I cannot write at all; that's for city people."

"No," said the child, "if one writes something down then everybody can read it, and then everything is good again. If you like I'll write to him."

Marynia stopped weeping. "Yes, that's something else. It is true, you are small, but you—you write."

And quickly, a beautiful piece of letter-paper was brought from the desk of the big sister, and now the child sat at the white garden table which stood before the summer-house on the meadow. She was dreadfully nervous. It was awful enough to have to write one's own letters, but for others! That was a task! Harder than divisions with fractions. What should she do that the right idea should occur to her? Pray, perhaps? No, that was no good. She had had last week a difference with God, not yet settled. He had disappointed her in a very important thing. One must settle this affair by oneself. One must simply find words which would be so compelling that this Antek person would come back to Marynia. Of course he was horrid, and it must be simply dreadful to give him a kiss. But Marynia wanted him, there was nothing to be done! But how did Marynia feel? Probably just the same as Joan and Käthchen. One must write as splendidly as all three would have written. And now she had it. Now it would go like turning on a tap. That is to say, first she must lick up a great blot of ink which had fallen on the pale lilac paper when she had stuck her pen too deeply and energetically into the inkpot. But then it went like a windstorm, each stroke accompanied with the tip of her tongue:

"Dear Antek! I greet you a thousand times, and respectfully inform you that my heart bleeds because you could cast me off for a certain Kasia. Because of this Kasia I must go forth from this world into the cold uncompassionate water. O my high Lord, you suffer the nightingale in the hedge, why do you not suffer your Marynia to love you? Ne'er before have I carried the picture of a man in my pure bosom, and now—and now! Have you no pity for one true

to you to death? My love is glowing and destroying. 'Tis true, I am not beautiful enough for you, but at least I have not a fat nose and crooked hips like a certain other. My most beloved, my infinite one, I say farewell to you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in eternity, Amen. May the Holy Trinity take compassion upon you and your poor Marynia. P. S. This evening I will be at the pond and wait for you."

Hardly was the last word written when a ruthless hand reached over the shoulder of the child seizing the paper. "What are you doing here, you imp?" asked the sharp voice of Aunt Adelaid. She was the aunt whom the little one liked least, because when she was still very small Aunt Adelaid had pretended to kiss her and had bitten her in the throat. And this woman read the letter with angry eyes, and the deepest disgust painted itself upon her features, which were anyhow not very pretty. "What a naughty child! What have you got here? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? There is no child in the whole village who could have written such a letter. Go into the house immediately. As punishment you may not enter the summer-house for a fortnight."

And Aunt Adelaid threw the letter on the ground wrathfully and strode into the house. The child followed her, broken, but she still had enough presence of mind to whisper to Marynia, "Take the letter and send it to Antek."

The child had to eat her supper all alone in her little room, and even got no apple for dessert. But at nine o'clock Marynia came on tiptoe into the dark nursery, and put a great pear on the little bed. "Antek sends it to you. On St. Michel's day we shall be married!"

FIRST LOVE

At the age of nine she had been in love with Georg von der Sturmfeder. That was done with. Because now she was already ten years old and no longer a village child but a school girl in the first grade of the public school in the eighth district of Vienna. Only very little children are interested in book heroes. Big girls must love someone who really exists. But where to find him?

So she thought at Christmas. But on the 12th of January she got her first honorary medal. The teacher herself gave it to her and said, "It's true you come out of the woods, but just the same you are no backwoods' child." This remark thrilled her all the more because she had no idea what the backwoods were. She only felt that something flattering had been said, that it expressed a good opinion which she herself had earned. And that was enough.

C. F. Meyer was not correct when he said, "There is nothing sweeter on earth than the tender dawn of first fame." It is still sweeter to spread this first fame in the widest circles. She ran home as though chased. Breathless and turkey-red, she brought her medal into the living room of her married sister whose permanent guest she was, and breathed brokenly, "An honor medal . . . only I . . . the first eight weeks in the school . . . and Miss Weber said . . ." The grown-ups reluctantly interrupted a discussion of Richard Wagner as dramatist. But one of the people, of the kind who is always accustomed to make fun of children, said jestingly, "Ah, so you have bought yourself an honor medal. Bravo! I saw them last week in the window at Hochhaltinger's in the Laudongasse. They cost twelve kreutzers. Na, show it to us."

For a moment the child stood speechless with scorn and humiliation. Then she threw the beloved medal into a corner. "Naughty child," growled

brother-in-law. All the others were silent. Then suddenly a voice raised itself, "Do you know what you are? You are a disgusting kill-joy not worthy to be with a child in the same room."

This remark was for the would-be wit. The speaker was a friend of the brother-in-law, who was called Uncle Otto. He had a gay eye, was fond of a comfortable life, was about forty years of age, and was, therefore, in the eyes of the child nearing the grave. Actually, she had not liked him very much, because he had very red lips and a black beard which shone silkily. The hero of her dreams was clean shaven, ailing, and hollow cheeked. But as these heavenly words fell from Uncle Otto's mouth she forgot everything that she had ever had against him. He was a hero, a knight, as touching and remarkable as Don Quixote, only with more understanding, and better taste as far as women were concerned.

And from now on she loved Otto—she dropped the "uncle" immediately—with a fanatical adoration. In the next weeks her whole life was only a long waiting until he came, although she knew well enough that he came only on Thursday at eight o'clock for supper. Still it might happen, and she must be prepared. She brought it about that she was allowed to wear her Sunday dress—it was red and green plaid, and had a border of Tegethoff-blue—on weekdays.

She kept her exercise books incredibly neat, in case an opportunity might arise to show them to him. But the high proof of her love occurred one Wednesday night when, perhaps for the first time in her life, she could not sleep. By the light of a candle she wrote an acrostic:

O, dearest creature, be my loyal friend
True and devoted until time shall end.
Tempestuous storms my maiden love for thee;
Ogres cannot come near when you have me.

Then she slept deeply. Thursday she laid this poem on the doorstep. Friday, however, the milk woman came and said, "It's better that I don't tell your mother how you throw things around on the stairs. But you should not be so careless with your school things, child." On this day she was so absentminded at school that she got no honor medal; on the contrary, she was moved down from the first place to the sixteenth. She could not pay attention. She was always drawing pictures of him on her slate—with narrow lips, a fanatical look, and always with less and less beard.

She was determined to marry him. What did thirty years' difference in age matter when there was such harmony of character and temperament! For he loved her, too. A week ago Thursday he had said—and had looked at her so keenly when he said it—"Can I not light my cigarette at your eyes?" She was sorry for him because he would still have to wait eight years. But then she would be eighteen, and it would pay to wait because she would be so tall, beautiful, clever, and capable that everybody would be astonished. She would even learn to cook his favorite dish, *Grammelpogatschen*, although she would have preferred that his favorite dish had been asparagus.

He was a journalist. She began to read the newspapers, although she found them very stupid. There were long, boring articles in them, sometimes horrid ones. Only the advertisements were interesting, but they were not written by Otto.

On the 13th of February guests were invited in the evening, in memorial of the day of Richard Wagner's death. She was allowed to put on her white dress and to serve at table. Otto was also there, that is to say, there were others there, too. Beside him sat Miss Elise. She was awfully funny. She always laughed when there was nothing to laugh about and made a sad face if one said that somebody had died, even if she had not cared anything about the dead person. Above all the child hated

it when Miss Elise paid attention to her, because she had a custom of putting a finger much too lightly under the child's chin, and of saying, "You are a little darling." The child then always ran out of the room and scrubbed her chin so hard that it almost bled.

Miss Elise was already old, at least twenty-four, and yet she powdered her nose, and at the back of her hat she had two ribbons dangling. She said that one called them in Paris "*Suivez-moi*," and she laughed so that one saw a black back tooth.

The child was sorry for Otto because he had to sit next to Miss Elise. Cinderella should have sat beside him, Elsa von Brabant, or Charlotte Corday. And, of course, preferably herself. But Elise!

As she carried round the gravy for the roast veal she almost fainted because, suddenly, she could see quite plainly that under the table Otto had taken Elise's hand and was stroking it. The gravy-dish tipped and the brown contents flowed down over Otto's stainless collar.

"Who is serving?" He turned round angrily.

"I," said the child with the courage of one mounting the gallows.

"Na, does not matter. You are only a little sheep." And he smiled indulgently.

The child looked at him with a glance which divested him of all lordliness and perfection. "I beg your pardon, Uncle Otto," she said, and she emphasized the "uncle" so that everybody looked up astonished. Destiny had walked through the room.

IN MEMORY OF AN ARTIST

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

YOU loved perfection so you could not stay
In this imperfect world where colors fade,
Where lines are blurred, and where tones die away
Before the ultimate chord has answer made.

You loved perfection so where could you find
A perfect love? A soul unstained by earth?
Or where a garden safe from jealous wind?
Or where a feast in which there was no dearth?

All, world and friends and life—we pained you so
With imperfections. . . . Now, if you still care,
With Death's perspective you will see and know
The beauty of all striving everywhere.

SCRAPPING PERFECTIBILITY

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

MY RADICAL friend and I parted in a down-at-the-heels café of the New Orleans French quarter in the early spring of 1914. Anæmic chickens wandered in and out of a cobwebbed booth, while, for perhaps the fortieth time in a season of four months, under the heady stimulus of drip coffee and cognac, he enlightened me on the social merits of burning churches and shooting international bankers and the erotically crushing effects of the property interest in monogamy.

Next day I went north, and next week he was to take a steamer south. I saw him no more until the 1926th year of Christian disillusionment when he wandered into my office in El Paso on a bond-selling trip.

"You've come to just the right place," I welcomed him after we had noted each other's changed appearance. "We'll have a shot of cognac instantly and then we'll go abroad—meaning to free Mexico—where we can get infinitely more and better cognac and where there's a chef who can brew coffee to match. And when you get to the church-burning stage I have two or three likely sacrificial offerings—"

"Hold on a minute," he said with something of his old harshness. "Have you a Y. W. C. A. cafeteria in town? They nearly always have genuine bran bread in those places, and you can trust the buttermilk to be pure."

The city was lacking in such an institution, but I pride myself on being a polite host, so we hunted up the nearest commercial substitute. There he complained of the buttermilk's low acidity and suspected the bran of harboring villainous cornmeal traces, but, nevertheless, he sat happily for half the afternoon under the dismal frown of "No Smoking" signs and the lowering glances of pietistic waitresses evidently awaiting a chance to enforce them. While I satisfied my own craving with cigarette ends bitten off behind my hand, he querulously and in unwearying detail revealed to me the low state of what he once had called "the cause."

The trouble, he insisted in the tone of a man fighting shell shock, was that nobody really believed in the cause any more, not even its leaders. The *New Masses* crowd and all the "crowds" that revolved about much redder and wilder propaganda sheets were excellent clubs with which to beat the existing abuses of capitalism. But did they really expect humanity to be any better off under the dictatorship of the practical politicians of the left than under the bland hokum-inspired guidance of the sitting statesmen of the right?

My friend doubted it. He knew that his friends the radical leaders, with whom he had spouted and worked hard for the best years of his life, doubted it, too—all, he said, except a few sentimentalists who didn't count and would soon be as dead as Debs. There was still good work to be done in assailing the more objectionable hypocrisies and the more obvious injustices of the capitalist order, and they would go on doing it. But they understood now that when the

socialists won Milwaukee it was not a halfway house on the way to the millennium, but simply a means of extracting some minor concession from the Coolidge administration; and that when it was granted, when there was more roast pork in the house, and the next war came, Milwaukee would dispatch its quota of cannon fodder to the front with no more real resentment than would the Yale Club of New York City.

Then what about Russia, I asked; and this, it appeared, was precisely what my friend was coming to. He had saved his money and spent a three-months' vacation there in 1925. And all he had got out of it was a vague sophistication with communist practical politics—which, except for the strangeness of the names and the bizarre character of the issues, were very much like the politics of a first-class fighting Republican national convention. If Lenin had only lived, if Trotzky were only more of a human being and less of a propagandist, if Stalin were not a mere office-grabber, if the politicians were not merely after the jobs in the name of the proletarian uplift, and if the people themselves honestly wanted communism to work without fatal modifications in the direction of private property and competitive merchandising, why, Russia might really get somewhere. But as it was, Russia was about as communistic as the United States is dry.

"I take it, then," I summed up, "that the human equation is against you."

"You're right, absolutely," my friend granted in his best blighted-for-life accent. "A race that is too instinctively vicious to be saved by the Christian ethic is too dumb to be saved by an intelligent economic system. Capitalism is rotten, but it works no worse than would any other system put into actual practice. And anyhow it's what such a race deserves. So I'm out to keep my health and milk the goat of civilization for all there is in it."

And he set off to peddle bonds to a local bankers' consortium.

II

In spite of one's natural sympathy for a fellow-being on a selling mission to the hard-boiled, the main point is not that my friend is a sentimental tragedy. The main point is not even, as any good Republican reader might suppose, that he has been cured of his radicalism. Economic radicals are no worse than any other brand of millennialists except that they are often more tiresome socially and tend more to disturb working vested interests. The main point is that he had put off what we were all brought up to call the "modern mind"—and the "modern mind's" magic. He had believed that human nature could be materially improved under the spell of a new social system, and now he knows better.

If his enlightenment sickened him into forswearing meat, coffee, and cognac, it is sad, but incidental. The fact that mystically inclined children have been known to smash their parents' gifts on learning that there is no Santa Claus does not prove that they have not gained in their sense of the realities.

In any case, the "modern mind" ruled the world for four hundred years—pedantry might say from the posting of Luther's theses to the Treaty of Versailles. It differed from its predecessor, the medieval mind, in regarding this world of mortality and moral problems as of genuine consequence. The medieval mind also had its magic, but employed it to get souls into heaven rather than to reform mundane society. While admittedly imperfect, medieval society was negligibly important in comparison with spiritual salvation. The "modern mind" in the early Sixteenth Century awakened with a shock to the rottenness of society and, without by any means pushing spiritual salvation into the background, placed a new and equal emphasis on reforming it more or less physically.

But just as the savage mind had sought to ward off death, famine, defeat, and other catastrophes of luck and

nature by bringing out the right fetishes and staging the right ritual dances at the right season, and just as the medieval mind had sought to bring all things out right in the end by intoning masses for the dead, the modern mind also sought to solve its problems and attain the heart's desire with wizardry. It began, to be sure, with a certain sophistication. It knew that it could not stop the lightning with gibberish, and its Protestant vanguard, at least, was convinced that heaven could not be reached by so easy a means as standardized ritual intercession. Nevertheless, the traditions of countless centuries of savage ancestry, of spell worship, and subjection to medicine men controlled the modern mind's choice of means. If the aim was to perfect the race, to make humanity "good"—and incidentally prosperous—on earth, surely there must be a formula, a trick, an incantation that would accomplish it. And the incantation was—system.

It was the beginning of a four hundred years' gamble on human perfectibility. The Sixteenth Century pioneers believed that it could be achieved by giving men the right religion—whatever that was—privately interpreted, but customarily inspired by private interpretation from the reigning prelates and monarchs. This phase of the experiment was marked for more than one hundred years by the reciprocal stake courtesies of the sectarians and ended with the semi-depopulation of Europe through the Thirty Years' War and preceding conflicts. It had to be stopped, not because perfection had been attained, or even because the sects had come to honor one another's sincerity in heresy; but because, for the moment, a glimmer of common sense subdued faith in magic, and the folly of permitting civilization to commit suicide by religious massacre became apparent.

The Puritan century, the seventeenth, however, was already on the scene with a new charm. The race had not been made "good" by the private interpretation of the Scriptures because private interpreters had been lax in regulating private conduct. Hence, wherever they got the upper hand politically the Puritan theocrats regulated it; with quaintness in some minor aspects, with everywhere a pervasive genius for repressing normal human impulses, with brutality on the whole, and in certain well-testified instances with definite sadism. Instead of becoming "good" the race reacted with the license of the Restoration period which ushered in the century of skepticism. Thereafter humanity had finished with religious magic as an aid to perfectibility until it appeared, as shall be indicated later, in the 1920's as a somewhat atavistic symptom of the "modern mind's" degeneration.

But the Eighteenth Century's skepticism was sophisticated only by disillusionment with religious magic, and so had its blind side. The race, it reasoned, could not be made "good" by faith or ecclesiastical governance. Therefore, it could be made "good" by politics. Benevolent despotism could reform it by showing it its duty. Or Jeffersonian republicanism could raise the descendants of slaves, savages, and beasts to the stature of manhood by granting them "inalienable rights." Or Jacobinism could purify society for the new day by killing the aristocrats. All these methods were tried. But benevolent despotisms died of internal incompetence. Jacobinism, after parading itself in the gaudy regalia of empire, bled itself to death on Napoleon's battlefields. The cult of human rights, gradually extending its operations to the laggard nations during the Nineteenth Century, has been marked chiefly by increasing evidence of the corruption of politicians and of the congenital stupidity of electorates. Political magic, manifestly, worked the miracle no better than religious magic.

So the happy forward-lookers of the Nineteenth Century fell back on industrial enchantments. The world was to

be made better through having more factories, more railroads, bigger business. The millennium was to come almost automatically through prosperity and progress and the social propriety of the Victorian bourgeois. Whatever business and industry and respectability did to promote progress was, therefore, ordained by God for the betterment of the race, and was not subject to hindrance or criticism. But except for assisting technical progress and organization, these agencies were mainly successful in fashioning new forms of wage slavery for the masses, new forms of exploitation for newly subjected backward races, new methods of corrupting politicians, new modes in hypocrisy, and new urges of warfare, now, because of improved technical equipment, waged on a scale unprecedentedly destructive.

In revulsion from such fruits, the hopeful turned at the beginning of the Twentieth Century to the "modern mind's" last experiment in wizardry—the magic of uplift. The world was to be made wise through universal compulsory education. It was to be made peaceful through organized pacifist propaganda, the teaching of sweet reasonableness, and the international organization of arbitration tribunals and leagues of peace enforcement.

It was to be made "good" by sumptuary legislation regulating private conduct in all matters from forming trusts to toping. Its politics were to be purified by extending the power of the electorate over demagogues and corruptionists with direct primaries, recalls, and referendums, and schemes for proportionate representation. Industrial abuses were to be remedied by putting big business under the control of purified government.

Economic justice was to be assured by old-age and mothers' pensions, minimum-wage laws, statutes of housing and working conditions—an almost infinite range of legislation tending to give government, especially in its bureaucratic departments, an almost infinite power of supervision over the individual citizen's private life. At the left, the extremists of the uplift cult sought the honor of bringing in the millennium by dividing property equally or by putting all property and industry under the management of the state.

Uplift magic has now run its course far enough for the observing to see, or foresee, the finish. Its vast educational experiment has less and less to do with promoting the love of learning or the inquiring spirit. Already it has largely reduced itself to the teaching by badly trained incompetents to semi-morons of the standardized information, often erroneous, and standardized sentimentalities, chiefly flattering to group self-esteem. Its earlier peace efforts were crowned with the greatest war in history; its later ones with the gathering of a new set of international jealousies and rivalries now promisingly engaged in setting the stage for still greater conflicts.

Its sumptuary program has made law violation—and the world's worst liquor—fashionable, and law itself contemptible to citizens of free instincts and self-respecting dignity. Its political reforms have enlarged the power of the mentally unfit to control government, so that the pace of absurdity in legislation is doubled while corruption increases in funds and prominence and demagoguery itself grows cheaper. Meanwhile society has paid for the remedying of industrial abuses with increased bureaucracy, a debt in which the greater part of the liability incurred has as yet, perhaps, not even been registered. For its quixotic quest of economic justice through doles, Great Britain has paid with the ruin of her prosperity and, last year, almost with revolution. In Russia, where the ultimate and logical experiment in uplift magic has been made, it has resulted in the destruction of wealth, culture, life, and intelligence; in more bureaucracy and oppression; and in the stimulation of old-fashioned, self-seeking politics.

Then, there is no magic of social

systems, any more than there is magic of fetishes, charms, conjuring spells, or religious ceremonial. In the past four hundred years the most highly civilized portion of the race has tried intensively, and on a broad scale of time and geography, each rational formula for bringing in a golden age by social organization and control. Some incidental benefits have been secured. We have, for instance, wholesomely damaged, if we have not destroyed, the church-state connection and the ecclesiastical control of intellectual development. We have killed off chattel slavery and discouraged the more murderous phases of labor sweating. But in every experiment the modern mind's magic has fetched up against human nature.

The "contemporary mind," as distinguished from the attitude we were all brought up to call the "modern mind," faces this fact in all its implications. It is disillusioned, not only by the "modern mind's" chastening experience but by its new scientific knowledge.

It knows, from its psychological investigations, that the vast majority of human actions are motivated, not by reflection and sound judgment, but by primitive instincts and emotions, the more subtly destructive of projects for making the race "good" because so often suppressed, disguised, and denied by those whom they most strongly motivate. It knows from its anthropological studies that the human family tree stems more from savagery than from civilization and that its roots are firmly fastened in the animal kingdom.

Therefore, it appreciates how those somewhat grotesque and unripe fruits, our fellow-citizens of the centuries of progress, have proceeded to satiate savage blood lusts in the name of religion, have continued their barnyard sexual diversions under the rule of purifying theocracies, have preferred quackery to statesmanship when equipped with the full political rights of manhood, have utilized universal education to preserve human stupidity, have demanded—and got—war under peace-keeping establishments, liquor under prohibition, and profits under communism. Therefore, it predicts with some reasonable assurance that the "modern mind's" next lunge toward perfection must end in another ironic compromise with the biological realities of original sin.

So the "contemporary mind" scraps the ideal of perfectibility. It is through with distorting human nature and human institutions to aim at—and grotesquely miss—impossibilities. It is through with being controlled by the magic and the medicine men of social betterment.

III

Is the "contemporary mind" on this account pessimistic, hostile to progress, cruel in its social code? Without doubt those still obsessed by the "modern mind's" characteristic illusions charge it with these and even more heinous vices. On a very similar principle those not accepting the visions of mystics have been literally charged with being blasphemers, heretics, and devil-worshippers.

The answer is that the "contemporary mind" takes into account neither optimism nor pessimism but only the realities of the human inheritance. It is for all forms of genuine progress, materialistic or otherwise, and hostile only to the fallacy of magic progress at anything faster than the normal evolutionary pace. Its social code is kindlier than those of the prohibitionist, the communist, and the theocrat because it bases itself on the inevitable destiny of average humanity to be a large part of the time and in most of its activities, stupid, lazy, lascivious, swinish, and pettily knavish.

To be sure, in the face of evolutionary history, the "contemporary mind" finds absolute pessimism difficult, if not impossible. Manifestly, the most easily bamboozled member of the whole Ku Klux fold is a kindlier, more intelligent and more polished savage than his grandsire one thousand generations ago; a

cleverer beast than his mammal progenitors half a million generations back. Give his progeny a few thousand more generations, and they may approximate in mental alertness, self-control, and sense of proportion the "best intelligence" of 1927. The "contemporary mind" thus paraphrases its Coué into realism by putting hope in the form of rational expectation: Every ten millenniums in some significant ways the race is getting appreciably better.

Neither does it disdain progress because it is cynical of the vast satisfaction with which the "modern mind" has hailed its benefits. Because the average mental age of the masses may be only thirteen years, the "contemporary mind" does not propose that the clod-hoppers and ditch-diggers should be permitted to constitute themselves public inconveniences by escaping instruction in reading, writing, and ciphering. It merely objects that the theological prejudices of Holy Rollers, the self-esteeming patriotism of Ku Klux Klansmen, and the economic obscurantism of Chamber of Commerce directors should set limits to the progress of advanced learning.

The fact that the enriched field-hand believes the republic can be saved by banning birth control, poisoning Volstead-act violators, or putting the Jahve of Elisha into the Constitution is no reason for failing to devise new surgical feats for curing his bodily ailments, new legal means for protecting him in his property rights and private liberties, new de luxe passenger airplanes to haul him back and forth across the continent on his impressive business errands, or for repealing the laws which forbid him to massacre his competitors and murder his wife.

But the "contemporary mind" does not regard progress, even when compulsory, as a cure for a single one of the fundamental human depravities. It regards original sin not as a blessed affliction, or as the divine trump ace in the game of getting salvation, but as humanity's concrete psychological inheritance. Whether it is desirable for the race to work out of original sin, whether a world free from it would be more interesting, more amusing, or more exciting than the present one, the "contemporary mind" frankly does not know. But of this the "contemporary mind" is assured by all available evidence: The race cannot be freed from its natural appetites for petty villainy and carousal by the millennial projects of reformers. It can only work free from its dominating inheritance over many millenniums, as generation after generation, and the individuals in generation after generation experience the results of unethical conduct and learn self-control on their own initiative.

On such grounds as these, then, the "contemporary mind" proposes to make the world safe for original sin. For the exponents of the "contemporary mind" are frequently sinful themselves and rather enjoy being so. The petty iniquities of others increase the charm, the variety, the humor of life as a spectacle, and possibly the charity and tolerance of those who live it. At least, where original sin flourishes with only the most necessary regulations to restrain it, a minimum of encouragement is offered to the artificial sin of hypocrisy.

But, mainly, the "contemporary mind" takes its stand for the utmost tolerable freedom of human impulses because, if sin itself is folly, the race has a right to learn by making a fool of itself. Despite the "modern mind's" speculations in perfectibility, it is doubtful if the race has ever surely learned an ethical lesson in any other way.

IV

The signs increase, I believe, that this will be the outlook, or at least the controlling mood, of the coming intellectual generations. Wherever contemporary youth is most inquiring, most reflective, most articulate, it seems as much concerned to-day with the integrity of its

sense of proportion as the "modern-minded" youth of old was with its social conscience and its romantic dreams of bringing in the millennium by means of pretty thoughts and nice moral compulsions.

In the laboratories, the professional schools, the newspaper and publishing offices, in the more reflective activities of big business, and the younger sets of university faculties, emotional, magical and systematic solutions of the human betterment problem are in 1927, perhaps, more nearly taboo than they have been at any time since 1517. Here a new intellectual vanguard looks for prophecy, not to hope and sentimentality, but to evolution and psychology. Here a new spirit of progress looks for history, not to patriotic propaganda, but to realists; for hints of a new philosophical system, not to experts on the absolute, but to analysts of reality like Spengler. Here a new intellectual leadership, crystallizing for the dawning age of realism, takes its arts of character interpretation from Dreiser and Lewis—and its evangels from Mencken.

If it takes much of its social criticism from Shaw and Wells, it by no means follows that it accepts their Fabianism and Utopianism. With all their shrewd and useful iconoclasms, Shaw and Wells are stimulants to the new outlook rather than partakers of it. Born under the tenderly fatuous sky of Victorian optimism, they never could quite get the afterglow off their foreheads, or faith in its uplift magic out of their mental processes. For them, as for the W. C. T. U. and Big Bill Haywood, a better world lies just around the corner, and getting there is merely a matter of finding the right system. Keenly as they recognize their debts to Shavian destructive talents, the new intellectuals find positive programs, so credulous of perfectibility, a trifle quaint.

But Shaw and Wells in due course will be gathered to Voltaire and the host of ironic angels, and their intellectual descendants are increasingly inclined to imitate, not their credulity but their disgust with emotionalism and hypocrisy. The struggle of the new intellectuals will not be with great intellects moderately distorted by the perfectibility complex, but with hordes—and possibly mobs—of little minds infuriated by it.

For the more the intellectual world scraps perfectibility, the more violently the conservative masses are enamored of it. The more the advanced thought of our times recognizes the psychological usefulness of giving original and inevitable sin as much free play as society's fundamental safety will permit, the more ardently does the persisting "modern mind" of the masses seek to drive it underground with increasingly fantastic reformations, the more it seeks by formal resolutions and drastic conventions to deny its very existence.

For this there is due reason and precedent. Lagging as usual, the masses have acquired the "modern mind's" reformatory concepts and perfectibility complexes centuries late. Until the democratic politics and the popular education of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries broke the spell, the masses remained largely medievalists, and Heaven was their goal. If a compulsorily perfected society is their goal now, it is a relatively new discovery, and they embrace the expectation with the fervent faith with which the dull and the credulous ever accept belated novelties. In fact the faith of society at large in the "modern mind's" reform magic approaches its climax, as advanced thought sweeps beyond it, to proclaim the magic impotent and the reform a perversion of normal evolutionary progress.

To the masses such denials are an attack on vested emotional interests, a sacrilege against popular faith, a work of destruction, and a blasphemy. So they gather their forces of emotional bias, convention, conviction, and oppression to repel the onslaught. That the attack is based on scientific knowledge and critical

rationality means nothing to them. As the medieval mind suppressed Roger Bacon and Galileo, sought to suppress Luther, imprisoned and shot the early political liberals who pioneered the pseudo-rationalism of the "modern mind," so the "modern mind" latent in to-day's masses prepares to suppress to-day's science and rationalism in order to save its beloved preconceptions from overthrow.

Both are under an absolute interdict in soviet Russia and fascist Italy where the doctrine of perfectibility by social system is imposed with the force of legalized dogma. Both are under a partial interdict of law in Tennessee and Mississippi, and under a still more strenuous interdict of convention in hundreds of American provincial communities, where the race is to be made "good" by keeping from it the knowledge that an Oriental tribal theology has been scientifically discredited.

Both have their warnings to desist when a zealot of reform magic like Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas proclaims that anyone counselling nullification of the prohibition amendment is a "traitor" and when a prominent divine urges that because of its violations of the Volstead act New York City be laid waste by the federal army as a city in a state of rebellion. Both receive the threat of outlawry when the organized business interests of some half-grown prairie metropolis announce that "knocking"—that is, rational criticism of the community's economic prospects and general state of refined civilization—will not be tolerated.

Once more an intellectual leadership "ahead of its times" is producing by the revolutionary character of its sophistication a separation between itself and the masses. No more, as in the times of St. Thomas Aquinas and Cromwell, of Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, are the intellectual leaders on the same plane of illusion as those formed by nature to be followers. No more, either, as the Wayne Wheelers inherit the Gladstones, and the John Roach Stratons the Luthers, will the masses' experiments with perfectionist magic be tempered by the rational reflections of men of true intellect and genius. Instead, with the masses embittered by the challenge to their favorite delusions and the new leadership embittered by the challenge to its legal rights and intellectual integrity, the separation tends to drift toward a conflict in which intellectuals must expect ostracism and oppression rather than recognition and power; in which they may justly demand, but need not rationally anticipate, quarter.

In such an atmosphere the "modern mind," no longer "modern" except in its own antiquated terminology drifts into decadence. Unhampered by the restraints of scientific knowledge, reason, or intellectual leadership, it begins, in the 1920's, its onward sweep toward the last lurid trials of its magic.

V

One who lacks prophetic lineage might hesitate to plot the courses of future perfectionist experiments if they were not already notoriously manifest. But as the evidence stands, the rest of the Twentieth Century will be marked by efforts to reclaim the race from original sin by mass despotism, that is, by the violent dictatorships of fascism and communism and the legalistic dictatorship of sumptuary prohibitions; by religious obscurantism, and by what may be loosely but unpleasantly defined as compulsory optimism.

Here men will be told by the state how they must conduct their business and their daily lives with no appeal allowed to basic legal rights or their free integrity as individuals. There the state will require them to be "good" citizens and Christians by placing legal penalties on views hostile to the theology of the masses. Elsewhere, since at any cost perfectibility may not be denied, all the social penalties of outraged convention and possibly legal penalties as well, will

be imposed on the realistic spirits who dare suggest that our city is not the finest, our race not the noblest, most virile, and most progressive—or that prohibition doesn't work.

We shall not make a perfect world by these weird charms and expedients. Indeed, for the time being, we may create a society less tolerable to men and women of genuine intelligence and free instincts than it has been in the past. But at least such irrational magic, such ecstatic worship of the perfectibility fetish, carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction.

Conducted without the leadership of the honest intellectuality of the times, such experiments must necessarily be conducted by hypocrites or blundering believers. We must take our communism from profiteering politicians, our fascism from bullies and grafters masquerading as regenerators, our Volsteadism from drinking prohibitionists, our fundamentalism from psalm-singers with their eyes on the pork barrel, our dogma of optimism from those who have something to sell by it. Or we must take them from incompetents.

In either case the masses themselves must in time learn by disillusioning experience that millenniums, which in the "modern mind's" heyday, could not be brought in by the world's most honest and intelligent leadership, cannot be brought in now by fakers and emotional zanies. When that realization dawns, as I think it must before the end of the Twenty-first Century, the new intellectuality of realism, which I have called the "contemporary mind," after its long and disastrous exclusion from public affairs and its quite possible oppression by public policies, may look to be entrusted with its fair share of responsibility for directing human progress. But that progress, however much it may concern itself with good order, fairness, and individual freedom, will not concern itself with perfectibility either as a concrete goal or a winning slogan.

Perfectibility will have been scrapped for the slow but secure pace of evolution, as the spells of the witch and the charm-maker were scrapped not long ago for scientific medicine. And by one more release from magic the race will proceed another step upward in its cultivation of the civilized mind.

THIS LAST SWEET CITY

BY ROBERT NATHAN

ONE after one the cities of my heart
Bow to the foe's inexorable blade,
Their glories taken and their marble art
Low in the dust of melancholy laid.
One after one the singers of my soul
Come upon silence and lay down the lute;
Their bones are treasure to the buried mole—
The priest is silent, and the poet mute.
Of all my kingdom, leaguered by the foe,
Only this city of your love remains,
My heart's last capitol. Its bugles blow
Still in the dark above the foggy plains.
Oh, guard this last sweet city. When it falls,
My wounded heart will die upon the walls.

THE NEW AMERICAN BAR

BY CHARLES MERZ

ONE half-billion dollars' worth of soda water washes its way annually into the great American stomach. This figure comes from statisticians of the drug trade, who point out that it would pay the American debt of the French Republic for the next ten years. What would happen if further provision were made for all the pimento-and-cream-cheese sandwiches, all the Bartlett pear-and-orange salads, all the strawberry parfaits, and all the hot fudge sundaes which all this soda water washes with it, must be left to the imagination. A new drug store has developed suddenly. Ladies and gentlemen, the national bar of the United States!

Step right in—the five large rows of teeth which seem to block the way are only an illusion. They are cardboard teeth, hung here in the door to point a moral. When the door swings open four out of five may champ remorsefully but the fifth will smile a welcome. The bar is at the right. It is no ordinary bar. It is not mere oak or birch, like bars which served an older trade now in disgrace. It gleams with polished marble. At one end sits a coffee urn; a keg of root beer guards the other. The keg, let it be confessed, is a hollow swindle, since it holds nothing save the coiled apparatus of an ammonia freezer, and the beer itself comes through a pipe dropped to the basement. Never mind. Nature herself and nature's works are amply represented by the pyramids of snow-white eggs at intervals along the counter, by the mounds of Jackie Coogan salted peanuts in the salted-peanut jars, by the drowsy flies which hover lazily above the crushed fruit in the covered cut-glass dishes. There is a nest of forks, two salts and peppers, a sugar bowl with a well-flavored spoon. Straws come in pairs, two sealed hygienically within each paper packet; it has been ten years since any first-class merchant dealt them singly. From the sanitary confines of a square glass case six slices of mince pie leer out, the thin crust of their upper lips curled slightly.

This is the bar. Behind it rises the back-bar, an array of mirrors, stained-glass panels, and carved fretwork. "Remember," writes Mr. Stuart Peabody in the *Northwestern Druggist*, "that more than any other department of the drug store the fountain represents you—your individuality, your taste, and your good judgment." There are many ways of piling glasses, pinning paper streamers on polar fans, draping chains of paper daisies, and displaying signs which advertise the special dishes of the day. "Hungry? We Suggest Egg Phosphate and Fruit Salad."—"Thirsty? Try Our Cherry Split."—"Good Morning, How About a Glass of Zoolac?"

The young clerk at the counter takes stock of his sandwiches and shakes his head.

"All out of white. Have rye? All right. One rye, one malted milk."

He strikes his palm on the nickel-plated spigot which pumps chocolate. It snorts, coughs once or twice, hiccoughs apologetically, and spurts its stream of syrup wearily into the waiting glass. A dash of powder. A dash of milk. Here human effort ceases, and a motor-driven mixer does the rest.

Yet do not think, even in these days when applied mechanics does the churning, and clerks no longer shake from bosom to the chin, from bosom to the chin, in short staccato beats until the metal shaker is a frosted white, that all individuality has departed from the art of mixing. The real artist lets his stream of syrup hit the side and not the bottom of his glass—for reasons secret to the trade. He puts his ice cream in between two streams of fizz, and neither first nor last. Above all else, he has "the touch." And as an advertisement of the Knight Soda Fountain Company in the drug store press points out:

"Piano keys are not more important to Paderewski than the pumps on a fountain to the dispenser. Always going. On them the dispenser composes his sweetest melodies. They must not fail."

They must not fail. They do not fail. We drink half a billion dollars' worth of their production annually.

II

This is the new American bar, and it is in part the product of good advertising, in part the child of Prohibition, in part the natural sequence of a "servant problem" which makes meals at home more troublesome, while men work farther from their homes and women work in offices. The change is unmistakable. Even the man whose routine takes him into a drug store only for a toothbrush or to have a cinder taken from his eye cannot fail to note the difference. The corner where the fountain plays is the busiest corner of the store. It is always crowded at rush hours. Its development is too recent and too striking not to count as one of the phenomena of our own times. There have always been soda fountains, and there have always been druggists here and there who functioned as caterers as well as pharmacists. But not until the last few years have there been thirty thousand of them. And not until the last few years has the soda fountain turned from mere sliced ham to hearts of lettuce and begun to put on airs.

The drug-store bar has developed with amazing speed because the druggists were prepared for it. The druggists were prepared for anything. Long before the swift development of this latest enterprise the druggists had learned open-mindedness. They had seen their profession branch out far beyond its old, time-honored business of prescriptions. Drug stores were selling merchandise. They were not only selling merchandise of a type which seemed appropriate to the business of a pharmacist: soaps, perfumes, hair-dyes, atomizers, eye-cups, and thermometers; they were selling cameras, cigars, books, playing cards, stationery, teapots, phonograph needles, handkerchiefs, pepper shakers, goggles, clocks, chafing-dishes, fountain pens, pearl chokers, bridge lamps, and electric stoves. From all of this to tuna fish and apple pie is no great transition.

A new opportunity beckoned suddenly. The druggists have made the most of it. Even in towns of moderate size the ordinary routine now is to start the morning with a "Business Breakfast." This is followed by a fresh sheaf of paper napkins and a service catering especially to "Eleven O'Clock Folks." Next comes "Business Luncheon." Then "Time for Tea." After this, "Summer [or Winter] Supper." The day winds up with "Snacks after the Play." It is an all-day service with two shifts at work behind the counter and the same orders reappearing periodically. For one man's supper is another's breakfast. And the first order of the morning may be for date-and-raisin pie. Or, if we are out of date-and-raisin pie this morning, clam chowder and a slice of cake. These may be exceptions. But the choice is wide. For even the smaller stores in the smaller towns have many things to offer. Their menus will include not only ham, cream cheese, and lettuce, the three staples, in the form of sandwiches; they will include at least six other sandwiches, at least three

cakes, three pies. In the larger stores the alternatives are practically endless. They begin, in sandwiches, with commoner varieties like chopped ham, roast beef, cheese and pickle, and run on to combinations as elaborate as celery and gherkin, chicken livers and grilled bacon, salmon salad and chopped egg. Asparagus tips are not too fancy for these more ambitious places. The epicure can dine on Yankee pot roast if he chooses, or fresh shrimps with Thousand Islands dressing or Fish Cake Surprise. Pies run the gamut from the simple loganberry to the more sophisticated almond. As for drinks —

III

No one will take the full measure of these new drug-store bars if he regards them merely as convenient spots in which to snatch a bite of luncheon in a hurry. They are more than that. In an age of bustle, rush, and ragged nerves they are re-fuelling places for a jaded nation.

The front door swings to the push of a customer in middle years who comes to the bar with the assurance of one who has been here many times before. He does not wink at the young gentleman with the smooth blond hair who stands behind the counter. He merely suggests, "Harry, make mine the same as yesterday." And Harry, when he has topped with two swift dabs of cream the marshmallow fudge pecan sundaes which are to sustain life until sundown in the two young stenographers at the far end of the counter, will pour for this new customer a "bracer." The favorite prescription is an ounce or two of pop and a good strong shot of whiskey.

Not everywhere. Let us guard against exaggeration. It would only raise false fears, or hopes, to suggest that there is a Harry at every drug-store bar, or a dark unlabeled flagon which comes to the counter willingly with every invitation. There isn't. The number of Americans who since 1919 have attempted unsuccessfully to wink their way to an alcoholic drink at a drug-store bar runs into many figures. That a wink will work is simply fiction. Yet something works. For the sale of alcohol goes on despite the disapproval of responsible druggists and despite the difficulty of finding the right Harry. The druggists themselves admit it. It is necessary to make no charges which they have not made against themselves. For example, writing in *Drug Topics*, a national trade weekly, Mr. Kinnard Woolworth says:

> For every legitimate liquor prescription, a hundred illegitimate ones are being filled. For customers whose identity is sufficiently known, no prescriptions at all are necessary.
>
> Under the spell of the lust for "easy money" and the ever-pressing importunities of good customers with a thirst for alcohol, thousands of legitimate druggists have fallen into the habits of the ex-bartenders, shoe salesmen, delicatessen dealers and others now operating drug stores in States in which there is no law requiring the owner of a drug store to be a licensed pharmacist. Caught in their unlawful traffic, thousands have had their government permits revoked for buying and stocking liquor and alcohol for legitimate dispensing on bona fide prescriptions, but go right on bootlegging liquor without any permits—liquor purchased from bootleggers to be bootlegged. In the city of New York alone, 200,000 complaints have been received in the last year by the Police Department concerning booze-vending outlets, many of them giving the names of drug stores. In Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and elsewhere, it is the same old story.

The same old story consists chiefly of "prescriptions," real and forged. Of the latter, Prohibition Director Canfield estimated at one time that five million were on the loose in the city of New York. At another time (last August) the arrest of thirty-six druggists in one afternoon disclosed the fact that a number of these gentlemen had been clients of a clearing house for fake prescriptions, known as the Physicians' and Druggists' Service Bureau. Here blanks which had been purchased from doctors at the rate of one hundred and

fifty dollars to the hundred were re-sold to druggists who were short. Prices varied with demand. The phone would ring, and a customer ask for a quotation on the market.

IV

Now there is presumably no reputable druggist who does not deplore this sort of thing, this sale of alcohol across the counter, this confounding of the innocence of beet-and-lettuce salad at the new American bar with a persistent effort to defraud the law. At the same time there are probably few reputable druggists who do not carry on their shelves some thoroughly legal "bracer" with a good stout kick. Not all alcohol is alcohol. Some of it is patent medicine. Some of it is hair tonic. Some of it is plain canned heat.

How many purely alcoholic patent medicines in brightly labeled bottles dot the shelves of the drug stores of the country in this non-alcoholic era no one knows. Names and formulas are changing constantly. The American Medical Association, citing a list of two hundred and thirty-five such preparations, contents itself with the statement that, "There is a large number of what have been called 'booze medicines' on the market—that is, alcoholic preparations sold under proprietary names as medicinal products." To which it adds, "As a matter of fact the amount of medicinal agents—aside from alcohol—contained in these 'bracers' is so small as to be negligible." There are "bitters" whose alcoholic content is slightly more than double the alcoholic content of champagne, "tonics" which not only cure the stomach but warm it with an old-time flavor, "bracers" whose labels frankly announce them to contain "20 Per Cent Alcohol," in these days when legislative committees are solemnly debating whether beer which is one and a half or one and three-quarters per cent alcohol is or is not intoxicating. Appealing to a wide public through a vast quantity of newspaper advertising, a variety of these products are sold as heart cures, cold cures, lung cures, leg cures—enough pepsin or gentian or olive oil having been doctored into them to enable them to pass muster as "medicinal."

This is one way to get a drink in a dry country. There are other ways. For not all men are satisfied with a medicinal equivalent for mere port or sherry. They wish something stronger, and find it in bay rum, toilet waters, and jamaica ginger. On the day that this is written the Federal Judge for the Southern District of Ohio has ordered condemned and forfeited to the Government three barrels of dandruff cure, eight barrels of hair tonic, and five barrels of benzoin lotion, all of which had been seized by Prohibition agents as suspiciously prepared and intended for other purposes than mere medication of the scalp. We are living in a new dispensation, and hair tonic has become a subject of litigation in the courts, eau de cologne a problem for the state police. Even the canned heat of Sterno now serves as a base for homemade cocktails. The thirsty strain it through their handkerchiefs, distilling the alcohol from its residue of wax.

The result is less tasty than Old Dr. Gilpin's Liver and Stomach Bitters, but more effective in a pinch.

V

The comparative popularity of patent medicines as drinks is a matter which would need testing in many city drug stores and many country drug stores in different sections of the country. Taste varies locally. It might be difficult to find a bottle of Old Dr. Gilpin's Liver and Stomach Bitters from one end of Broadway to the other. But there are thoroughfares in towns less noisy on which Old Dr. Gilpin has no doubt left his imprint. The sale of proprietary medicines in this country is enormous. The market has prospered greatly under Prohibition. "Proprietary medicines constitute at least twenty per cent of the

total sales of the average drug store," said Dr. J. G. Beard, in a paper read before the last convention of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association. "No other department contributes anything like so much to the cash register."

That is one reason why proprietary medicines belong in any picture of the new American bar. There is a second reason. These poor highly medicated compounds with their amiable pretensions are symbolic of a certain trumped-up atmosphere of cheer, a certain eager effort to be something else than what they are, characteristic of the setting of these modern bars and cafeterias.

The thing begins with the bar itself. No doubt that gleaming yellow front is the best synthetic marble on the market. But is there any reason, really, for not regarding it as bogus? From the beveled mirrors at its back to the supererogatory foot-rail at its base it is built in imitation of an older, tougher bar which was serving ale in Canterbury long before the first chocolate almond peppermint walnut sundae was invented. The jolly keg of cooling beer, with its contents of sixteen feet of copper pipe, is bogus. The paper poppies drooping from the artificial candle lights are bogus. The carefully piled pyramids of oranges on the shelves behind the bar are rubber oranges which bounce.

The food is bogus. It is frequently good food, no doubt, well cooked, well served, and wrapped in strictly sanitary packages. Granted. But it is bogus, none the less. What is it doing here, in a world of bunion plasters and prophylactic tooth-pastes? This is no place to serve food. No one conjuring up an even part-way ideal state of human relationships would serve food in a background of hot water bottles. It is served here not because it belongs here but because it is a pale survival, promptly appropriated by the drug stores in a post-Prohibition era, of the old Free Lunch. The tradition of food served at a bar with drinks lived on, to blossom presently into a hierarchy of fifteen hundred sandwiches.

And to blossom presently into a hierarchy of at least twice that many drinks. Time was when the soda fountain dealt straightforwardly in chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, raspberry, cherry, pineapple, maple, lemon, lime, and orange—with root beer, ginger ale, Moxie, and Coca Cola as its more sophisticated side-lines. One had a plain vanilla soda with chocolate ice cream, or one had a plain chocolate soda with vanilla ice cream, or if one was young perhaps one had strawberry ice cream with raspberry flavor. That day is past. The old favorites still survive, but in a flood of "rickeys," "juleps," "egg-nogs," "fizzes," "freezes," and "frappés" they are hopelessly outnumbered.

Nothing more perfectly illustrates the effort of the drug-store bar to be something else than what it is, than the soft drinks which flow across its counter—the half billion dollars' worth of soft drinks which, after all is said, are its chief stock in trade. "What'll it be, boys?"—"Aw, I don't know. Well, gimme a New Orleans fizz."—So the fizz is made: a perfectly legal, perfectly non-alcoholic, perfectly moral, perfectly abominable fizz of one part cherry, one part coffee, one part lemon, one part lime, and six parts carbonated water. Why is it called a New Orleans fizz when it is no more a New Orleans fizz than a cup of beef tea is Mumm's Extra Dry? Because, as a race, we will have our pretensions, and the drug-store bar keeps pace.

You can buy, in almost any drug store in the country, a Chicago highball, a Manhattan cocktail, a gin rickey, and a Kentucky rock and rye—all perfectly legal, moral, upright, conscientious, and appropriate for service at the annual outing of the Young People's Epworth League. You can buy, in short fat flagons fraudulently modeled upon time-honored patterns which belie their contents, Apricot Brandy, Benedictine, Cointreau, Grenadine, Vermouth, and

Crème de Menthe—all totally non-alcoholic. You can buy drinks which identify you not only with the young bloods of Paris, but with the strong and the two-fisted here at home: Yeast Foam Malted Milk, sold with the testimonial of Red Grange; and Nuxated Iron, which helped Willard lick Moran and then Dempsey knock out Willard. You can buy drinks which identify you with faraway romantic places, like Hawaiian Special and Mandalay Delight —or with great names chosen from the garden of the truly famous, like Mary Pickford's Own and Rudy's Favorite— or with Stolen Hours, Bed of Roses, and Forbidden Fruit. And the whole business rather pathetically suggests that in the matter of being who we are and where we are and how we are a good many of us wish we weren't.

VI

The bright bulbs in the great white bowl above the fountain fill the place with light. The clock hands peeping through a spray of paper smilax point to half-past seven. In the telephone booth at the opposite side of the store from the magazine-rack where old Mrs. Carpenter has read patiently through seven magazines in the hope of finding one worth reading, a young gentleman about to make a date with a lady tries at the same time to be kittenish and yet inaudible through the flimsy door to certain little pitchers with big ears. At the penny watch-your-weight scales in the front of the store there is much to-do because Mama has caught Willie putting his foot on the platform, and the whole family is enjoying it.

The cash register clicks merrily. Fifteen — twenty — fifteen — twenty — twenty-five—twenty—fifteen. Over the counter to the man with a sore throat and the man with a bad cold and the man who needs something warming for his fever and the man whose wife is out of town and the schoolteacher whose boarding-house supper sends her here for a dessert and the high school girls who have just discovered Ronald Colman and the high school boys who have just discovered high school girls and the traveling salesman with the bright-eyed wink and the frail old gentleman whose hand drums nervously with a quarter on the counter, there travels a parade of fruit parfaits, banana splits, snow-whites, Nabisco nuts, raspberry floats, prune whips, minced ham and tongues, hard cider flips, come-pick-me-ups, and bromo-seltzers.

This is the new American bar, and its counterpart can be found on any Broadway and Main Street at any rush hour of the morning or the evening. There is much about it that is characteristic of its fatherland. It has our prompt adoption of whatever is most recent and most perfect in mechanical devices, whether for the purpose of destroying germs, extracting juice, ejecting seeds, condensing steam, evaporating milk, or calculating vitamins. It has our national ability to make speed whether or not the occasion warrants: a drug-store dinner can be ordered, served, and eaten in ten minutes. It has, in the clink of every glass and the plea of every advertisement, that deep reverence for almighty Ice for which we are world famous. In its marshmallow creams and its chopped-nut syrups it has the explanation of our famously bad stomachs. It has our great eagerness to be up-to-date in what we like, and not to be behind the times if the town next door has just invented a new phosphate called the Peaches Browning. It has our promptness and our amiability and our occasional rather wistful yearning to go soaring somewhere out of our own selves, even on such flimsy wings as are lent by a bootleg drink, a tumblerful of Dr. Gilpin's or a South Sea Island Sundae.

This is not the same old bar whose bright lights used to wink on the dividing line between the tough and tame. But somewhere in a world of trying to discover what to do with ourselves, anyway, we are living on a new frontier.

The Lion's Mouth

ONWARD AND UPWARD, INCORPORATED

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

"CERTAINLY this is a department store," said the Manager, smiling affably at me across his glass-topped desk in the executive offices of Onward and Upward, Incorporated. "Unless you were disposed to call it a university," he added thoughtfully. "It combines the best features of both."

I tried to look intelligent, but succeeded, I am afraid, only in looking like a man trying to look intelligent.

"The main difference between our store and other department stores," continued the Manager, "is that we arrange our goods somewhat differently. We take into account the principles of evolution—social evolution. Has it ever occurred to you what is wrong with the arrangement of goods in an ordinary department store?"

"They fail," I hazarded, "to take into account the principles of social evolution." I didn't know what this meant, but apparently it was the right answer.

"Precisely," said the Manager. "They arrange the dresses together and the books together and the shoes together and the furniture together, as if the woman who wants an eleven-piece dining-room suite with a good shiny finish and no questions asked would also be interested in Colonial butterfly tables, or as if the same people purchased the works of Harold Bell Wright and those of Proust. An idiotic scheme. We, on the other hand, realize that according to the principles of social evolution the works of Harold Bell Wright and the eleven-piece suite (pronounced suit in this department, of course) should be handy to the chewing gum, the tabloid subscription desk, and the chromos of barefooted maidens standing by the well with pitchers on their shoulders. To be more exact, we realize that man, in his progress onward and upward, goes through stages like those of evolutionary history after he first lifts himself out of the primal proletarian ooze.

"First—after he has acquired the art of salesmanship and with it enough money to begin to have choices—comes the stage of acquiring luxuries, visible luxuries which he can show off. We might call this the paleozoic age of social evolution. Then he begins to realize that these luxuries are not enough. He studies etiquette, and emerges into a sort of mesozoic age. Again he is aware of shortcomings, and decides that what he lacks is education. He purchases nutshell books, outlines of this thing and that, sometimes whole sets of books warranted to put him at his ease among the most fastidious: another stage in the evolutionary process. Then after a while he is once more discouraged; and he—or she, for it is usually she—makes a new decision and takes another upward step. She must be smart. She has always, since her paleozoic days, tried to follow the fashions, but now this becomes a passion with her. She must have the very latest—and therefore smartest—clothes from Paris; her house must be smart and full

of the very latest things in furniture; and even her mind must be smart and full of the very latest ideas and opinions. Now do you begin to see?"

"I begin, yes," said I, a little bewildered. "But as a scheme for the arrangement of a department store—"

"Would you like me to show you the store?" asked the Manager.

So presently we were standing together just inside the front entrance.

"Let us begin," said the Manager, "with the silk shirts, the fur coats, and the diamonds."

"Just a minute," said I. "Isn't there a basement?"

"My error," replied the Manager. "But that is mostly for husbands, poor fellows. It is full of books on business advancement, the subscription offices of success magazines, new filing systems, mouth-washes and hair-tonics for the ambitious, inspiring desk-mottoes, and things like that.

"Department stores, however, depend largely on the patronage of women, and this becomes really valuable only when their husbands' efforts in the basement enable them to walk into the first floor and go in for what Mr. Thorstein Veblen calls conspicuous waste. On the first floor we satisfy their first desires. Here, you will see, is the Gaudy Lingerie Department. Here are the radios, here the glittering automobiles, here the player pianos, here the thirty-foot perfumes, here the shiny furniture, here the pictures of the Stag at Eve.

"We now come to the second floor"—and the executive ushered me into the elevator.

"Just a minute," I put in. "Who ordinarily directs customers to the second floor? When do you know they are ready for it?"

"The floor-walkers direct them," replied the Manager. "Our floor-walkers are very carefully trained. Every now and then one of them sees a poor creature with a baffled look in her eyes, and hears her saying to herself, 'This doesn't quite do it. . . . Isn't there something beyond this?' and he leads her quietly to the elevator. She is ready."

We stepped out on the second floor, and for a moment I saw nothing but enormous piles of books. "Etiquette," explained the Manager. "But there is more behind the books. There is, for instance, the Correct Housekeeping Department, which shows wives what to serve at dinner and how the table should look. Here we sell impeccable cutlery, including the proper weapons for the attack on hors d'œuvres; the nattiest doilies; the most genteel card-trays; and over there you will see a group of husbands being fitted out in dinner coats. In this corner is the consultation department, which informs people how to word a wedding invitation and what to say when guests arrive late. But let us be getting on upstairs."

A moment later we were on the third floor, and I saw what the Manager had meant when he made his allusion to a university; for at first we found ourselves in a corridor lined with lecture rooms. "Our floor-walkers promote to this floor only those who have definitely evolved beyond the etiquette stage," explained the Manager. "The function of this floor is to allay the educational urge which comes over those who discover that, even with etiquette mastered, there is still a lack. They want a little cultural spoon-feeding. Well, we give it to them. They can hear lectures here on anything, and never do a lick of work themselves,—lectures on Browning and Greek art and the solar system and the quaint customs of those fascinating people, the Japanese. Just look into this lecture room a moment: see?—full of women. Beyond is the Book Department, packed with Outlines; and there you will see a swarm of men buying books of quotations which after ten minutes' study will help them to dazzle the Vice-president of the bank with the best thoughts of the deepest thinkers of all history. The Picture Department here is for those who want color prints of

the Bay of Naples and the Coliseum: the erudite touch, you see.

"But now we must go up to the fourth floor, which is only for those who have gone through another dizzy stage of evolution. Are you ready to breathe somewhat rarefied air? Good." And approaching an elevator, the Manager pressed the button.

"The next floor," he continued as we entered the elevator, "is the smart floor."

The elevator shot up and we emerged in the Smart Dress Department. All about us women were trying on extremely small hats and selecting long-waisted frocks with extremely short skirts. Saleswomen were murmuring, "Beautiful. Very becoming. Very lovely. Exquisite." But the Manager took me aside. "That stuff is mostly bunk," he explained. "We talk about beauty, but *there's* the important thing for these customers." And he pointed at a sign on the wall which read, YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT ALL CHIC PERSONS ARE NOT WEARING EXACTLY THESE MODELS FOR A PERIOD OF THREE MONTHS FROM DATE.

"That," said the Manager, "is our proudest guarantee."

"Three months?" said I. "But isn't that a rather short time?"

The Manager nodded. "The turnover in this department is terrific. But that," and he smiled amiably, "is good for business. We hope ultimately to get it down to two months. Yet even to maintain it at its present pace we must lay down certain rules for the sales force. Never encourage a customer really to consider the æsthetics of dress. Sell her the modish thing, and tell her it's charming, and she'll believe you. Never let her get ideas of dressing to suit her own face and figure. On this floor we are smart at all costs."

We wandered on through the Smart Shingle Department, where women of every age, aspect, and dimension were all getting the same haircut ("just suited to *you*"), to the Smart House and Smart Furnishings Departments. Here we saw men and women inspecting small models of houses. "It is essential," said the Manager, "for smart people to live in the right sort of house. We make certain allowances for locality—for instance, to New Englanders we often sell this model, Ye Olde Colonial Farmhouse, but our favorite, in general, just now is the English Cottage. The half-timbers are boards nailed on the outside, the antique sag in the roof is obtained by setting wedge-shaped pieces of wood under the ends of the ridge, the English casements are made in Paterson, New Jersey; but we tell our customers that as they leave the macadam road and pass the telephone poles and walk up to the house past the specimen evergreens, they will imagine they are verily in Old England of Centuries Ago and will realize that they have the most up-to-date house on the market.

"As for furnishings, we sell only American Colonial."

"For English cottages?" I asked in some surprise.

"Why not?" said the Manager. "They are the rage, and that's what goes here. The same sort of instructions to the force which obtain in the Dress Department govern here. Say the things are lovely, but don't go too deep into æsthetics. If you start running down Victorian cut-glass, somebody may ask you embarrassing questions about your Sandwich glass. If you begin to talk about the design of an object expressing its purpose, somebody may ask you why the design of an old rum-bottle expresses its purpose as an electric lamp when you put a socket and a bulb into it. If you discuss decorative theory, they may look askance at hooked rugs with pictures of ships on them that have to be walked over. Just tell them that everybody is crazy about the stuff and they'll fall for it.

"Finally, passing through the Smart Golf Department (containing complete

country-club equipment for men: enormous plus-fours, flasks, red tees to tuck in the hatband, snappy checked stockings) we come to what is perhaps our most valuable department of all. Here we provide our customers with smart ideas. The books for sale here are warranted smart for the next three months. Oh, yes, we follow the chic taste closely: Michael Arlen was here for months and then ping! down he went three flights to the counter next to the gum. At this counter we take subscriptions to the fashion magazines. In these rooms we conduct dabbling courses in Psychoanalysis, the Dalton Plan, the Iniquity of the Puritans, the Vulgarity of America, Science According to Wiggam, How to Condescend to Thackeray and Tennyson, How to Tell a Good Etching by Looking at the Signature, and Current Events for Well-dressed Ladies (the Menace of Bolshevism, That Wonderful Man Mussolini, etc.). The group of women over there is a conversation class: they are learning set phrases in which to lament the standardization of American life and the loss of personal liberty. We are proud of our customers—or should I say graduates?"

"All very remarkable," said I, much impressed. "But tell me: is smartness the last word? Are there no floors above this?"

"You can't get any higher in the elevator," replied the Manager. "From here on you have to climb. Do you mind? Most of them do, and stay here."

We went up a narrow staircase, long and rather steep. At the end we came out into a smallish room, entirely bare. I looked about me in some surprise. Surely there must be something here but the four walls and the windows. But there wasn't. I looked at the Manager.

"Nothing for sale," said he. And then he showed me a small sign on the wall.

BE YOURSELF, it said.

THE LAST JUDGMENT

(With Acknowledgments to J. B. S. Haldane)

BY ELMER DAVIS

IT IS now certain (the author here projects himself some twenty million years into the future, or more if you like, for what are a million years between friends?—*Editors' Note*) that human life on the earth's surface is extinct. The following is a record of the events which led up to this climax.

By the year five million the human race had reached equilibrium; man was completely master of his environment, and apparently of himself; happiness was universally practiced and human effort was largely devoted to the development of personal relationships and the cultivation of beauty. As not all members of the human race were capable of producing objective beauty, the practice of art was restricted to specialists by constitutional amendment, and the mass of the human race exercised its æsthetic sense in the embellishment of personal pulchritude. The ideal of beauty had been established by mathematical calculation and defined by constitutional amendment, and man had no further aspiration than to approximate it as closely as possible. Before mankind stretched the prospect of an eternity of bliss.

Then, in the year 5,192,743, thoughtful men first became aware of the Used Razor-Blade Problem. Half a million years later it became acute with the filling up of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which had been the principal dump on the North American continent. The consequent overflow of the river produced immense damage in the surrounding country, and the proposal of the Terrestrial Control Commission to confiscate the entire area between the

Rockies and the Sierras for use as a razor-blade receptacle provoked an armed rebellion, the first war mankind had known in four million years. As the pacification of the human race had led to the disappearance of all lethal weapons except ice picks, a war fought with these tools, though of commendable brevity, was fearfully sanguinary; and now for the first time in untold millennia skeptics began to doubt the validity of the concept of Progress. Yet the human race, seldom able to look over a million years ahead, did nothing to avert the impending danger.

The successive steps which led to the realization that Something Must Be Done may be briefly chronicled: The filling up of the Aral and Caspian Seas, the choking of the English Channel, the reversion of Long Island, when the Sound had been filled, to its original status of terminal moraine, gradually rising to mountainous heights; and finally the destructive floods caused by the unexpected damming of the Straits of Gibraltar, following the collapse of the North African Receptacle in the Atlas Mountains. Long-forgotten states of mind recurred as men realized that they were confronted by a real menace. There was, for example, the sect known as Old Believers, which attempted to reintroduce the use of the old-style razor, superseded by the safety types in the dawn of history.

This effort to turn back the clock was brief and tragic. The manual dexterity of primitive man had long since been lost; for millions of years the human hand had been required to do no feat more skilful than pressing a button or pulling a lever. Virtually all the Old Believers cut their own throats in the effort to regain the lost art. Their fate passed unnoticed, for by that time it had been resolved to relieve the demands on the earth's surface by discharging the used razor blades into space, through projectiles which would carry them beyond the earth's sphere of gravitational influence.

A single Great Year—26,000 ordinary years—sufficed to prove this impracticable; as the earth returned to that locus in the ecliptic where it had been when the first projectiles were discharged, millions of people were killed by meteoric showers of the razor blades used by their ancestors, which had been hanging in space ever since, and many of the fairest regions of earth were devastated. Then—in the year 9,722,458—it was resolved to discharge the used blades on the surface of the moon.

For a million years all went well. In the waterless atmosphere of the moon blades never rusted, and as its surface was gradually covered the nocturnal luminary shone with a steely sparkling brilliance that made it more popular than ever (the making of love being by that time the principal human occupation). Not for ages was it realized that this addition to the moon's mass was gradually bringing it nearer and nearer the earth; and when the perception gradually spread, the majority of mankind, contemplating the death of their species with less aversion than their own, took no effective measures to forestall the impending doom.

A few, however, from whom we are descended, resolved that though men died, Man should live forever. Colonization of other planets had proved practicable, but to make it of lasting value it was obviously necessary that the colonists should not take with them the fatal problem of the Used Razor Blade. There was only one way out—men must again grow beards, and women, descended for millions of years from smooth-shaven ancestors, must steel themselves to mate with bearded men; and this could be done only by a deliberate evolution in that direction. Confronted once more with an ideal, man became once more capable of self-transcendence; psychological types of early history revived—among the males, those of the anchorites who gave no thought to their personal appearance, among the women, those of female mar-

tyrs who had been willing to submit to distasteful unions, in the service of an ideal. Those members of mankind who were once more evolving were not happy; ages were required to root out the inherited distaste for bearded faces. The price must often have seemed too great, and in every generation many who have now left no descendants refused to pay it.

Nevertheless, the determined minority persevered, and eventually succeeded in colonizing Venus and establishing our civilization. Meanwhile the moon began to approach the earth more rapidly. As it drew nearer, its attraction caused destructive tidal waves, but this danger was averted by walling in every continent with a dyke of used razor blades, and for a time mankind seemed secure. The end came quite suddenly; as the moon gradually drew nearer, at last its gravitational pull was overcome by that of the earth. The billions of tons of razor blades broke away and fell back on the earth, in a shower of sharp steel which buried the entire surface many kilometers deep and completely annihilated all terrestrial life.

We on Venus, meanwhile, live on; yet disturbing tendencies become apparent. Despite our directed evolution there occur atavistic types who assert that life has been bought too dearly at the price of wearing a beard, or of being compelled to kiss one. It is argued that the solution we have chosen was not the only one; that if we shaved clean once more Venus in turn could be abandoned when covered with razor blades. The outer planets, too; for in about one hundred and thirty million years our solar system will pass into the vicinity of stars some of which may possess planets suitable for human habitation; and, it is argued, when these too are full of used razor blades, there are other galaxies.

The doctrines of these heretics (they have adopted the name of Shavians, from a rebel sect in the dawn of history) have called forth stern repressive measures. Yet there is reason to fear that the Shavians persist as an underground organization, and even that they indulge in secret orgies in which they go clean-shaven, thereafter deceiving their neighbors by the use of false beards. If it shall indeed appear that Man's sense of his own interest is not strong enough to overcome his stubborn preference for having his own way—

(*Editors' Note.*—The interruption of the manuscript at this point suggests that the chronicler may have been the victim of a successful Shavian revolt.)

THE TYRANNY OF THEY

BY FRIEDA INESCORT

"A RED hat? Certainly, Modom." The carefully waved, superbly facialled, severely tailored ensemble inclined its thickset figure in my direction, the while its blond shingle remained unperturbed—after the manner of all shingles. Then the ensemble moved away with dignity.

I gazed around, fascinated by the atmosphere of "style-plus" with which the Exclusive Shop was permeated. Scattered discreetly were ladies of various ages, stations, figures, and faces; but all were marked by a singleness of style that hid any individuality from casual observation. My saleslady returned, with just the right amount of briskness in her walk to set off the essential points of her well-cut suit. Reverently she bore what seemed to my untutored eye like a stovepipe, or possibly a chimney, that had been abruptly cut off in early youth, leaving a cylindrical affair about nine inches high, topped by a kind of pompom, apparently made by gathering the ragged edges together. Its color most nearly resembled that of a mulberry, or perhaps a crushed ripe blackberry; but red, the fine hearty color of my innocent dreams, it most emphatically was not. There had been a slight misunderstand-

ing. A simple explanation would correct it, I felt sure.

"You see," I began pleasantly, "what I want is a nice, cheerful hat, sort of a vermilion color, like holly berries and the tam-o'shanters I used to wear at school."

For one awful moment I thought that my sacrilege had been too much for her, that the finely molded figure would disintegrate before my very eyes. But not for nothing had she been to Style Conferences every second Wednesday. Her control, to be appreciated, should be seen. She had herself well in hand, she knew her facts; and after a brief but poignant silence her shocked but still confident voice made itself heard.

"But, Modom, this is the color they are wearing, the color of the season. The model was imported by Miss Greyson, our millinery advisor. She discovered it in Paris and radioed a sketch to our department. We made the necessary explanations to the manufacturer. I assure you that it is the rage this year; you will see it everywhere."

"But that's just it! I don't want a hat that they are wearing, either color or shape. I want a nice, bright red hat, all squashy, with no crown or brim; the kind of hat you can wear all day and every day with perfect ease and comfort, confident that no one else would dare to wear it, and that you won't meet yourself anywhere and everywhere."

My voice trailed off despairingly, for when I had first visualized that headgear it had seemed such a joyous affair, and by now the day's search had very nearly killed the last fragment of my pleasant anticipation. Far down the aisle of that perfectly well-bred shop the saleslady's relentless back disappeared in search of the floor "expert," trained from early youth in such matters, who was to instruct me in the mysteries of fashion while firmly convincing me that if I wished to remain on speaking terms with my friends I must not be permitted to purchase the scarlet hat of my dreams. Near me a well-fed dowager, quite handsome in a rather massive fashion, who would have looked really charming in a black-velvet picture hat complete with graceful plume, was painstakingly forcing her dignified head into one of the prescribed stovepipes, in this case composed of what seemed a dull olive-green baize material. Poor dear, she had even the *right* bag, ornamented with barbaric brass design; the flower on her coat, made of a woolly kind of blotting paper, was placed in the correct position; and her umbrella was beyond, entirely beyond, criticism.

My reflections upon the nature of *chic*, "the something that they call the *quelque-chose*" as one advertiser recently put it, were interrupted by the return of my saleslady, flanked by her ally, the expert. He was a charming young man, who could be done justice only by a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. He positively crooned over my hurt feelings. I felt a glow at his motherly—or was it sisterly?—interest, and even managed to overlook the presence of the crushed blackberry concoction which he held lovingly in his delicately manicured hand.

"Won't Modom just try it on to get the effect?"

It was quite hopeless, I realized. Confronted by a woman who intended to buy a hat, instead of being sold one, these petty arbiters of a great law were completely baffled. Modom was entirely beyond their comprehension, but they stood their ground. Perhaps, they suggested, the children's department would have something of the sort required; or, possibly one of the mail-order houses. . . . But if Modom would only consent to try" . . . I fled.

For almost a week longer my courage sustained me in the quest; and now it is ended, for yesterday I finally bought a hat. It is a charming creation, cylindrical, about nine inches high, and topped by a kind of pompom. But whether it is the color of a mulberry or a crushed ripe blackberry I have not yet been able to decide.

Editor's Easy Chair

NEWSPAPERS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MAN, who does not live by bread alone, as we are told in Scripture, sustains himself considerably in these times on printed matter. Books are made to feed him. He reads some of them. Magazines are published for his mental and spiritual nourishment. Advertisements are put up on the highways; he sees them—he cannot escape them. But his great literary standby is the newspaper. Day in and day out he reads newspapers. He may neglect the Bible, the Talmud, the Koran. He may feel about history as the British peeress did who told the historian whom she was sitting next to at dinner that she did not hold much with it and was for letting bygones be bygones. He may even neglect fiction, but some kind of a newspaper he is apt to look at every day if he is a town-dwelling person and, more or less often, no matter where he lives. The ambition of persons whose province is to supply printed words to readers is to reach everyone who can read; and among them they pretty well do it. Customers are provided for them at the cost of the taxpayers because of a strong sentiment that literacy is a precaution against dangers of ignorance.

Everybody in a democracy should learn to read. That aspiration is not quite fully realized even in this country, but nearly; and if reading makes us good, as our educators hope it may, we have due basis on which to expect a great efficiency in righteousness in the United States.

Well, let us see. At this writing what is the item of the most universal interest in the newspapers? Is it the complicated hell-to-pay in China where just at this moment of speaking our marines are about to disembark and have a little parade, and will presently stay ashore to help protect the foreign settlement at Shanghai in case of anxiety? Is that the item of most universal interest in the paper? No. It is on the first page, it gets notice; but there are other items that get more. Congress is in the throes of dissolution and the Senate is exhibiting unseemly struggles which the newspapers record. Mayor Walker is at Albany trying to get money for more subways, which makes headlines in New York. The President has moved to the temporary White House; that gets on the first page. There is a gale off the coast and stories of distress in shipping. Two convicts have got out of Sing Sing. There are plenty of readers who take notice of all these items as they face the exclamations of the morning papers, but the item which nobody misses is that Babe Ruth is to have $210,000 for his services for three years to the Brooklyn baseball nine.

Well, that is an interesting item of news. Babe Ruth is still at the time of life when money looks important to him, and he thinks it is to his advantage to acquire as much as is con-

venient while the market for his talents is still active. So far as appears, he is a fairly provident person. It is amusing that anybody should get $70,000 a year for playing baseball six or seven months out of the twelve, but baseball nowadays is a very great business that makes copious financial returns to successful managers. One of the items on the front page along with this one about Ruth is that Mr. George Baker is ill—critically ill, the papers say. Now $210,000 spread over three years would not be of much interest in an item that related to Mr. George Baker, because he has been in the business of accumulating money for a long time and has been extra good at it. There would be no novelty about his having some hundred thousands of dollars' income more or less. But Babe Ruth's business has been the public entertainment, to which acquisition of dollars has been regarded more or less incidental; so when he gets a substantial rake-off it interests millions of people to whom the incidental acquisitions of people already rich are not important. We are told that Mr. Doheny, the oil man, stands to lose twenty-one million dollars by a decision of the Supreme Court. If he has got them and a fair surplus after parting with them, that is nothing to the million readers. That interests finance, but it does not agitate the popular mind.

What does agitate that mind? If we read enough newspapers, including the tabloids, we should be able to have an opinion. It is the business of newspapers to know what the mass of readers want to read. True enough, there are too many readers for any one or any hundred papers to feed, but some of them make a very earnest endeavor to cover the field. There are Mr. Hearst's papers distributed from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico, all presumably setting forth Mr. Brisbane's interesting observations on contemporary life in the first column of their front pages. Mr. Hearst would like everyone to know what is going on as he sees it, and he makes nowadays a remarkable effort to realize this aspiration. Then there is the Scripps organization with another string of papers, which has just planted one in New York. Doubtless they are good newspapers, putting out the same line of general news and with local news to suit the community that each of them lives in. Besides that there are the Associated Press and the United Press organized to supply general news to their subscribers but not owning or controlling the papers they supply. They are both old concerns which have been active since a time that long antedates the idea of chain stores and chain newspapers. All the same, the notion is old that the great mass of newspaper readers distributed over the country want about the same thing and might be supplied by mass production if only their local needs were handled. Various experimental efforts were made in times past so to supply them, and usually failed except for weekly country papers for which what is called "boiler plate" was and is supplied for the inside pages; that is, printed matter suitable for their use which they got in the form of stereotyped plates or as printed sheets blank on one side. But now the old idea does better, probably because the means of communication have been so greatly improved and cheapened, or else because revenues have increased enough to pay charges that could not well be handled thirty years ago. At any rate, we have in sight the spectacle of mass production of news and a mass distribution of ideas and opinions comparable in its reach to the distribution of cigarettes or Oregon apples.

WHEN we have mass production of anything it has to be related to the wants of consumers, otherwise it will fail of the market necessary to support it. This mass production of news, gathered from all over the country and all over the world for publication in a great many newspapers at the same time, is doubtless related to what news-

paper readers will pay to read. What newspapers have printed has always been related to what their readers wanted to read. The difference between old times and present times is a difference between wholesale and retail. Only a part of what is happening got around of yore, whereas now, when much more ground is promptly covered, the supply of stories acceptable to newspaper readers is very much larger. The newspapers themselves are larger, very much larger, and they print more news. With all that, the proportion of sensational matter is probably bigger than it used to be and certainly engages the attention of vastly more readers. It is plain enough that newspaper readers like to read about crime. People have always liked to read about crime since printed pages became common. Go and look at the row of old books on the counters at any book-importer's book shop, and observe the frequency of crime as a topic. Murder is very popular reading; marital troubles and difficulties involving relations of sex have always been popular reading and, though we may reasonably be somewhat stunned by the amount of them that runs nowadays through the headlines of even our best papers, still it is nothing new as an evidence of the taste of ordinary readers. They have always been that way. Some of the most interesting passages in the Bible concern human misdemeanors of one kind and another—disclosed with a candor as to details fit to make a contemporary news editor envious. War stories are interesting because human life is involved. Sea disasters for the same reason. Common readers like something they can understand without much trouble. They can understand Babe Ruth—pretty well the whole of him. They seem to understand sport. They seem to like to read about baseball. Provision is made to meet the call of these simple tastes. Consequently one of the comforts of persons out to discover what is really going on in the world and what it needs is that there are whole sections of current newspapers that they do not have to bother with at all. They can throw out sports. They can get along without radio if they choose. Unless they are interested in plays they can skip a great deal of important dramatic news and gossip, and of course they do not have to read the advertisements. So, though our best newspapers are so big, the really earnest reader who is after something in particular can get through them much more easily than you might suppose.

AND it is good that that should be possible. Reading the newspaper can easily become a complete occupation in itself and one by no means without its rewards, but the common run of readers have not time for that. They must seize what belongs to them and let the rest go. To read the paper through is to get a picture of human life that is curious and interesting; the more so since it has come to be so freely illustrated by portraits. Students of science get attention whenever they do anything out of common. Did you read about the girl typist who was tested at Colgate University to see how much noise she could stand? What they tried to do was to duplicate the mechanical racket of a modern office. Probably they overdid it. At any rate they kept it up and the girl, Elsie Keller, typed through it for five days before she collapsed. Perhaps that was over-zeal in pursuit of knowledge, for there is much over-zeal in pursuit of what it is not necessary to know, but at least it was a story that newspaper readers could understand.

Animal stories interest people. There was that one the other day of a dog that ran a fox far into a crevice of rock and could not get out, and how the neighbors worked four days and used up about five hundred dollars' worth of dynamite to get him out and did get him out, though he died of pneumonia afterwards. The country was kept informed about that dog for a week. People wanted to

know about him. That tells something about human nature as developed in these States at this time. So do stories of lost children, which are front-page news and rank with big fires, earthquakes, jail-deliveries, notable divorce cases, and vociferous scandals.

People seem extraordinarily interested in one another's divorces. There is no novelty about that, but divorces have increased so that the details about them threaten to crowd the advertisements, which, of course, would be a serious matter. And there you get to another consideration, to wit: the stories that the mass of readers like to read are read by the same people who read the advertisements. If, therefore, you print such stories and the advertisements, the necessities of the paper are fairly well met, and what else gets into it is more or less of a luxury. That seems to be a great newspaper truth which is constantly being rediscovered. As fast as one paper, having come to prosperity and decorum, gets away from it, a new one is born that blusters into life and power on the strength of it. The tabloids are our newest example. Ask some hardy person who has examined one of them if it is not true that they are sensation and advertising and not much else. Of course the pictures of life that the newspapers give us are one-sided. Calamity, crime, misbehavior, and everything that is unusual are stressed because they are interesting, and the smoother currents of life do not get proportionate attention. One reads about gunmen, hold-ups, bootleggers, speakeasies, divorce, alimony suits, and automobile accidents until one would think we went in peril of our lives every time we put our heads out of doors, not to speak of our indoor risks. Well, we do take a chance every time we cross the street, and it is a pretty risky civilization that we live in; nevertheless, if you look in the obituary columns you will notice that a due proportion of people live up to the expectation of life and many beyond it, and everybody knows that that expectation has been lengthened to an alarming extent since even a century ago. It has been, indeed, almost doubled—so the statistical people tell us—owing chiefly to the diminishing rate of infant mortality. There are those who think that the papers exaggerate about crime and disorder and divorce, and of course they can over-do it; but it makes more for reformation to make some noise about these things than to suppress or minimize mention of them. That applies particularly to divorce, whereof the main check nowadays is the prospect of headlines in the papers which will give pain to the parties involved.

One impression to be derived from the newspaper picture of current life relates to money; that there is more fun in getting it than there is in spending it; that acquisition is more interesting than distribution and easier to do well. Rich families in which the tradition of public service is handed down and energy and strength of character maintained are not exactly scarce, for there are a good many of them, but they are exceptional and are to be very much admired.

The secret of success in newspaper reading is selection—to seize what belongs to you from day to day and skip the rest. Really, our good papers are very good; indeed, they are quite wonderful. If one gets them in proper variety so as to get the different points of view, and knows how to read them and how not to read them too much, they are worth all they cost even in time; and time and mental energy are the important price that we pay for them.

Personal and Otherwise

DIVORCE in haste and repent at leisure: that would appear to be ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's*** warning to those who contemplate leaving the state of matrimony *via* Paris. Mrs. Bromley, who wrote "The Ethics of Alimony" in our February issue, is a Middle-Westerner now living in New York, who filled editorial and advertising positions for five years and is at present devoting her time to magazine writing. Her present article has been read and approved by two distinguished legal authorities before publication.

Ruth Pratt (Mrs. John T. Pratt), who raises the question whether her sex could possibly spend public money so carelessly as do the gentlemen now in control of municipal politics, is the first woman ever to be elected to the Board of Aldermen of New York City. During the War, she was chairman of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee of the Second Federal Reserve District; she is vice-chairman of the ways and means committee of the Republican National Committee and associate leader of the Republican organization for her district in New York.

Since the recent announcement by a leading American magazine that it would not consider unsolicited manuscripts, there has been some discussion of the attitude which magazines should take toward the new writer. HARPER'S, it is hardly necessary to say, believes in encouraging him and gives his work careful consideration. As a striking instance of the value of this policy, we point to the case of ***Ada Jack Carver*** (Mrs. J. B. Snell of Minden, Louisiana), who was completely unknown to us when she won first prize in our 1924–25 short-story contest with "Redbone." She has become one of our most valued contributors of fiction. Three of her tales have been selected from HARPER'S for inclusion in anthologies of the "best short stories" of 1925 and 1926. We are publishing her latest story, "Singing-Woman," this month.

Henry Noel Brailsford, author of the penetrating article on Mr. Lloyd George and the new part he is playing to-day in the comedy of British politics, is one of the ablest journalists in England. He has been leader-writer successively for the *Manchester Guardian*, *Tribune*, *Daily News*, and *Nation*, and now edits *The New Leader;* he has also written several books on political and international problems.

Most HARPER readers do not need to be reminded that ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton) has a distinguished reputation not only as an essayist, but as a short-story writer (*Vain Oblations*, etc.) and a novelist (*Lost Valley*, etc.). Many of her observations upon subjects as diverse as prize-fighting and culture have appeared recently in HARPER'S.

Born in France, ***James Hopper*** came to this country at the age of eleven. He studied at the University of California, was admitted to the bar, gave up the law for literature, and subsequently became well known as a short-story writer. He now lives at Carmel, California.

Anyone who thinks that the life of a college professor is necessarily one of easy-going remoteness from the affairs of a busy world might consider with profit the record of ***William Bennett Munro,*** author of "The Pendulum of Politics." Not only is he professor of municipal government and chairman of the division of history, government, and economics at Harvard, and author of many excellent and scholarly books on governmental subjects; but in addition he has served on numerous public commissions, has been for many years on the editorial staff of two Harvard graduate publications, and is now a director of a trust company and of a Chamber of Commerce, president of a home

for aged people, and trustee of a boys' welfare organization, of a college, and of a savings bank. His article comes to us from Pasadena, where he is spending a few months.

For over a year ***Albert Jay Nock*** has been living in Europe, where opportunities to see the American tourist in action are plentiful. Mr. Nock's most recent HARPER article, likewise founded largely on his European observations, was "Fists Across the Sea"; his most recent book, a biography of Thomas Jefferson.

Donald Corley is a New York writer whose stories appear frequently in HARPER'S and other magazines.

Were the Puritans really so bleak and blue-nosed as some of our up-to-the-minute intellectuals would have us believe? For a well-considered answer the reader is referred to ***John Macy's*** article. Mr. Macy is the author of *The Story of the World's Literature* and other books, and of the article on "Woman's Equality with Man: A Myth," which stirred up a small tornado when it appeared in our pages last November.

Lewis S. Gannett, who informs us that China also has a younger generation problem, is one of the editors of the New York *Nation*. This is his first appearance in HARPER'S.

Last May we published an article by ***John T. Flynn*** entitled "Who Owns America?" in which he plotted the present course and probable future course of American business development. This month Mr. Flynn writes about success—but not as do most of those who deal so glibly with the subject. Mr. Flynn was managing editor of the New York *Globe* before its extinction by the late Mr. Munsey, and now writes a daily syndicated article on business conditions for a large string of newsapers.

The headnote to ***Dr. Eugenia Schwarzwald's*** two sketches, which show with such sensibility the mind of a child, gives the principal facts of her career.

The two final articles of this issue are the work of two newspaper editorial writers whose articles are frequent and welcome features of HARPER'S MAGAZINE: ***Duncan Aikman*** of the El Paso *Morning Times* and ***Charles Merz*** of the New York *World*.

The poets are ***A. A. Milne,*** who will need no introduction for a generation or two, judging from the popularity with children of *When We Were Very Young* and *Winnie-the-Pooh;* ***Robert Nathan,*** best known perhaps for his fantastic novels, *The Puppet Master*, *Jonah*, and *Fiddler in Barly;* ***Granville Paul Smith*** of Charleston, South Carolina, whose verse has frequently appeared in our pages; and ***Virginia Watson,*** of the editorial staff of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

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The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are ***Frederick L. Allen,*** also of our editorial staff, whose most recent HARPER paper was "The Classified Mispronouncer," published last December; ***Elmer Davis,*** who portrayed Bishop Manning in our pages some months ago, has contributed a number of other articles to the Magazine, and has written several amusing novels, the latest of which is *Friends of Mr. Sweeney;* and ***Frieda Inescort,*** an accomplished actress who is now on tour with "Trelawney of the Wells."

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By way of variety, we plan occasionally to reproduce an etching instead of a painting for the frontispiece of the Magazine, and this month, through the kind permission of Francis H. Robertson, Publisher, we are using for this purpose an etching by ***Warren Davis,*** the well-known New York artist, whose studio is in the scarcely sylvan glades of Forty-Second Street. Next month we shall reproduce in full colors a painting by Charles W. Hawthorne.

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The Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest closed on March 5. Up to the last days few manuscripts were received, but a deluge descended upon us on Monday, March 7, and Tuesday, March 8, proving that the American undergraduate had once more been exercising his prerogative of waiting until the last possible minute. There were many hundreds of manuscripts, from colleges all over the United States. We hope that the Judges will be able to make their decision in time for us to announce the results and publish the winning contribution in the next issue of the Magazine.

One thing is already apparent. There is more indication this year than last of a widespread desire among undergraduates to deal frankly with the problems which they themselves face. There are more discussions of college life, of higher education in general, of the relations between young people and their parents, and of the broader question—which seems especially to concern them—of the place of religion in modern life and of the attitude they should take toward it.

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Mrs. Bromley's paper on "The Ethics of Alimony" draws vigorously appreciative comment from a reader in Erie, Pennsylvania:

Those of us (women) who resent the actions and reactions of parasitical women, alimony-hunters, and professional "wives" whose end and aim is visible or invisible means of support in styles to which they are not accustomed, hope that your Magazine will publish more material like that in a late issue, touching upon this increasingly important and significant subject. The petty rages of idle women, whose entire time and effort are spent on futility, directed against their subsidizers at the slightest provocation, make the ugliest and most dangerous phase of our national life. The "divorce evil" would no longer exist were the precious fruits of it withdrawn from the idle wives as profiteers. If a matriarchy is to be established here, let it not be founded on alimony only!

The English press is awake to our situation in this regard—why not our own?

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William Allen White's "Cheer Up, America!" has found some readers who refuse to be optimistic on his terms. We quote from a letter which calls upon the editors to throw forward their "full reserves of Jeremiahs, devil's advocates, and plain, hard-boiled pessimists, to cry out upon us and restore us again to the dumps whence Mr. White has so gratuitously boosted us":

"Self-respect, cheap" seems to be the balm which America offers wholesale to her elect, according to Mr. William Allen White's glad tidings in your March issue. Well, and if so, what of it? One is as free to dislike that ideal now as before, even though the Sage of Emporia has voiced it, and in the new HARPER'S at that.

The Gospel of Easy-Pickings, with its marvels and its miracles—how subtly it inspires, how invincibly it sets its seal upon those who have imbibed it in purity of heart! How zealously it is dinned into American ears by its propagandists high and low, innocent or with axes to grind! And now, just when the dogma of the full dinner-pail is giving signs of collapse under its own spiritual emptiness, comes Mr. White brilliantly philosophizing and theologizing the ancient hoax anew. . . .

It may be fairly objected to Mr. White's "Cheer Up, America!" that it exalts *quantity* of self-respect (that unique gift of the U. S. A.!) at the expense of *quality;* that it takes no account of what happens to Mr. Yank's self-respect when the financial basis thereof happens to evaporate; that, indeed, *self-respect,* as bodied forth in character, and *self-satisfaction,* as manifested in a well-paunched complacency, are two quite different qualities; and that Mr. White, while painting our future in rainbow colors of bliss, really leaves us without a ray of rational hope for that longer future after the fat of the land shall have been fried out as Americans know how to fry it. But as these considerations are dismal and tedious, I shall not pursue them, but hopefully lift mine ear for the outcry of your more capable Cassandras later.

But Mr. White, it appears, has given "an unpleasant thought to many minds," although "paid to think and not to offend." Rushing to the defence of the American sailor boy, we publish the following earnest protest from a member of the United States armed forces on the Caribbean Sea, a copy of which was sent to us:

Dear Mr. White:

Usually, I do not go about snooping into other people's affairs, but this time I am going to take a crack at yours. I refer to your article in HARPER'S of March, entitled, "Cheer Up, America!" Briefly, I will come to the point and tell you what I read in it which I thought very objectionable, and which, I am sure, you did not mean to slight the American man-o'-war's man as you did. The sentence reads:

"He gambles with his gains like a drunken sailor."

You didn't have to use that expression "like a drunken sailor" did you, Mr. White? More harm than effect, I think. I don't care what you say, no matter who reads it, they will immediately think of the American sailor boy. Nothing to cheer up America about that, is there, Mr. White? We sailor boys have our misgivings, I grant you that, but please do not tell the world about it. As a writer, you are paid to think and not to offend.

Can't you visualize the number of mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives and friends that will come in contact with your article and read that trite expression? Not only that, Mr. White, but it gives an unpleasant thought to many minds.

Mr. White, I ask that you do not repeat the phrase in your future articles and also that you do all in your power to suppress its usage. Please accept this letter in good will and remember that I only wrote it in hopes that you will see my side of it—the sailor boy's side. I am sending a copy of this letter to the editor of HARPER'S.

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J. B. S. Haldane's paper, "The Last Judgment," attracted an unusual amount of favorable attention. Yet apparently there are quarters in which its picture of mankind colonizing Venus and then re-colonizing the earth was ill-received. Here is a note from a reader who hails—as he puts it—from Johnson City, Tennessee (Monkey State), and is the author of *The Ship of Light*, a book which "deals with all questions pertaining to man in an unbiased manner, and administers no poison, dogma, nor 'isms' to confuse":

Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:

For the sake of Dear Mike don't punish your readers more with prophetic articles from J. B. S. Haldane, reader in biochemistry, Cambridge University; especially if they are akin to "The Last Judgment" in the March number of your valuable magazine.

It has been asked, "Why are suicides common nowadays among college students?" Search no longer for an answer; but try to read "The Last Judgment" by a university professor and get the correct solution. Talk about "monkeyism" down South, and "ignorance" among the Southern Mountaineers; I'd rather a child grew up influenced by nature's environment than to be harassed by a professor's jazz literature.

If you are really hard up for something to fill out your magazine pages, allow a few articles to be published from "Away down South" where people are normal and live on sow-belly and kraut, eat three square meals each day and sleep like healthy children all night; and who laugh like the voice of giants, and work like hell to make both ends meet. Humph!

Yours truly,

J. A. DENTON.

❦ ❦ ❦

An able reply to the anonymous author of "Why I Quit Business" has come to us from Ernest G. Draper, treasurer of the Hills Brothers Company of New York. Mr. Draper agrees that continuous business thinking has its effect on the human mind, but does not think that that is an argument for leaving one's job. He agrees that business is disintegrating, that the great majority of business men are "aggressive, exploitive, conceited, uneducated, greedy, slick"—but so, he says, are men in other walks of life. The man who cannot stand a business environment is likely to be discontented in any environment. Mr. Draper concludes:

The final and chief weakness of the anonymous author's article is, it seems to me, its concluding plea that business men should leave their field in early life so that they may educate themselves by other methods. If we grant the great need for trained intelligence in the business life, what hope will there be for the future of business if its best minds desert it just as they are becoming the most effective? The anonymous author sees no embarrassment in this question, for he takes it as a fact that no man can educate himself to be of real value and still remain in business. That is the crux of the problem and upon it hangs our complete answer. Any man who is a real man can educate himself anywhere, in any field. Thoreau did it and he sold pencils. Bunyan did it and he was in jail. Filene has done it, and he keeps a store. The man who has to have a carefully prepared, properly ventilated atmosphere before he can soak in a little culture is not very much of a man after all.

Men can be good and kind and educated in business as well as in any other calling. The fact that it is harder to be so is really an argument to remain, at least for those who are strong-minded enough to face the dangers. Business needs the educated man. It needs him more to-day than, perhaps, ever before.

APR 19

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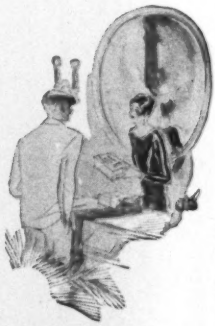

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The author of this article was brought up by a stepmother, and herself, as a stepmother, is now bringing up another woman's children. Out of her personal experience, she writes sympathetically of the emotional problems involved in this difficult and increasingly frequent relationship.

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A story which nobody who has visited New York is likely soon to forget.

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Selected by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, ELINOR WYLIE, AND WILLIAM McFEE

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

COL. T. E. LAWRENCE, who led the Arabs against the Turks in the World War, has finally published his book. So much has been written about it the last few years, and so many odd circumstances preceded its publication, that it would be entirely in keeping to find this record dull and lifeless. But it happens to be otherwise. *Revolt in the Desert* is easily the most captivating book of the season.

The personality of Thomas Edward Lawrence has long been a subject for romantic conjecture. When the war broke out he was excavating for the British Museum on the Euphrates. He was twenty-six, studious, aggressive, with a fine regard for red tape. He served the British Foreign Office in Cairo and then galvanized the Arab revolt, and was its principal inspiration and leader. During the Peace Conference he went to Paris with Feisal, now King of Irak, and there I met him a number of times and, like many others, became an ardent admirer of his way of doing business. The circumstances of the publication of *Revolt in the Desert* are too long to record here; it is an abridgment of a book called *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* which Lawrence printed personally for a few friends, and which to-day is priced at twenty thousand dollars by its author to keep it from general circulation. Lawrence is now said to be a private in a tank corps.

Revolt in the Desert turns out to be not only picturesque in the extreme, but highly entertaining on account of the personality that shines through. Here is a spirited style, a direct and frank manner, and a quick comprehension of men and motives. The impression one draws from so many travel books—that of the author's standing aloof and watching strange people eat with their fingers—is eliminated, and here the reader feels that he is participating in these adventures through the character of Lawrence. Yet Lawrence misses nothing; the ways of the tribes, described with canny insight, give a better impression of the human pattern of the Arabian desert than anything I have read; their leaders, who have been wild, incomprehensible men to us, become human beings who have their own ways of solving the problems of life; Feisal himself is pictured in his tactful, gentle, and yet firm leadership; as for the routine of the war, it becomes another romance like *The Three Musketeers*.

Just how this guerilla warfare of Asia Minor was waged is a remarkable story. The night rides, the attempts to pierce the enemy's lines, the harassment of his communications, the blowing up of railway lines and confiscation of stores of food, the desperate sallies into open desert country under the eyes of the enemy's aviators, these adventures give many lively pages to this book. But the characterizations of the Arab leaders, their ways of negotiation and intercourse, and their independence likewise make the book invaluable. I have always felt since meeting Lawrence that, despite his learning and political acumen, he has a fine sense of humor. It seems to crop out in his observations in this work. It is not a cheap humor, but a lively appreciation of

contrast and irony in the phenomena of life.

Merely to quote a paragraph out of this book here and there would be inept. It would hardly do justice to the rest of it. *Revolt in the Desert* holds vast entertainment and information and is rich in color taken from the sea and the sky and from the lips of men. It combines a history of the war with a book of travel and a social study of other peoples. That seems to indicate sufficiently the type of book it is. (Geo. H. Doran Co.)

William Beebe Hunts Pheasants

One reason that the writings of William Beebe are so attractive is that he is more than the naturalist; he is an observer of all forms of life—beetles, birds, fishes, quadrupeds, and human society. His book of this spring is called *Pheasant Jungles*, and deals chiefly with his expeditions into Burma, northern India, and Borneo in search for strange pheasants. There are eight articles, some of which have been published heretofore in magazines. He goes to Ceylon by way of Egypt and finds much to interest him on the way. The Tamils and the Cinghalese catch his eye, and Hambantotta is his headquarters before he treads the Ceylon jungle. He is as likely to describe elephants as beetles. He describes a wild peacock annoying a snake known as Russell's viper, coming back again and again to make the viper strike. He meets a singing tortoise, and is chased up a tree by water buffaloes. Yet some of his most fascinating passages deal with the pheasants in the Himalayas, for he had his headquarters in Rarhwal on the border of Kashmir and there caught some remarkable studies with his camera. In the Burmese jungle Beebe sometimes had to "caterpillar for hundreds of yards through thorns and dense shrub," to find the pheasants. "Sometimes the prize was a glossy jungle-fowl, with drooping tail and red and gold ruff, or black and white silvers with scarlet wattled heads erect and on the alert."

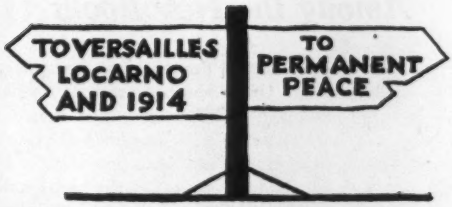
IRVING BACHELLER
Author of "Dawn: A Lost Romance of the Time of Christ"

In Malaysia Beebe found not only birds but interesting human beings, and one whole article is devoted to the Dyaks of Borneo, with much comment on their friendliness, their kindness to a stranger, and their unsophisticated ways. It was while in the community house of one of the Dyaks as a guest that Beebe looked up and beheld directly above him, suspended from the roof by slender strips of bamboo fiber, a circle of dried human heads, each one equally distant from its neighbor. These were the trophies of a wild adventure; for the Dyaks are head-hunters. Yet nothing savage or ferocious came out in their conduct to Beebe, save that they indulged in a dance that brought out some of the primitive emotions. "I was told that a Dyak is sometimes quite mad for days after taking a head," writes Beebe. "I realized the infinite tact and strength with which the two English rajahs of Sarawak, Sir James and Sir Charles Brooke, have striven to abolish this practice, the greatest passion of the Dyaks, having its roots in courtship, and in their ideas of immortality and filial affection."

There is much in *Pheasant Jungles* to take the reader out of the routine of American life. Many colorful pictures sketched by Beebe will stay with you. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

More About Borneo Headhunters

Mr. Beebe's book may whet the appetite of the reader for more details about the headhunters of Borneo, in which case he will find at hand a most interesting story prepared by another scientific adventurer, William O. Krohn, called *In Borneo Jungles*. Doctor Krohn visited Borneo on behalf of the Field Museum of Natural History of Chicago. He put in all his time with the Dyaks, visited numerous tribes in their native villages, and



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Among the New Books

observed their daily life and their ceremonials. We have, therefore, a book that brings the Dyaks under the microscope. Incidentally Doctor Krohn visited Java and found that the Dutch had made many improvements in schools, sanitation, and surgical methods. He had many opportunities to observe the Dyaks in Dutch Borneo, and describes their habits and ceremonies in great detail. The Dutch are working hard to abolish the practice of headhunting, and Doctor Krohn encountered headhunters on the way to prison for their crimes. "The punishment of three years' imprisonment at hard labor for these five Dyaks found guilty of murder by headhunting seems a ridiculously mild penalty," writes Doctor Krohn, "until one recalls that three years' confinement in a town prison means fifteen or twenty years taken off the life of a Dyak who heretofore has roamed almost at will, far and wide in the pathless jungle." He became acquainted with one of the men and, on asking him why he had gone on a headhunting expedition, received this answer: "Always, always have our ancestors taken heads. It is more important to satisfy the spirits of our dead ancestors who desire us to take heads than it is to please the government." Apparently the custom has not yet died out for, "in all great events human heads must be secured." *In Borneo Jungles* is published by the Bobbs Merrill Company.

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER
Author of "Carry On Sergeant"

Motley Measures by B. L. T.

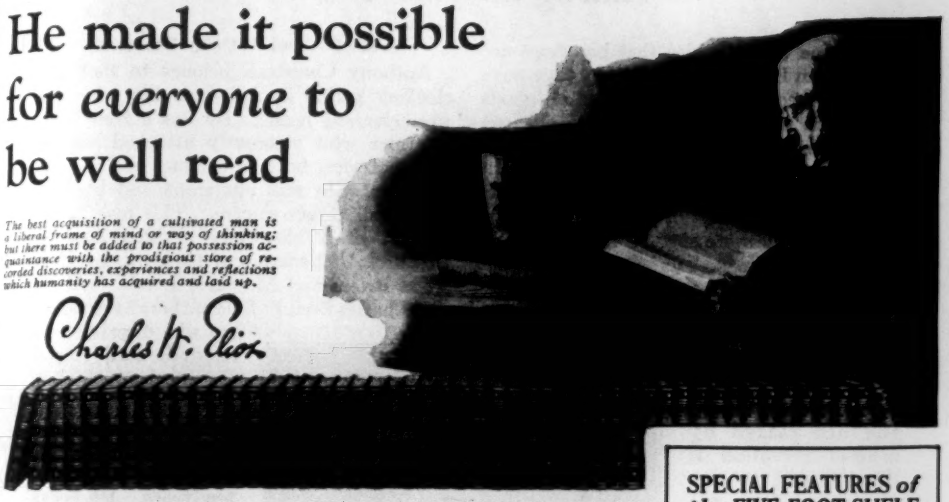
Some of the most memorable verses that have brought good cheer to this land have been written by newspaper humorists. Such poetry has always been of a high quality. Bert Leston Taylor wrote a great deal of it—the man who edited a column of verse and observations for the Chicago *Tribune* for many years up to his death in 1921. He was known to many thousands as B. L. T., and his column was called "The Line," from its caption, "A Line o' Type or Two." For the last few years the house of Knopf has been reprinting his writings, and *Motley Measures*, just issued, contains some of his best "sophisticated light verse." Ring Lardner has provided a foreword in which he speaks of the high quality B. L. T. demanded in the work of his correspondents, and what standards he also set for himself. In Chicago Taylor was much more than a common denominator of his audience; he was a cultural force, and many, indeed, took his tips on books and followed his comment on the theater and current affairs. This book contains some of his best wit and amusing verse. But here and there his love of the outdoors crops out, as in "Silver Birches," "The Road to Anywhere," and "Ballade of the Pipesmoke Carry." He was at his best in timely verses and cared little for dignity, as is proved by this "Supplication":

Bind me in paper or
bind me in boards;
If merit there be, let
the text within
show it.
Let nothing be added,
Don't let me be
padded,"
And keep me from
being an "Ooze
Leather Poet."

Chesterton's *The Outline of Sanity*

After reading G. K. Chesterton for many years it is probably no heresy to set down that one reads him not for what he says, but for the way he says it. His way of taking exception to what he states is current belief, and then pointing out exactly what everyone except himself has failed to see is inimitable. He has long ago fallen into a mannerism that is now a part of him. His new collection of papers, *The Outline of Sanity*, is supposed to deal with some of the problems of our time, but this need not deter the reader who is more romantically inclined. Chesterton discusses the drawbacks of the machine age, the place of the individual in a standardized civilization, the effect of big shops and little shops—and so gives the appearance of timeliness, whereas there is little that he says that can be applied practically. He

He made it possible for *everyone* to be well read



The best acquisition of a cultivated man is a liberal frame of mind or way of thinking; but there must be added to that possession acquaintance with the prodigious store of recorded discoveries, experiences and reflections which humanity has acquired and laid up.

Charles W. Eliot

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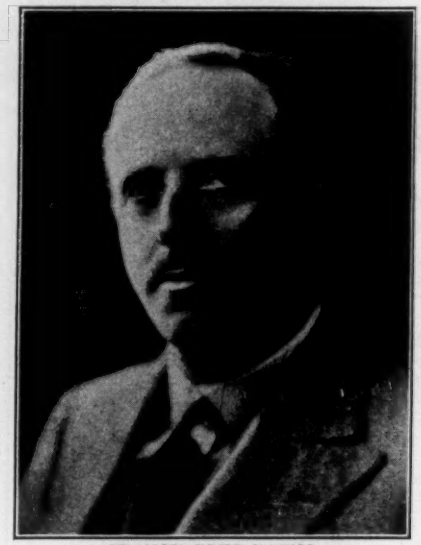
takes issue with the idea that big shops are better than little shops, that they save anyone any inconvenience by having all goods under one roof, or that they are efficient in handling their products; in this, obviously, he speaks from an English viewpoint. In America the big shops are more convenient, and certainly many of them are highly efficient, much more so than little shops, in the delivery of goods. The only argument that Chesterton makes that stands up is that little shops give personal attention, and that no valuable product can be made in quantity. In discussing machines Chesterton feels that the din raised by modern invention is detrimental to our thinking: "We are certainly not getting the most individual or the most interesting qualities out of men." He objects to "this plangent yell of platitudes which stuns and stops their minds." He continues, "If by machinery saving labor, and therefore producing leisure, be meant the machinery that now achieves what is called mass production, I cannot see any vital value in the leisure; because there is in that leisure nothing of liberty. The man may only work for an hour with his machine-made tools, but he can only run away and play for twenty-three hours with machine-made toys. Everything he handles has to come from a huge machine that he cannot handle. Everything must come from something to which, in the current capitalist phrase, he can only lend 'a hand.' Now as this would apply to intellectual and artistic toys as well as to merely material toys, it seems to me that the machine would dominate him for a much longer time than his hand had to turn the handle." In another place Chesterton writes, "I am one of those who believe that the cure for centralization is decentralization." If you are interested in following the author up and down Paradox valley on this hobby horse you may find *The Outline of Sanity* to your liking. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)



FRANCIS BRET YOUNG
Author of "Love Is Enough"

A Book About Anthony Comstock

Anthony Comstock belongs to that fascinating period in American life when we were cleaning house. He was a New York reformer who vigorously attacked various forms of vice, both in conduct and in publications. He was intolerant and bigoted, but in all things sincere. This man is the subject of a biography entitled *Anthony Comstock, Roundsman of the Lord*, by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech. (Albert and Charles Boni.) The authors have looked up old diaries and records and found Comstock much more interesting than might have been supposed from the abuse heaped upon him in the last ten years. He began life as the son of a Connecticut farmer, in a religious family of fine old Puritan traditions. Some of these traditions were not so fine and led directly to intolerance. But the authors, who approached this man from the liberal point of view, discovered that there was much to redeem him in his career. He was naturally narrow, but he was never a hypocrite. He believed in smiting vice, and he hit hard all his life. Opposition and abuse did not deter him. He said that "In the forty-one years I have been here I have convicted persons enough to fill a passenger train of sixty-one coaches, sixty coaches containing sixty passengers each and the sixty-first almost full. I have destroyed 160 tons of obscene literature." This man was a soldier in the Civil War and a God-fearing man, in the old phrase; he prayed often, tried to keep his mind from impure thoughts, and attempted to regulate the conduct of others. The career of such a man must be judged in the light of his times, and the authors have done so. Although "moral endeavor" is now recognized as a profession, and reformers are often skilled business men, Mr. Broun believes that Comstock "remained until the end a talented amateur. He loved his job. The pay was incidental."

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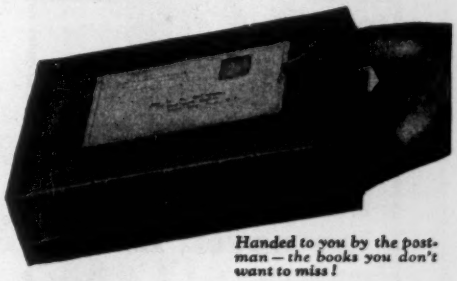

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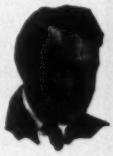

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He also says that "Anthony Comstock had moral earnestness and it can't be faked. His concern was with Puritan theology rather than Puritan ethics." This book is a document in the study of our times. The authors have given a very fair study of the man and thus enabled us to judge him for ourselves. Although the book is a frank study of the man, and to some extent critical, it cannot be called iconoclastic. It is merely written without the sentimental eulogies that might attach to a story coming from the Puritan quarter. It has more than a passing value.

The Road to the Temple

The intellectual vagabondage of George Cram Cook—to use a term which Floyd Dell has made the title of a book—has given us a delightful memorial volume in *The Road to the Temple*, by Susan Glaspell. George Cram Cook is best known in New York City for founding the Provincetown Players and presenting Eugene O'Neill for the first time, as well as for his intellectual leadership of a small but highly effective group during the last decade. When he passed fifty a few years ago Cook determined to achieve his ambition and visit Greece, there to mingle with the people and try to recapture something of ancient Hellas. But he died soon after his arrival from an infectious disease, and lies buried beside the temple of Apollo at Delphi. He had a philosophical turn of mind and was more contemplative than creative, always seeking the riddle of existence, delving into the recesses of the mind and looking upon life with a sort of hopelessness tinged with wonder. To my mind it is as fascinating to follow his adventures of the mind as it is to walk in the shadow of what we call a great creative artist. His experiences were in the West and in the East. In Iowa he lived on a farm and made friends with nature, and some of the best passages in this book deal with his horse Daisy, his brook, and his fields. Here he sat by the running water and saw it slowly eating away the shale rock, and set down that somewhere on that stone was the spot where the brook would run the day he died. It is an eloquent poem, called "Though Stone be Broken," and it was one of the luminous parts of another and small memorial to Cook called *Greek Coins* which was written by Susan Glaspell, Floyd Dell, and Edna Kenton last year. The present book, *The Road to the Temple*, has some remarkable stories to tell

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of Cook's life in Greece. He wanted to be one of the people, to take down the words of modern Greek from their lips, and to translate the classic drama into living speech. He adopted their dress, sat with them in the wineshop, met them in the streets, and so became a hero in their eyes. "They called him the King of the Shepherds when he walked through Delphi in these clothes," writes the author. "His tunic of black and white, embroidered in white, fitted to the waist, and with full short skirt, the rich tone of the long white woolen tights—it made him very tall, and indeed kingly. His long, heavy staff with its carved head had been given to him by a villager, because Jig (Cook) said it was the most beautiful one he had seen. He loved its strength and the feel of it under his hand." Cook was both a teacher of literature and a critic, having at one time assisted Floyd Dell in writing the literary section of the Chicago *Post*. But at Provincetown, Mass., he found an opportunity to improvise a theater and to prepare plays which, produced later in an old barn on Macdougal Street, New York City, became a part of modern dramatic progress. For anyone interested in the cultural aspirations and gropings of America *The Road to the Temple* is a rich volume. Not only that, it is the tale of a fascinating career.

Writing of the spring of Castalian waters near the temple of Apollo, renowned through the ages, Miss Glaspell says: "There is drama at the Castalian spring. Through the day people stop there to rest under the great plane tree. Beasts returning from the field drink of the historic waters; that water is indeed the coldest and purest of lower Parnassos. 'Castalia! Castalia!' they say, meaning it is no ordinary water they offer now. If you sit at the source of the spring between those two rocks, each one a mountain, as from a distinguished seat you observe the pageantry, the ritual, of a village returning from the fields—flocks waiting their turn, women scolding boys with goats, quarrels and reunions, always excitement about beasts, as, on toward home, they pass the Temple where Greeks walked at evening long before." There are many such glimpses in this alluring book. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

Reprinting *The Ring and the Book*

Walter Hampden's production of "Caponsacchi," a play based on "The Ring and the Book" by Robert Browning, has led to the republication of that poem by the Thos. Y.

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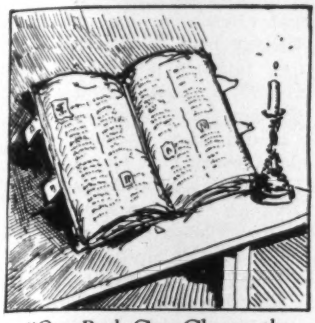

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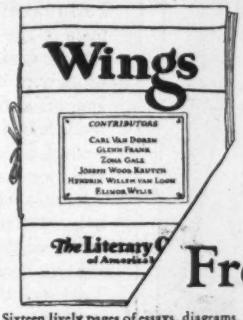

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Crowell Co., of New York. For the occasion Montrose J. Moses has written a new introduction, describing not only the scheme of the poem and how it came to be written, but the circumstances of its production as a play. Mr. Moses writes: "A poet-critic of these days speaks of the 'worn-out mythology of Keats' and begs for new heroes and new gods in a new mythology born of the web and woof of our own times; a novelist-essayist reinterprets Helen of Troy and Sir Galahad in terms of the new psychology and new relationships; a dramatist exclaims that 'Othello' should be rewritten. One has visible evidence in Shakespeare's 'Antony and Cleopatra,' Dryden's 'All for Love,' and Shaw's 'Cæsar and Cleopatra' that every age desires to hear its own rhythms and its own colloquial language. Dramatic history has few plots that have not their famous sources. Since this method is not only permissible but acceptable, the authors of the drama 'Caponsacchi' might have brought to their source some of the creativeness which Browning brought to the dry bones of the Latin court proceedings. Except where the lines of the poet are used, one feels a mediocrity of creativeness, even though the points of view of the main characters, Caponsacchi, Pompilia, Guido, and the Pope are faithfully transcribed and kept vital. Having witnessed Shaw's 'Saint Joan,' or read it, having pondered the marvellously conceived speeches of the Inquisitor, one speculates, after having seen or read 'Caponsacchi,' what would have happened had the collaborators brought to the court of justice in the Vatican the same full knowledge Shaw brought to the trial of Joan, and the same fulness of understanding Browning put into the legal processes of the seventeenth century." Mr. Moses has thus indicated what he considers some of the weaknesses of the play. His admiration for the book remains unbounded: "*The Ring and the Book* is for the novelist, the poet, the playwright, since it is so fully, so abundantly illustrative of the processes of all three." The notes and comment by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke are very useful. Who in our day would undertake to write such a long and detailed poem as "The Ring and the Book"?

In Small Compass

Four helpful books have been added to the Modern Library. They are *The Philosophy of Spinoza*, a digest of his writings with an introduction by Joseph Ratner of Columbia

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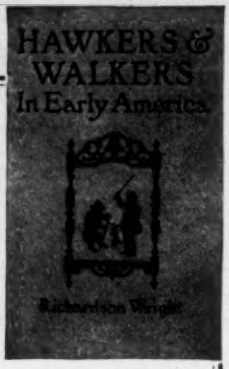

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The publishers of the Modern Library, Bennett A. Cerf and Donald S. Klopfer, have joined with Elmer Adler, head of the Pynson Printers, in a new publishing venture to be known as Random House, which will issue limited editions. They have also acquired the American agency for the sale of the limited editions of the Nonesuch Press, of which the first is *Benito Cereno* by Herman Melville, illustrated by E. McKnight Kauffer. Among the unusual books that will bear the imprint of the Nonesuch Press in 1927 are a printing of *The Divine Comedy* in Italian and English, with forty double-page reproductions of illustrations by Botticelli; *The Seasons* by James Thomson; the Works of Sir John Vanbrugh, in four volumes; *Pencil Drawings by William Blake*, *Pilgrim's Progress* by John Bunyan, and *The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine* by William Cobbett.

Elmer Gantry by Sinclair Lewis

If the object of Sinclair Lewis in writing *Elmer Gantry* was to smite the provincialism of the small-town church and expose the hypocrisy of professional evangelists, then he has failed in his purpose. But if he meant merely to show the career of a blackguard and a seducer who wore the cloth, then he has succeeded. For *Elmer Gantry* is of little value as a picture of provincial church conditions. The author has overreached himself. He has drawn as his principal character a man so devoid of spiritual insight and so thoroughly crooked that the clergy need not even rise in their own defense. *Elmer Gantry* holds the interest from first to last and, taken altogether, it is a formidable book, but it is hardly a piece with *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Its principal quality is the gusto with which Lewis writes, and as an

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exhibition of his reporting ability, his faculty of heaping up incidents and characteristics, it is remarkable. All the things that can happen to the outside of a man like Gantry are here set down, but there is no insight into his inner life. We have Elmer Gantry from the time when in college he debates his career and finally decides for the ministry in an emotional moment when he is supposed to hear the "call"; from that time on he is a hypocrite and a bungler, but he is also very little of a minister. We follow him through various charges, until finally, at the peak of his career, he becomes the principal support of a woman evangelist who travels about exhorting the mob and turning a pretty penny. Although Lewis has tried to show Sharon Falconer as a strange conglomerate of emotional religion, a woman whose ecstatic outpourings often have a sexual basis, he has really made her an interesting figure, compensating us to some extent for the one-sidedness of Elmer Gantry. But Elmer himself is nothing more than a blackguard; he misleads individuals as well as congregations, and there is no excuse for him, nor any growth in him. Some of his escapades are melodramatic; but it is my belief that Lewis has missed fire in some of the best situations. Certainly he has missed the opportunity to write a great novel about the provincial church and the professional exhorter. A tremendous preoccupation with the viciousness of Elmer seems to have blinded Lewis to the quiet spirituality of little towns, the place of the little church in American backwoods settlements, the types of men that make up its ministry, both ignorant and designing, self-sacrificing and self-exploiting. *Elmer Gantry* is a long book—well over 160,000 words. It has some interesting situations, some passages illuminated with the mild irony that Lewis writes so well. In building up a landscape none can seize on more details than Lewis, but in building up a character he is frequently sidetracked by a trait that appeals to him. The novel may no doubt appeal to those who feel that the professional evangelist must be exposed at whatever cost, but to those of us to whom propaganda is less important it reads more like brilliant reporting of a despicable career, and little more than that. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

Life in a Primitive Community

It may be said that the hero of Julia Peterkin's new novel, *Black April*, is the negro who goes by that name, the foreman of

a South Carolina plantation who is a little tsar in his own right. But to me it seems that life itself is the hero, for this book is more than the study of a career. So much enters into it—the lives of half a dozen people, the everyday tasks on the farm, the joys and sorrows of simple, black folk—that the book becomes more than a mere story. For that matter, I might easily nominate Lil' Breeze the hero, for the book has much to do with his boyish growth; it opens with his birth, and as the story unfolds we come to know him well and his little conjectures about life, the harsh work he does on the farm, and the difficulties he gets into with the elders who insist on giving him his education. Mrs. Peterkin has set these people down in their native habitat; she has taken their picturesque language and woven it into the story, and every now and then she discloses her knowledge of their superstitions and their customs, thus giving this book a genuine value for the student of folk lore and negro life. It is quaint to us because we do not speak and act this way, but the reader is scarcely aware of any quaintness, for he feels a sense of the fulness of life, the progression of day to day tasks. From "birthing" to quilting, from plowing to duck hunting, from attendance at church to hog killing, all these events play a part in the story, and the animals of the farm, of the air and the woods, the flowers of the fields and the cotton and the corn are woven into this chronicle. The talks between Big Sue and Uncle have a homely humor that is never strained, yet remains intensely amusing. Tragedy also stalks through the tale, grim tragedy, and April's end is strange, horrible, and yet told with restraint and sympathy. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

Answers to Inquiries

It is interesting to note how those who are, for various reasons, in foreign lands are anxious to keep in touch with the things they knew and liked in America. One correspondent, H. Miller, now in London, England, has written asking for the correct name of an art magazine, and how he can procure it, which he used to purchase when living here. We are very sorry to have to tell him that the one he refers to, called Masters of Art, is no longer published. As a substitute we suggest *The Arts*, published by The Arts, 19 East 59th Street, New York City. . . . Returning once more to America, from Buffalo, New York, came a letter requesting

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information about Theodore Dreiser and his book, *An American Tragedy*. Mrs. Carrie L. Hager states that it is her privilege and duty to talk to the Book Club, to which she belongs, on this book and author. She is advised to write directly to Mr. Dreiser's publishers, Boni and Liveright, 61 West 48th Street, New York City, for criticisms and material on this novel and its writer. Also to read *Theodore Dreiser* by Burton Rascoe, published by Robert H. McBride & Co., 7 West 16th Street, New York City, priced $1.00. . . . Mrs. Edwin Taylor, Germantown, Pa., wishes to know if two books by Dillwyn Parrish have been published. The titles are *Daniel Amongst the Women* and *Gray Sheep*. Neither of these have as yet been put in book form. The former will be published some time during 1928 and the latter in the autumn of 1927. Both by Harper & Bros. She also requested information as to where she might purchase *Ask Me Another* and a similar quiz book. The publisher of *Ask Me Another* is Viking Press, 30 Irving Place, New York City. The price of this book is $1.60. For another book of this type, we suggest *Answer This One*, $1.50, published by E. J. Clode, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . . The past month brought two letters from Lawrence, Kansas, both written within a day of each other, so we shall take them in the order they were received. J. R. Cygon wished to know if there is anything published on how to prepare manuscript for publishers. He will find useful *The Author's Book*, a pamphlet which covers this accurately and is put out by The Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for $.50. Also we suggest *The Truth About Publishing* by Stanley Unwin, the British publisher, $2.00, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass. As an additional book, more a directory for writers than the others named, we mention *Where and How to Sell Manuscript*, published by The Home Correspondence School, Springfield, Mass., and priced at $3.50. . . . Our other Lawrence, Kansas, correspondent, R. Morgan, wants to know where to find something about Elizabeth Madox Roberts and her book *The Time of Man*. We suggest that she write to Miss Roberts' publisher, The Viking Press (address given above), who will forward any information both on the book and the author. . . . Some titles of books of plays suitable for schools and colleges were requested by George Blount, Baltimore, Md. There are many titles we might give and we hereby

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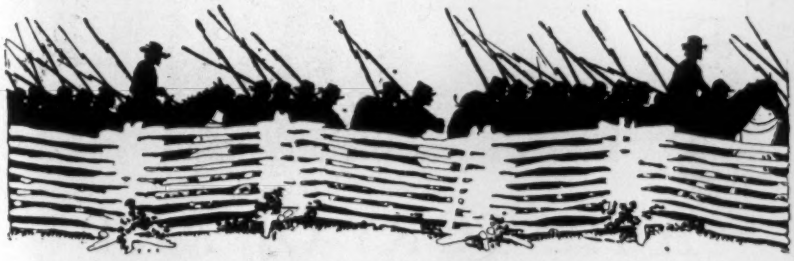

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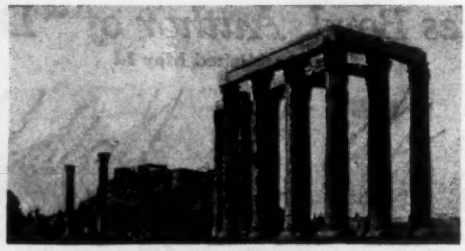

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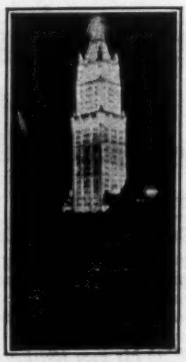

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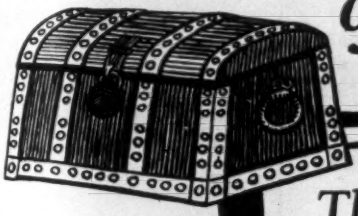

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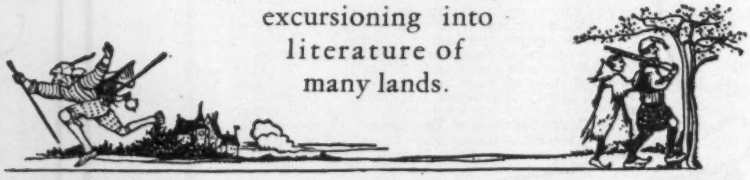

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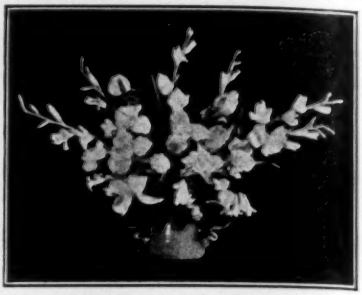
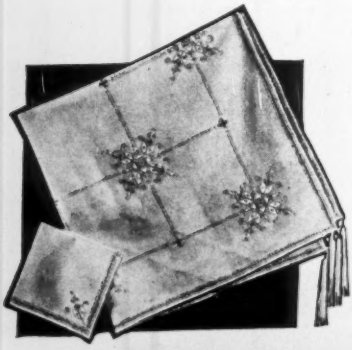
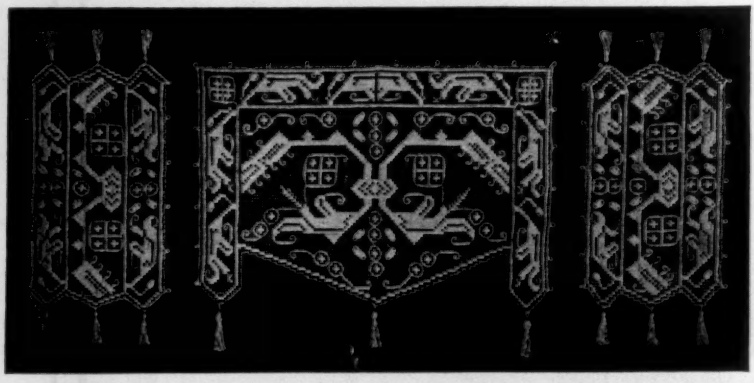


The gift shops of New York all resemble florists' shops now, with these lovely wax flowers, so beautiful that few can detect them from the real. Jonquils and tulips, larkspur and snapdragons, orchids and roses and many other varieties ranging in price from $.70 to $4.00 a stalk. Write us for further information about these.

In one of the smart little Madison Avenue shops we came upon this pure crystal, hand-blown Graystan glassware, recently imported from England, and shown exclusively in this shop. This vase is an exquisite whitish green, stands 13 inches high, and is priced at $15.00, express collect.



Here are but two of the innumerable things from the linen shops which we know you will love to have for your home or trousseau, or as a gift. The Italian linen bridge set in five pieces, very simple and good-looking, is priced at $8.50. The hand-made Burato lace chair-back and arms is $6.75. We can gladly send you this or anything else from dish towels to monogrammed linen sheets.



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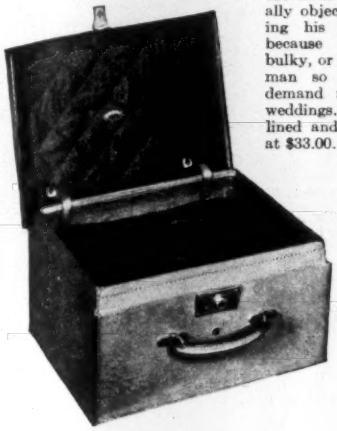
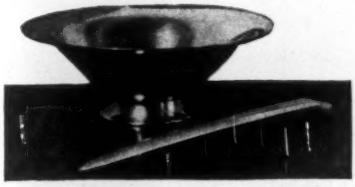
In a men's furnishing shop we found this tan leather hat box, and thought what a stunning gift it would make for the man who usually objects to taking his high hat because it is so bulky, or the young man so much in demand at Spring weddings. It is silk lined and is priced at $33.00.





A shop devoted to hand-wrought work of America's foremost craftsman is full of tempting things in pewter, silver, jewelry, copper, iron and pottery. These two things are typical and are both practical and beautiful. The bowl, of pewter with a satin finish, measures ten inches across the top and stands 3¾ inches high. Price $10.00 express collect. The two-handled bonbon dish of solid silver measures 10 inches from end to end. Price $34.00 express collect.

Spring time and Golf! Here is an ideal gift for a golfing friend, particularly nice as the box may be used for cigarettes long after the last ball has been lost to sight in that ditch on the 9th hole. 12 U. S. Royal Golf Balls in a walnut box, cedar lined, 6" x 7½" x 2½" for $14.75. Also comes in smaller size with six balls for $6.75.

Silver Syrup Jug. Reproduction of an early Colonial Piece.

A quaint Syrup Jug copied in London from an early Colonial Jug taken to England during the American Revolution. The scroll billet for raising the lid is similar to those found on tankards of the Period.

Price of the Syrup Jug, $60.00.

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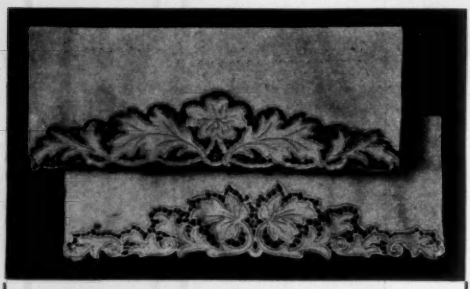

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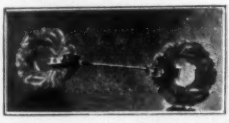
Snake bracelet studded with rhinestones, $5.50.



The newest hat-pin, circles of jade or crystal with rhinestone bar, $2.95.

A bow-knot pin of rhinestones for your hat or your shoulder, $3.95.

And now, ash trays by Fish! The drawings of this clever English artist have proved delightful for years; now her work is being reproduced in porcelain ware which has caught the exact spirit of her talent. Bathing girls, cupids, pages, all sprightly and colorful. One ash tray is unique in that a hidden steel pin attaches it firmly to wicker or upholstered furniture. The price of this one is $2.50, and the others $2.00. Powder boxes are $3.00, express collect.

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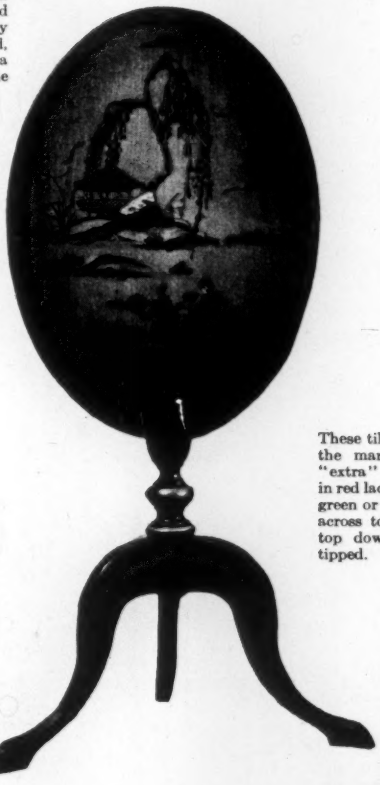
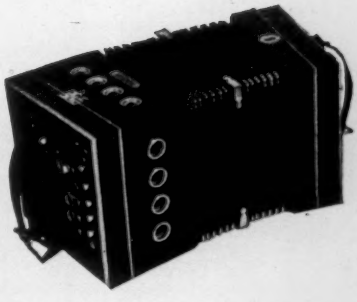
This is an exact duplicate of the snuff box Louis 14th used. In the engraved box of solid silver is concealed a tiny bird, which, when a spring is pressed, jumps from the box, sings sweetly for a minute or so, then disappears in the box. $85.00.

This vase is one of many lovely pieces of Italian pottery, graceful and colorful, and very useful too. 13 inches high. $23.00.



These tilt-top tables perfectly meet the many demands for a small "extra" table. These are designed in red lacquer, finished in black, red, green or yellow. 12¼ inches x 17¾ across top; 22½ inches high with top down; 30 inches high when tipped. $17.00.

The canary in this handsome brass cage will sing, when set for intermittent song, a full half hour, opening its mouth just like a real bird. Sometimes used to train a canary to sing better. $47.50.



This accordion, when operated in the way an accordion usually is, plays a music roll. $40.00. Music Rolls $1.00 each.

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MUSICAL DOLL

BABY TUNES is a beautiful sweet-faced doll, — which plays popular lullaby tunes in soft sweet notes, when you squeeze her body — in which a new, Swiss musical instrument is concealed. She is 18 inches tall, and has a handsome white muslin dress, daintily trimmed with ribbon and lace, and underwear with rubber panties.

Doll in long dress **$9.00**
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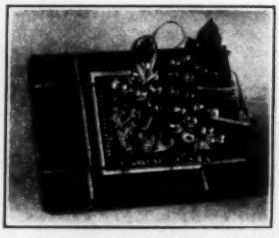
Either in Rose and Taupe—Blue and Taupe

The French House
P. O. Box 1719 **Huntington, W. Va.**

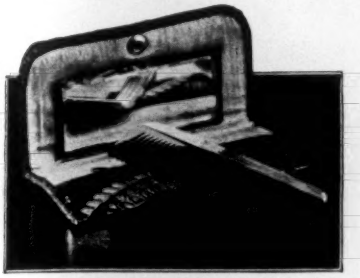
Hooked rugs are so popular, and this is really a lovely one, with its black ground, bright flowers and red border. Just the thing for your colonial guest-room or your summer home. Size 3 x 6 feet. $45.00.

No words, nor even a picture, can do justice to the contents of this gayly wrapped box. They must be tasted to be appreciated. Deliciously thin Dutch chocolate wafers, several layers of them, fill the box, and outside on the blue and orange wrapping really hang three clusters of grapes, very ornamental and decidedly edible lemon drops. Can't we send the book to you or to a friend who is sailing, perhaps. The price is $2.75.



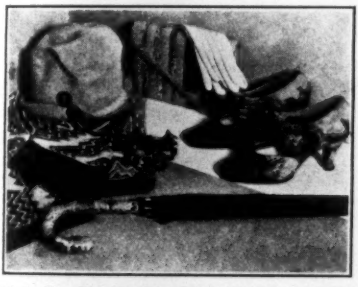
This desk-set of blank books for invitations, records, at-home days and register of calls, addresses and engagements, is very handsome and wonderfully convenient. We suggest this as a rather distinctive wedding gift. Holder and bindings are of Morocco. In green, tan or blue. $28.00.

One's Costume Is As Smart As Its Accessories These Days

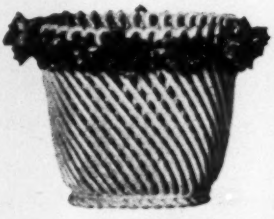


Pocket comb with sterling silver engine-turned mounting. In a silk brocade case with mirror, to tuck in one's bag. $2.95.

Cluster of three small white gardenias—from Paris, of course — for one's hat or frock, $2.95.
Grosgrain ribbon belt, in the most wanted colors. Matching alligator leather in front. Adjustable, $1.95.

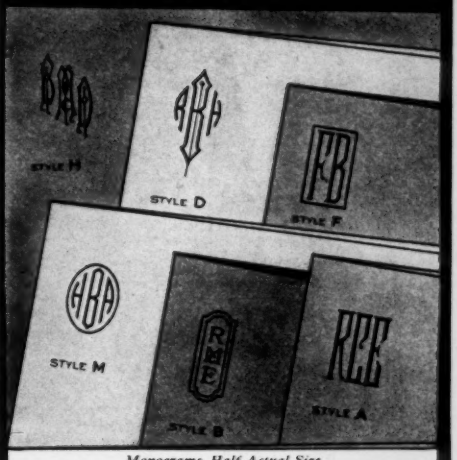


Umbrella, $18.50; felt flower, $1.95; snakeskin shoes, $18.50; bag, $25.00; suede pull-on gloves, $4.75; printed silk scarf, $10.25; felt hat, $12.75.



This piece of Italian pottery has an extra flower pot inside, making it suitable for a plant or fern as well as flowers. 5½ inches high. 4 inches at base. $4.50.

THE VOGUE MONOGRAM STATIONERY



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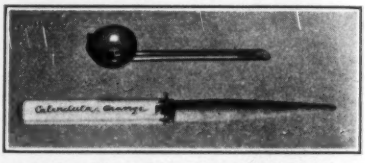

The "Sowrite" and the "Seerite"; two things which should prove indispensable to you if you have a garden. The little "Sowrite" seed sower, made of fiberloid, and unbreakable, enables the amateur gardener to scatter the finest seed as evenly as the professional. $1.00 post-paid. The "Seerite" gives permanency; the writing never fades. The glass tube is strongly made; just the thing for your rock garden, seed bed or perennial border. Box of eight, $1.00 — box of 100, $11.00 post-paid.

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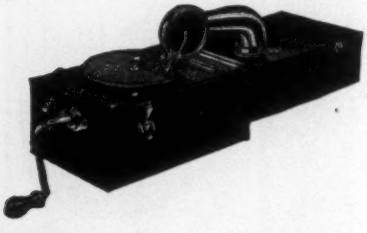

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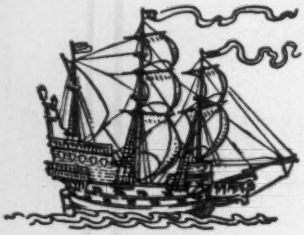

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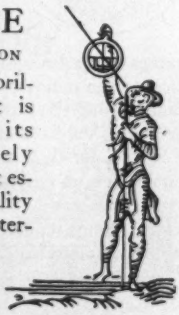

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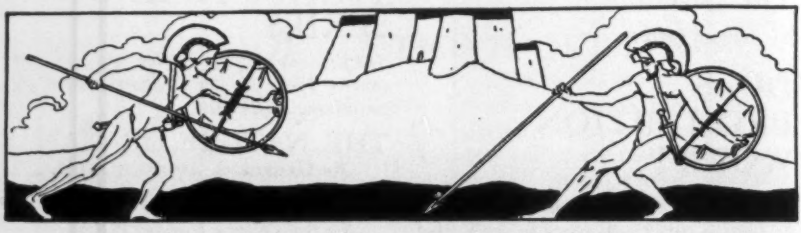

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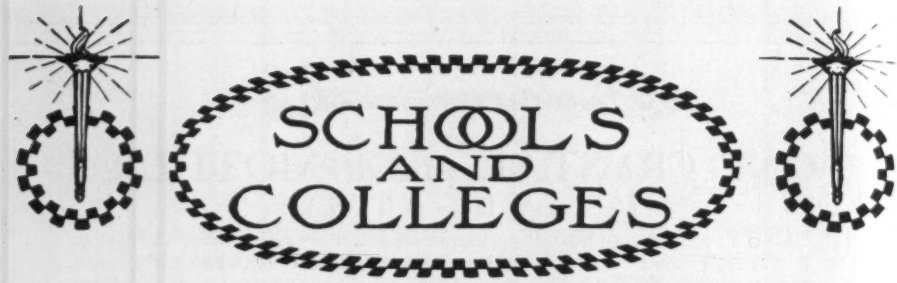

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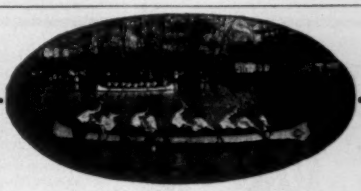

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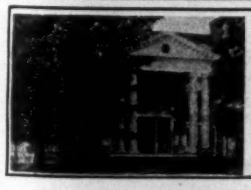

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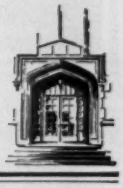

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49 East 33rd St. New York, N. Y.

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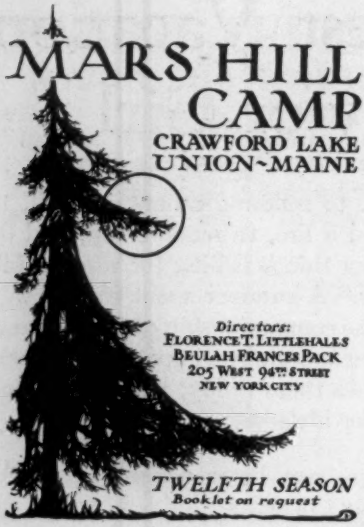
CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS



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On Pleasant Bay, South Orleans, Mass. **Established 1905**

Juniors and Seniors. All camp sports and interests plus *Quanset traditions.* Riding, golf, salt water swimming, canoeing, sailing, Quanset "Sea crafting." **Model boat building.** *Learn to sail at Quanset.* Winners of the Chatham Country Club Racing Cup for two seasons. Specially trained Camp Mother for our Juniors. Medical supervision and scientific health building. Camp farm. Federal accredited herd. Numbers limited.

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All camp activities, good times and good care. Send for booklet.
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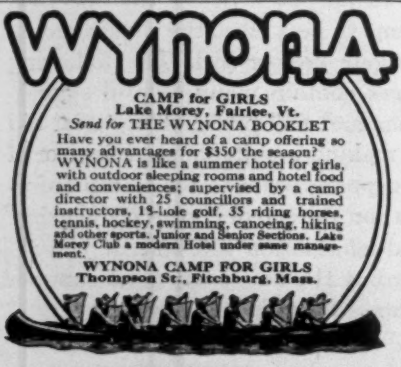
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Oldest girls' camp in Maine, south of Sebago Lake.
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CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS (continued)

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Table supplied by own farm. Milk and eggs.
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Three separate Camps.
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ARE you considering for your Daughter a summer at Camp? If so, you will be interested in the Katharine Ridgeway Camp for Girls. Its joys and benefits will keep the roses in her cheeks, and the sparkle in her eyes.

Special attention to HORSEBACK RIDING. Also Dramatics, Swimming, Canoeing, Tennis, Handcraft and Nature Study.

Little Theatre, screened Sleeping Bungalows and Camp House located on high hill one thousand feet from Lake, overlooking wide expanse of pine forests.

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All sports. Crafts.
Horseback riding. Excellent golf.
Or a leisurely vacation of rest.
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Land and water sports, riding, crafts.
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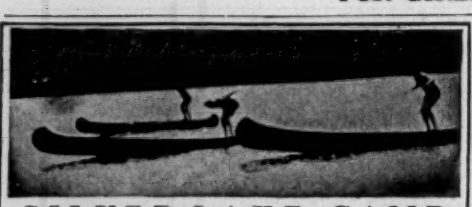
CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS (continued)



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Private Lake and Preserve. No possible extras.
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A small camp for girls, 6–16, where individual care is given.

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Green Lake, Wis. Five hours from Chicago.
16th season. Girls 8 to 24 years in three divisions.
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CAMPS AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOR GIRLS (continued)

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FOR BOYS (continued)

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A salt water camp for young boys only.
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For boys 6–13 years of age. Ocean Co., N. J.
Pine groves, seashore, all sports. One reasonable fee.
Fresh milk and vegetables from neighboring farms.
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Why not England?

Parents can be assured of individual attention being given to the care of their boys during entire absence from home. All land and water sports, nature study, athletics under experienced American and English college men, frequent trips to places of interest including London, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, Windsor, Eton, etc. On board ships, talks by Captain and Officers on navigation, wireless, engineering, etc. $350 all inclusive. Booklet, address the Secretary, FREDK. G. KNIGHT, care of Old Colony Club, Waldorf Astoria, NEW YORK CITY

A SUMMER CAMP

For your boy or girl? If you are planning to send your boy or girl to a camp next summer, we would commend for your consideration the announcements that appear in the Summer Camp Section of this issue. The facilities of our School Information Bureau are also at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the summer camp best suited to your demands.

Address School Information Bureau,

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 E. 33rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Full Set Army Steel Letters and Figures, $1.00
Tents..... $3.50 up | Haversacks.....35 up
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A Practical outdoor guide
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The Home Correspondence School
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STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammers in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process. If then we know what it is that interferes, and the stammerer be taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that makes him stammer. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. Let us tell you about it. SCHOOL FOR STAMMERERS, Tyler, Texas.

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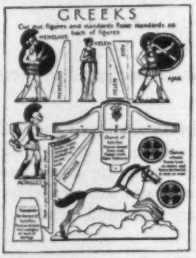
THE
PLAYBOOK *of* TROY
By SUSAN MERIWETHER
Illustrated by Esther Peck
HISTORY DRAMATIZED FOR CHILDREN



THE story of Troy retold for children, illustrated by cut-outs in colors of ships, Greek and Trojan heroes, the wooden horse, etc. — with which to act out again the fall of Troy.

HARPER & BROTHERS
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The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is requested.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd St. New York

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The Southern Railway System pays school taxes in the states it serves amounting to three million dollars per year.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

"The wealth of a nation is men

—not silk, and cotton, and gold."

Such is the spirit of the South.

In 1900 there were 73,000 school teachers in the states of the South served by Southern Railway System, and the appropriation for education amounted to only 90 cents per inhabitant. But in 1924, the appropriation was $8.00 per inhabitant, and the number of trained teachers had increased to 143,000.

In 1900 only 64.8 per cent of the children of school age in these states attended school. But in 1924, the latest year for which complete figures are available, 81.6 per cent of them attended school.

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THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

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Model 35, six-tube receiver illustrated, with ONE Dial. Speaker Model H.

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What a day! Adventure, thrills for the youngster; for you—housework, irritations, fretting cares. But now, before supper, music comes to soothe nerves, to smooth the mind; bringing pleasant, quiet thoughts—sleepy dreams.

"Music before meals," say the doctors.

You've no idea how comforting it is, after you have selected a radio, to find that in every way it is superior to sets of your neighbors—purer, sweeter and more *natural* in tone, richer in volume.

And what a joy of simplicity is your *single dial*, that filters from the air any kind of music you want with just one turn!

The rather startling compactness of your Atwater Kent Radio was achieved, not by leaving anything out, but by engineering skill, great precision and fine assemblage. It has been the experience of more than one million owners that Atwater Kent Radio is peculiarly free from trouble.

Its big popularity explains the smallness of its cost.

AN UPSTAIRS SET

Many are finding invaluable a second radio installed upstairs. A bit of gentle, soothing music puts youngsters quietly to sleep. It is priceless in a sick room. When the family set downstairs is playing jazz, it is delightful sometimes to slip away by yourself and listen to music more suited to your mood and cultivated taste.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING: The Atwater Kent Radio Hour brings you the stars of opera and concert, in Radio's finest program. Hear it at 9:15 Eastern Time, 8:15 Central Time, through:

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WTAM	*Cleveland*	WGY	*Schenectady*
WGN	*Chicago*	WSB	*Atlanta*
WFI	*Philadelphia*	WSM	*Nashville*
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Heirloom Plate has a charm above commonplace silverware. Its lasting qualities of worth carry through for generations all the joyous memories of the day it was given.

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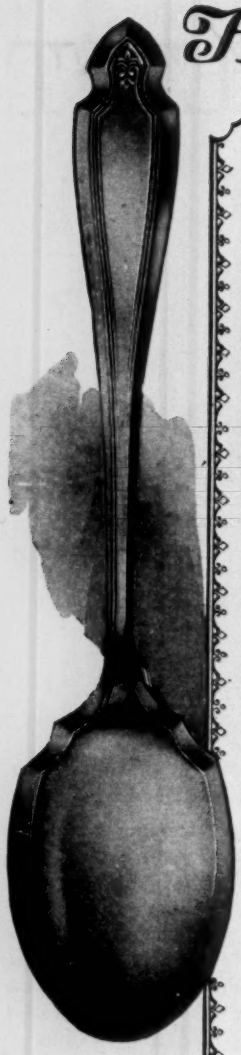

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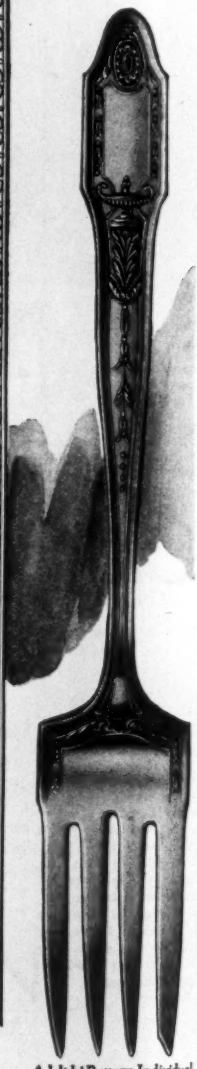

Adelphi Pattern Individual Salad Fork. Set of six in lined box $6.80

YEARS ONLY GLORIFY IT AND MAKE IT DEARER

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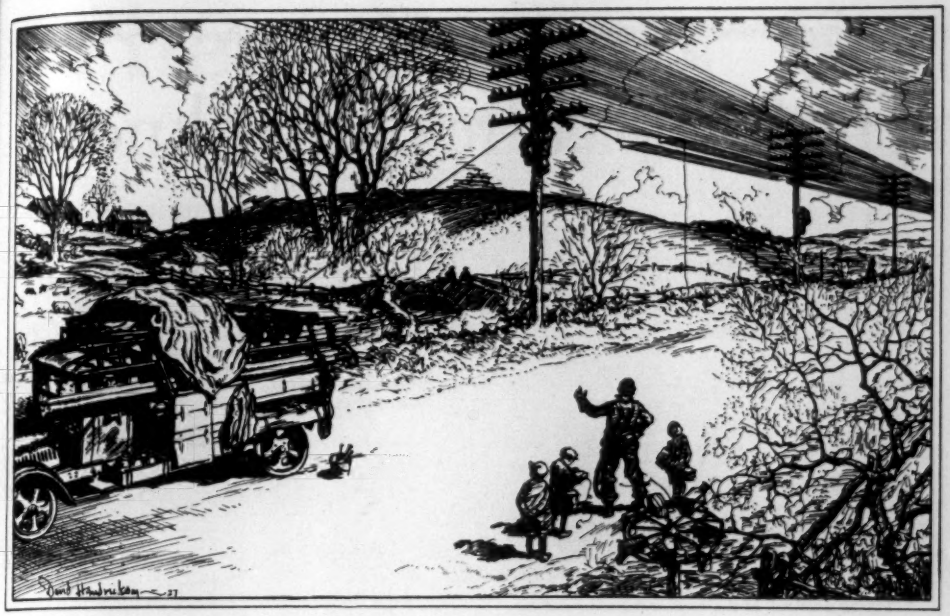


Communication for a Growing Nation

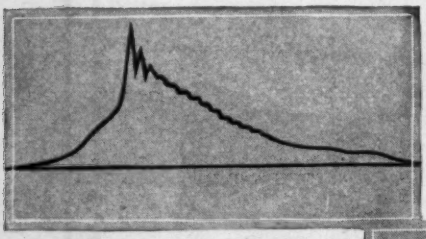
An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE first telephone call was made from one room to another in the same building. The first advance in telephony made possible conversations from one point to another in the same town or community. The dream of the founders of the Bell Telephone System, however, was that through it, all the separate communities might some day be interconnected to form a nation-wide community.

Such a community for speech by telephone has now become a reality, and the year-by-year growth in the number of long distance telephone calls shows how rapidly it is developing. This super-neighborhood, extending from town to town and state to state, has grown as the means of communication have been provided to serve its business and social needs.

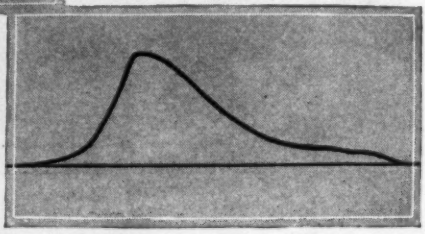
The growth is strikingly shown by the extension of long distance telephone facilities. In 1925, for additions to the long distance telephone lines, there was expended thirty-seven million dollars. In 1926 sixty-one million dollars. During 1927 and the three following years, extensions are planned on a still greater scale, including each year about two thousand miles of long distance cable. These millions will be expended on long distance telephone lines to meet the nation's growth and their use will help to further growth.

The first picture of that "knock"



This is the "knock" in your motor

This shows photographically what occurs in the engine cylinder as carbon forms, when regular gasoline is used. The increased heat and pressure created by the carbon cause the gasoline to explode too quickly, with the result that there is an accumulation of high pressure waves which strike against the cylinder walls so violently as to produce an audible metallic sound. The bumps in the line are that "knock."



This is how "ETHYL" knocks it out

And this shows photographically what goes on in the same cylinder under the same conditions when regular gasoline is treated with "ETHYL" fluid. Note the absence of "knock-bumps"; the evenness of the pressure changes. The "ETHYL" fluid has neutralized the heating qualities of the carbon deposits and by maintaining the normal combustion rate of gasoline has turned the increased pressure due to carbon into increased power.

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS were made possible by a special instrument invented by General Motors Research Laboratories to find out what goes on in an automobile engine's cylinder when "knocking" occurs.

That invention led to the discovery that what you may call an "engine knock" or a "spark knock" is in reality a *fuel knock*. It is due to the tendency of a regular gasoline to explode too quickly as carbon forms and increases temperature and compression (pressure).

Having determined the character of "knocking," General Motors developed "ETHYL" fluid, a patented chemical compound which when added in very small quantities to regular gasoline forms Ethyl Gasoline, the most effective "anti-knock" fuel yet known.

Ethyl Gasoline transforms carbon deposits from a liability into an asset. It produces more power on hills and heavy roads. It gives a faster "pick-up," reduces gear-shifting, lessens vibration and engine wear and tear; and saves the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

Ethyl Gasoline has increased the motoring satisfaction of hundreds of thousands of car drivers. It is destined to play a still more important part in the automobile history of the future. TRY IT.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
25 Broadway, New York

ETHYL GASOLINE is now generally available throughout the United States and Canada through the following oil companies, licensed to mix "ETHYL" fluid with gasoline. The "ETHYL" trademark on the pump is your protection.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
Knocks out that "knock"

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When Parents Fail

THIS is a clumsy world for children. They are constantly running into the barbed wires of our grown-up principles and conventions. Every year thousands of them get into trouble which brings them before the Juvenile Courts. Rarely are these unfortunate youngsters really bad. Nearly always the hidden cause behind their waywardness is lack of proper guidance at home. Oftentimes, physical conditions cause their abnormality. When health is restored the vicious tendencies often disappear.

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Delinquent children are by no means found to come only from homes of poverty. From well-to-do and even rich homes have come children with tendencies toward crime which have amazed their parents. Too late these fathers and mothers learned that in reality they never had known their sons and daughters.

May Day—Children's Day

May First has been set aside by the nation as a day on which mothers and fathers, philanthropists and public-spirited men and women, interested in America's future, join in one great purpose—the big, important work of checking up the health of the children of this country.

It is a great forward step to set aside a definite day to have eyes, ears, noses, throats, and teeth examined for possible physical defects. But why stop half way? Examine minds just as thoroughly for possible mental troubles.

In May, then, after you good fathers and mothers have found out whether or not your children are sound and healthy, physically, you will want to have an old-fashioned, heart-to-heart talk with the youngsters and learn what they are thinking about, who their companions are, and where they spend their time.

Lacking a friend at home, a child may need a friend at court.

Each year more than 200,000 children are brought before the Juvenile Courts charged with more or less serious offenses. Seventy-five per cent of all adult offenders begin their criminal careers before reaching the age of 21. The steps are fast from petty thieving to murder.

In the three year period, 1923, 1924 and 1925, the homicide mortality rate in the United States mounted to the highest point ever recorded.

In 1926 there were approximately 10,000 homicides. In recent years our homicide rate has been 600% greater than that of Canada and 1400% greater than that of England and Wales.

Even the best of children develop tendencies hard for parents to understand. These faults, if uncorrected, may produce serious consequences.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "The Mind of the Child". It may help you to deal fairly and wisely with your children in solving the many vexing problems that come up in connection with them. Send for it. It will be mailed without cost.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

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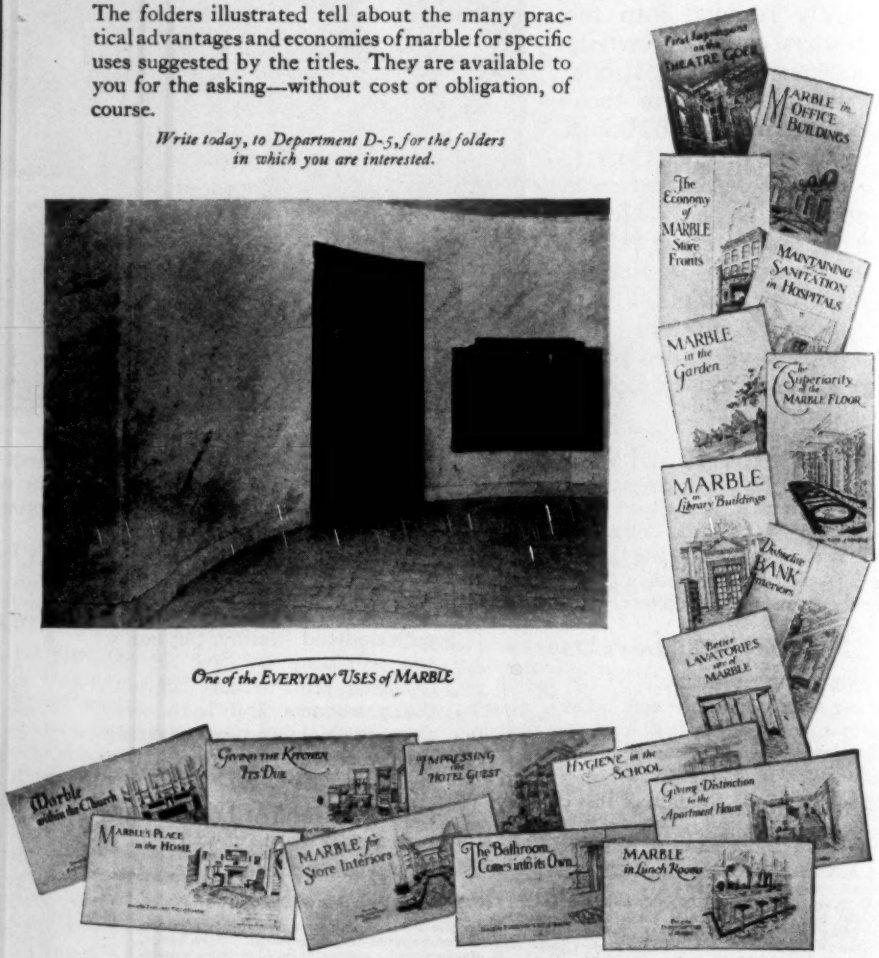
Write today, to Department D-5, for the folders in which you are interested.

One of the EVERYDAY USES of MARBLE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The Economy of MARBLE Store Fronts
MAINTAINING SANITATION in HOSPITALS
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The Superiority of the MARBLE FLOOR
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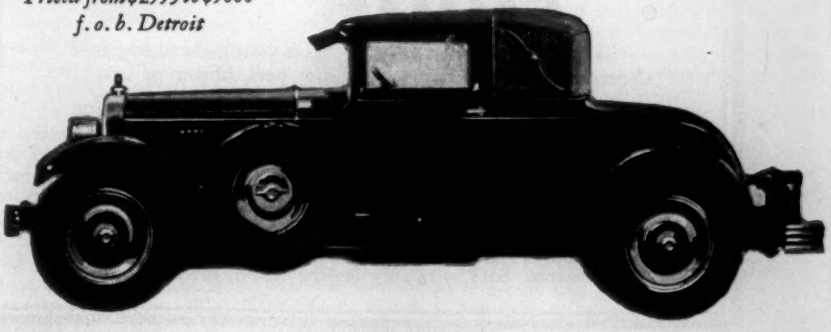

C A D I L L A C

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION...

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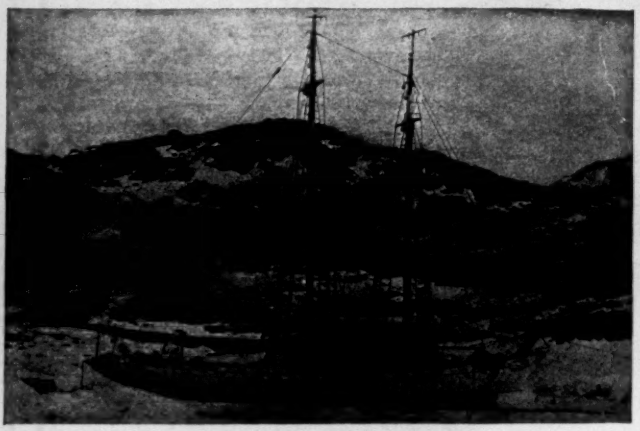

WHEN the *Bowdoin*, exploring ship of the MacMillan expeditions, makes ready to battle the North, nothing but quality goes into her preparation—because nothing but quality can survive Arctic rigors. Her hull, washed by big seas and battered by ice, is painted with

Patton's Sun-Proof Paint

—the quality paint that weatherproofs your buildings against depreciation and decay — will not peel, blister or crack!

— economical because great covering capacity per gallon means low square-foot cost on the building, to say nothing of better property protection and longer service.

"Guide to Better Homes"—a comprehensive book on home decoration—sent free with our compliments. *Address Dept. J.*

Whatever you need—Glass, Paint, Varnish, Lacquer or Brushes—the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. has a product that exactly fills your requirements. Sold by quality dealers; used by exacting painters.

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Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Factories, Milwaukee, Wis. Newark, N. J., Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Cutting off the shrinkhead on a WALWORTH *Sigma Steel Fitting, as made for the new 14th Street Station of the New York Edison Company—the largest power plant in the world*

Eighty years after the first valve comes Walworth Sigma Steel

WHEN WALWORTH planned and installed the world's first steam heating apparatus there was no suitable means of control. The heat ran unregulated through a sizzling pipe in every room. When it got too hot there was nothing to do but open the doors and windows.

In 1846 WALWORTH devised a globe valve which could be turned off without the risk that the boiler would be blown out through the roof. The commonest type of valve in use today is almost identical with this first WALWORTH pattern.

For eighty years since then WALWORTH has maintained its position of leadership. The recent development of superheated steam, for instance, put a tremendous responsibility on valves and fittings, which neither iron nor brass could meet. Even steel was under suspicion.

Series 400 WALWORTH *Sigma Steel Gate Valve, Class AA, for use under extreme pressure and temperature conditions.*

WALWORTH engineers, therefore, adopted the X-ray as a means of research and after thousands of tests and experiments, finally evolved a new technique of casting steel.

This WALWORTH *Sigma Steel* is now recognized as establishing a new standard in the elimination of flaws and interior defects from steel castings.

Whatever You Build You Need Walworth

There is a safe, economical, and thoroughly tested line of WALWORTH valves and fittings for nearly every industrial and domestic use.

Whether your building project involves only a few low-pressure valves and fittings or a train load of Sigma Steel, it will pay you to be definite and emphatic in specifying "WALWORTH" to your architect, contractor, or engineer.

WALWORTH

VALVES, FITTINGS AND TOOLS

for STEAM, WATER, GAS, OIL AND AIR

WALWORTH CO. 51 East 42nd Street, New York ~ ~ Distributors in Principal Cities of the World

ARE THERE TOO MANY MAGAZINES?

HE pat reply is "Yes." But——?

Standing before a news-stand one is dazzled by the display. Each month, each week, there seems to be a new and more glittering star in the galaxy. And one hardly misses those which flicker out and fall.

Yet it is debatable whether there can be too many magazines. There may be too many grocers, coal-miners, real-estate dealers. But can there be too many colleges or libraries?

The magazine, even at its worst, is a form of public education. You may readily think of many sheets which you think could be spared. But who should be judge, jury, and executioner?

There are magazines which are contrived to capture the attention of the person who never before read anything between covers except a compulsory schoolbook. Through them he first learns the satisfaction of reading something for which he has paid his own money. He learns that in the printed page there is release from the humdrum.

In good time a certain percentage of such readers tire of the banal, feel the promptings of an appetite for more wholesome mental diet, and so graduate to become readers of better matter.

Through the whole scale of magazines there constantly goes on this process of the upward sifting of readers. Millions start at the bottom; a few thousand each year come to the top to join the long-established body of readers of those few magazines which are strongholds of intelligence.

No one denies the pre-eminence of the motion-picture as entertainment or as a temporary influence upon the mass of people. But which will have the greater influence upon the trend of life, the glittering palaces of Broadway or the Metropolitan Museum? Those who go to the Museum, while far fewer in numbers, are vastly more effective in thinking power, in purchasing power, and in the power of leadership. Sooner or later, the most discerning of the patrons of the movies find their way to the galleries of the Metropolitan, and in their turn become part of this controlling minority.

Just so, the genuine and permanent influence of THE QUALITY GROUP magazines persists and expands. Having for many years observed and recorded American progress, they are not disturbed by the multiplicity of periodicals. They hold the same high and strategic position which they held a generation ago. The ablest authors and the wisest advertisers alike, resort to their pages in the sure knowledge that there they touch the influential and seasoned intelligence of the nation. Advertising in THE QUALITY GROUP is *next to thinking matter.*

THE QUALITY GROUP

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THE GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE
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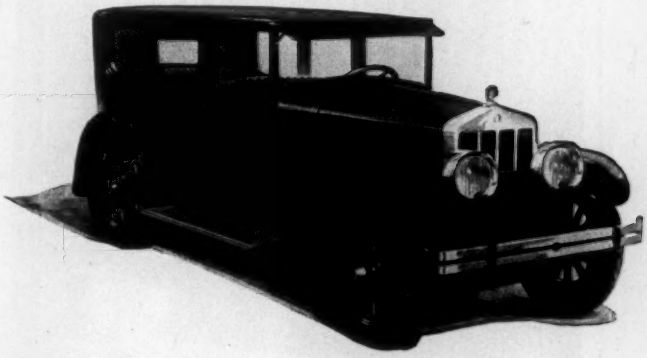
Over 700,000 Copies Sold Each Month

THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY FRANKLIN

The roomiest and finest five-passenger body built



NEW POWER

DISTINGUISHED BY ITS INCOMPARABLE SMOOTHNESS

That is what has made the 25th Anniversary Franklin outstandingly great and increasingly popular. Merely matching present standards of power and speed has never been difficult, but accomplishing this along with perfect smoothness has attracted instant and widespread attention; has set a new engineering mark for the year.

Franklin smoothness is the more remarkable because it is as lasting as the car itself. And it remains unchanged at all speeds—as free from vibration or sound at 50 and up as at 20.

This triple advance—new power, speed and smoothness—throws new light on a car long recognized as the best-built car in America. And puts new pleasure in its ownership.

The new power for traffic or open road gives zest to driving . . . the new speed cuts down traveling time . . . the new smoothness insures greater comfort and restfulness. The sum of fine car qualities reaches its highest perfection in this great Franklin. Seven body types, all fully equipped, F.O.B. Syracuse, N. Y. Coupé $2490. Sedan $2790.

FRANKLIN

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A noiseless office means a more efficient office

THE INEVITABLE TYPEWRITER

THE Model 6 Remington-Noiseless Typewriter renders a kind and character of service entirely beyond the range of any other writing machine.

It has every standard operating feature. It is notable for its light touch, swift and easy action, capacity for heavy manifolding, and the uniform excellence of its work. And in addition to all of these advantages it confers on every user the priceless boon of quiet.

Business efficiency and human nerves unite in their present day demand for noiseless typewriting, and the Model 6 Remington-Noiseless is the one and only writing machine which supplies this need.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY

374 Broadway *Branches Everywhere* New York

NEW REMINGTON-NOISELESS

WITH 4-ROW STANDARD KEYBOARD

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"Most Sublime of All Earthly Scenes"

Grand Canyon National Park

So world travelers say of this colossal chasm, more than a mile deep, more than two hundred miles long, and twelve miles wide, filled with magnificent rock temples aflame with changing colors. See it this summer from the loftier North Rim, reached through the enchanting Kaibab National Forest with its thousands of deer, by a 5-day, all-expense Union Pacific motor bus tour that also includes

Zion National Park
Bryce Canyon Cedar Breaks
Kaibab Forest Prismatic Plains

Easy to reach. Low summer fares. Through Pullmans to Cedar City, Utah, the gateway. Escorted tours. Comfortable lodges. A wonderful vacation itself or a memorable side trip en route to Yellowstone or the Pacific Coast. Season June 1 to October 1.

The Zion-Grand Canyon Red Book tells all. Ask for it.

Address nearest representative or General Passenger Agent, Dept. 124, at Omaha, Neb. : Salt Lake City, Utah : Portland, Ore. : Los Angeles, Calif.

UNION PACIFIC

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

H A V E A

To you— experienced smokers

C A M E L

EXPERIENCED smokers, your patronage has put Camel first among cigarettes.

You know good tobaccos. From their taste and fragrance, you know that Camels are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

Your preference proves it. You've paid every price and tried every brand, and you will smoke only Camels. Camel popularity — your vote — shows that Camel is totally unlike any other cigarette that ever was made.

You are also steady smokers, and you have paid Camel the highest compliment: "No matter how liberally we smoke them, Camels never tire the taste. They never leave a cigaretty after-taste."

Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful — smoke invitation ever spoken —

"Have a Camel!"

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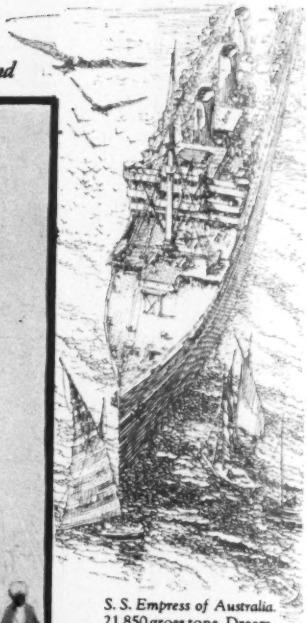
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

World Cruise

SAILING FROM NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2nd



S. S. Empress of Australia. 21,850 gross tons. Dream-ship of cruises. Fresh from the yards at Glasgow this spring.

. . .

Other cruises, 1927-28. South America - Africa, Jan. 24. Mediterranean, Feb. 4. West Indies (two) Jan. 26 and Feb. 29.

NEXT December 2, a dream ship starts round the wonder-belt of the world. Wonder-belt? Exactly that, globe-circlers call it. It begins in the Mediterranean. It traverses the Holy Land and Egypt. It crosses India and China, and ends in Japan.

These six regions contain the chief travel riches of the world. The circuit of these is the real world cruise.

Over 7 seas, you live and play aboard a dream ship. She has the lounges, the galleries, the swimming pool of a magnificent club. She has the private-bath suites and rooms of a 1927 hotel.

In 19 countries, you are an honored guest. You are extended best accommodations. You are accorded special privileges.

Throughout 133 days, a delightful cuisine. Your service is Canadian Pacific standard. Your companionship congenial.

40 years has it taken Canadian Pacific to build this way of seeing the world's wonders. First, it spanned America with railroads and hotels. Then, it criss-crossed the Pacific with services and bridged the Atlantic with ships. It placed its own agents in the world's ports, and trained its own cruise staff. Because 39 such years have gone before, this World Cruise is possible.

Surely, this cruise, of all cruises, should be investigated. Fares are surprisingly low. Early reservations advised. Personal service.

Descriptive literature and plan of ship from your local agent or any Canadian Pacific District Office:

Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, San Francisco, St. Louis, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington.

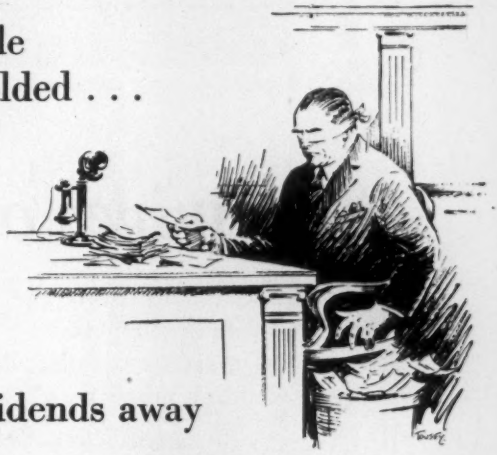
In Canada: Montreal, Ottawa, Vancouver, Toronto, Winnipeg.

Canadian Pacific Express Travellers Cheques Good the World Over

CANADIAN PACIFIC

·WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM·

Buying automobile insurance blindfolded . . .



. . . he throws dividends away

IN other business matters, he was shrewd, analytical . . . buying the best at the lowest price . . . and he always studied the record of every company with which he dealt . . .

But his automobile insurance, he "turned over" to a congenial acquaintance . . . he did not know the name of the company—and they paid no dividends.

* * * *

22% is our latest dividend rate—for forty years the American Mutual has paid to policyholders dividends of never less than 20% . . . a saving sufficient to pay the insurance on at least one car in six.

The American Mutual is the oldest, largest and strongest mutual liability company in the world—investigate American Mutual service and saving . . . for further information just fill out the coupon below.

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE CO.
141 BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

WRITERS OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION AND AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE

AMERICAN MUTUAL

NEVER LESS THAN 20% DIVIDENDS

The Oldest, Largest, Strongest Mutual Liability Insurance Company in the World.

Fill out and mail this coupon for pleasure cars and truck fleets.

Please send me full particulars on how the *American Mutual* can save me money on my automobile insurance . . . the facts are below:

Make of car _____ Year of make _____

Present policies expire _____

Name _____ Tel. _____

Address _____

City _____

To American Mutual
141 Berkeley St.
Boston

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These wives of ours!

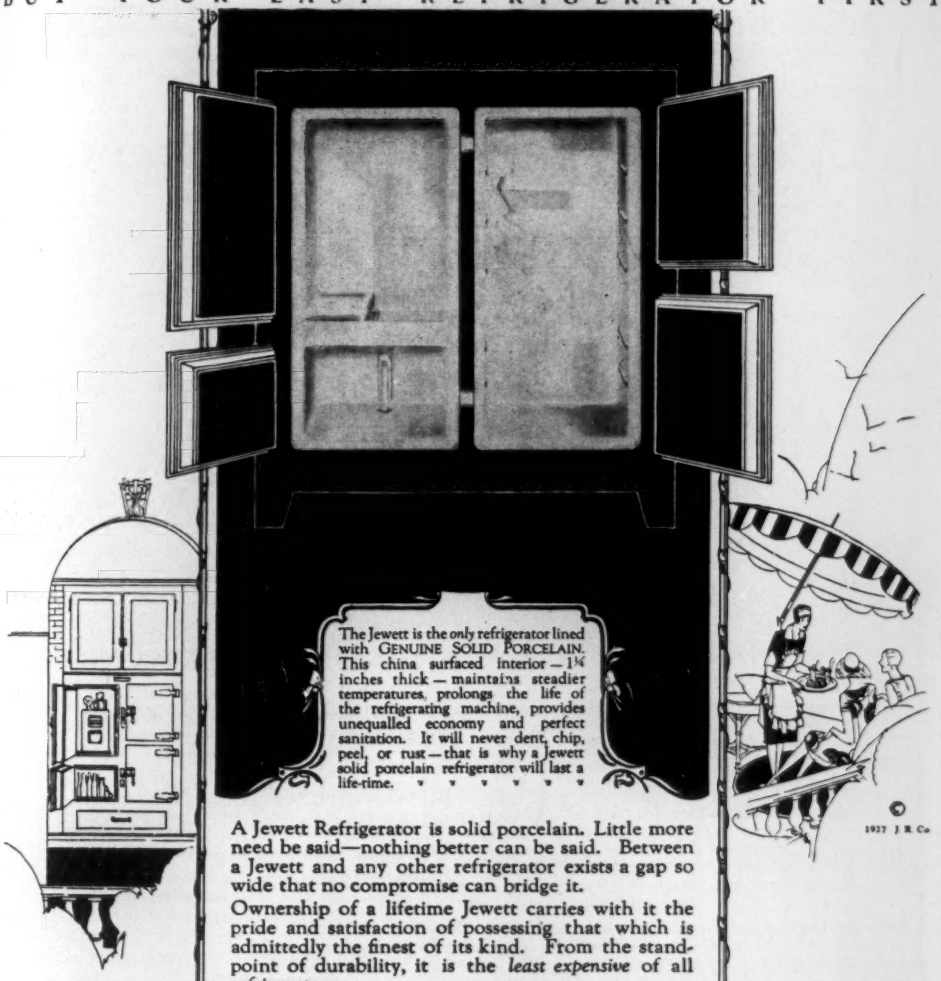
WE TOOK them from the shelter of their families, gave them two or three rooms and a share of our salary — then left them sitting there among the wedding presents, a bit bewildered.

BUT they knew how — these wives of ours. They knew how to make rooms into homes, and how to get more merchandise out of a dollar bill than we ever could. We're lucky to have wives. How do they do it?

LOOK through this magazine. You will find advertisements covering almost every human need. They are filled with hints for the household, hints for health, hints for clothing, hints for keeping young. They are virtually little essays on life. No wonder these wives of ours follow them so carefully. As one wise wife said: "It isn't so much that I know housekeeping so well. I know where to learn it!"

Most advertising is prepared especially for women. Read it. It forms an authoritative textbook on good housekeeping

BUY YOUR LAST REFRIGERATOR FIRST



The Jewett is the only refrigerator lined with GENUINE SOLID PORCELAIN. This china surfaced interior — 1¾ inches thick — maintains steadier temperatures, prolongs the life of the refrigerating machine, provides unequalled economy and perfect sanitation. It will never dent, chip, peel, or rust — that is why a Jewett solid porcelain refrigerator will last a life-time.

© 1927 J. R. Co.

A Jewett Refrigerator is solid porcelain. Little more need be said—nothing better can be said. Between a Jewett and any other refrigerator exists a gap so wide that no compromise can bridge it.

Ownership of a lifetime Jewett carries with it the pride and satisfaction of possessing that which is admittedly the finest of its kind. From the standpoint of durability, it is the *least expensive* of all refrigerators.

There can be no more tangible evidence of the 78 years of undisputed Jewett leadership than the fact that Kelvinator has made an exclusive arrangement to sell genuine solid porcelain Jewetts, thus uniting the dependability of "The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration" with the superlative cabinet work and proven efficiency of "The Finest and Most Economical Refrigerator in the World."

There is a Kelvinator dealer in your city through whom you can purchase a Jewett on convenient monthly payments. Prices $295 and up, plus transportation.

THE JEWETT REFRIGERATOR CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

JEWETT

GENUINE SOLID PORCELAIN REFRIGERATORS

The standard sizes and finishes of Jewetts offer an exceptionally wide range from which to choose. Should you desire us to design a custom built Jewett to meet your particular requirements we will furnish blue prints to you or your architect without cost or obligation.

Jewetts can be furnished with raised base for self-contained installation of electric refrigeration, but after more years of experience than any firm in the business, we impartially recommend a remote installation with the machine in the basement wherever possible.

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To whom will you entrust your priceless trees?

Davey Tree Service—reliable, proved, safe—can be had only from the Davey Company, whose experts live and work in your vicinity

Your trees are living things. They will usually respond to intelligent, skillful care, but they can't be patched like a brick wall or treated by careless, untrained hands—if you want to save them.

While occasional trees are nearly perfect, most trees require some care in varying degrees. The majority probably need only limited treatment to prevent more serious troubles later—like teeth. Some are in advanced states of decay or decline. If a tree is worth saving, it is worth reliable expert service.

Every Davey Tree Expert is Davey trained—is trained before he is allowed to work on your priceless trees. Men who are dishonest or lazy or careless are eliminated from the Davey organization as quickly as they are found, nearly all of them in the training school. The result is that only the right kind of men are left, and all of them are thoroughly trained by Davey experts who know Tree Surgery values and the most advanced methods of practice and the fine professional ethics.

These trained, reliable Davey Tree Experts live and work in your vicinity. They are easily and quickly available to you. No car fare is charged and you pay only for actual working time at reasonable rates, plus the necessary materials and the cost of delivering them.

You can afford Davey Tree Expert Service. Eighty-four per cent of Davey clients in 1926 paid less than $200.00 each. The total volume of business last year was $2,000,000, but the bulk of this was made up of small operations for people of moderate means who appreciate their trees as living things and priceless possessions. Above everything, get reliability. Davey Tree Experts will save your trees without guessing or experiment. Write or wire nearest office.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 698 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

Branch offices with telephones: New York, 501 Fifth Ave., Phone: Murray Hill 1629; Albany, City Savings Bank Bldg.; Boston, 705 Statler Bldg.; Pittsfield, Mass., Stevenson Bldg.; Providence, R. I., 36 Exchange Pl.; Philadelphia, Land Title Bldg.; Baltimore, American Bldg.; Washington, Investment Bldg.; Pittsburgh, 331 Fourth Ave.; Buffalo, 110 Franklin St.; Cleveland, Hippodrome Bldg.; Detroit, General Motors Bldg.; Cincinnati, Mercantile Library Bldg.; Louisville, Todd Bldg.; Indianapolis, Fletcher Savings & Trust Bldg.; Chicago, Westminster Bldg.; St. Louis, Arcade Bldg.; Kansas City, Scarritt Bldg.; Minneapolis, Andrus Bldg.; Montreal, Insurance Exchange Bldg.; Toronto, 71 King St., West; Stamford, Conn., Gurley Bldg.; Hartford, Conn., 36 Pearl St.

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Father of Tree Surgery
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DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

Here we discovered Gallatin Gateway . . . the

RARELY does the thrill of discovery come to a modern traveler—the chance to see a virgin unknown land that few have ever looked upon!

Last year the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul discovered a new northern entrance to Yellowstone Park—a trail through wonderland that was converted into a modern smooth-surfaced motor-coach road.

This year Gallatin Gateway is the great sensation of vacationlands. In utmost comfort you may enjoy the fresh beauties of this newly discovered wonderland.

Take the world-famous *Olympian* or the *Columbian* over the transcontinental Milwaukee Road direct to Gallatin Gateway! There at the new Gallatin Gateway Inn you will find excellent hotel accommodations. Comfortable motors of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company will carry you, with hardly a change of gears, directly to Old Faithful and the geysers, through gloriously fresh country of startling beauty. Through the rich Gallatin Valley, hemmed in by the Madison and Gallatin mountain ranges—cathedral-like peaks rising over 11,000 feet. Over the trail of the Covered Wagon. Up the rugged Canyon of the Gallatin River to an elevation of 7000 feet. And into Yellowstone Park.

SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND THE ORIENT

The

Riding in delightful comfort, the thrill of actual discovery may be yours, *for out of the millions of people in this country, only a few have yet had the opportunity to pass through Gallatin Gateway!*

The road to adventureland

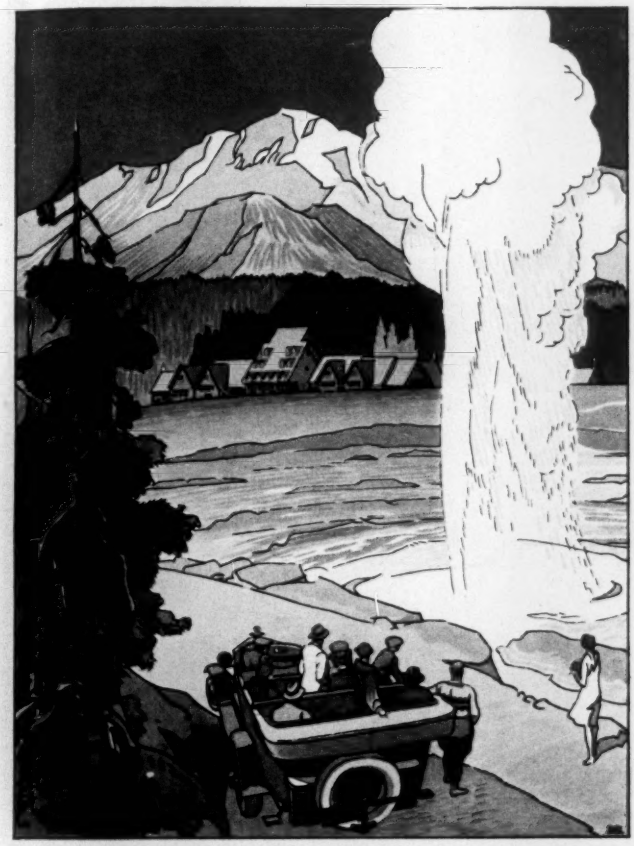
This year will be the first full season of travel through Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. We invite you to enjoy a pre-view of these newly discovered wonders—to have the satisfaction of being one of the first journeyers through Yellowstone's newest gateway.

Accommodations for your entire trip are of the finest. The *Olympian*, luxuriously equipped, takes you over *the only electrified way to Yellowstone Park*—the world's longest electrified railroad! Smooth speed—delicious meals—club comfort!

The fine new motor road through Gallatin Gateway is not overcrowded with traffic. The comfortable Park coaches give you the feeling of whirling through this magnificent country with a few friends in your own private car.

The tour of the Park is the same as from all other entrances, yet the cost of the entire Gallatin tour is no higher.

new entrance to Yellowstone!



Road to vacationland!

WHETHER you are going near or far—to mountain, ocean, or strange land beyond—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul can take you in delightful comfort on the *Olympian* or *Columbian*.

Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. Bitter Root Mountains. Rocky Mountains. Belt Mountains. Columbia River. Cascade Range. The Olympics. Mt. Rainier National Park. Upper Valley and headwaters of the Missouri River. Upper Mississippi. Lake Pepin and the lakes of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Puget Sound. These names are only a hint of the number and variety of interesting places reached by The Milwaukee Road.

On the world-famous *Olympian*, you may glide in the luxury and convenience of a club from Chicago to the Coast. The line is *electrified for 660 miles*—sootless, cinderless, smokeless; no oil fumes and no lurching vibrations. The smooth onward sweep of the train makes cool, delightful riding. Splendid cuisine—with food crisp and fresh from farms, ranches and orchards.

MILWAUKEE ROAD

TO PUGET SOUND
THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY
ELECTRIFIED

GEO. B. HAYNES, Passenger Traffic Mgr.
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Union Station, Chicago, Illinois

I am planning a trip ☐ to Yellowstone Park ☐ to the Pacific Northwest. Please send me your travel literature.

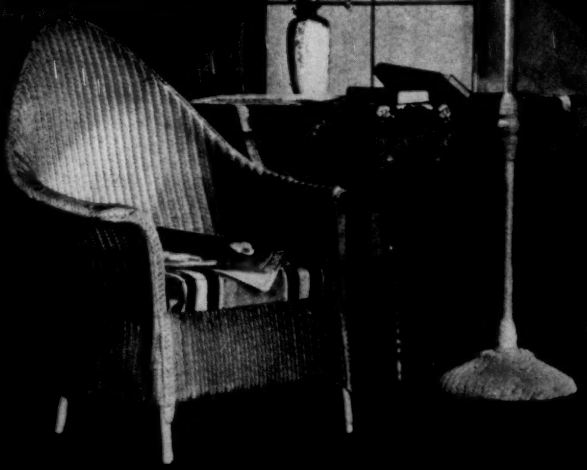
Name_____

Address_____ 15

The Furniture of Happiness

JUST as a basket of flowers brightens the room with a touch of color, so, too, will Lloyd Loom Woven Furniture in its colorful harmonizing or contrasting tints lend brightness and charm to your home. No woven furniture is finer than Lloyd's. It is woven on the famous Lloyd Loom, and is permanently beautified with a steel wire center in every upright strand. The loom weaves thirty times faster than human hands. So the price is only moderate.

Shown in a wide variety by your dealer. Name on request. See it. But look for the Lloyd name plate—the *surety* for those *steel wire centers*. Manufactured exclusively by Lloyd Loom Products, Menominee, Michigan.



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May 16 to 21

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Lloyd LOOM Products

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Furniture & Baby Carriages

Teamwork Counts!

MANY heads are better than one—that's the teamwork idea behind the Quality Bakers of America, an organization composed of some ninety leading non-competitive wholesale bread bakers, cooperating in the interest of better bread and better bread merchandising.

Realizing that baking has become a community service and conscious of the tremendous responsibility this carries, these bakers have joined in employing a splendid staff of experts in all departments of the business—production, purchasing, engineering, sales promotion, advertising and general research—and in maintaining national headquarters in New York.

The trade-mark insignia of membership on bread wrappers is not only a symbol of bread excellence but a guarantee of bread goodness.

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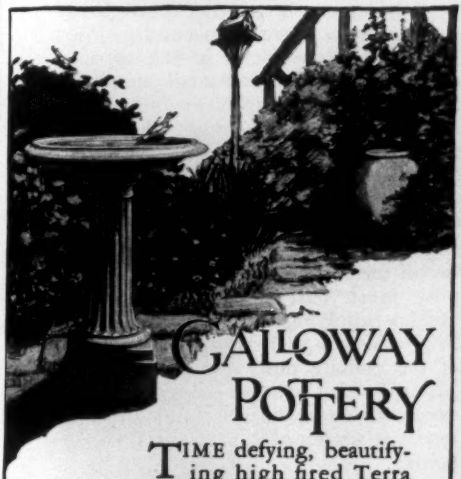

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THE MUSIC FIELD

National Music Week And its Growing Significance

THE first week in May will see a more widespread observance of National Music Week than ever before.

The growth of the Music Week movement, now in its fourth year of nationalization, is shown by the fact that previous to the first national observance of the week in 1924, there had been only 150 cities that had ever held a Music Week. Last year 1400 cities and towns took part. From all indications and reports this number will be greatly exceeded the present year.

The Music Week movement has spread from one end of the country to the other and has evidently come to stay. The reason is that the people are awakening to a realization that music is needed by every one and has a place in every phase of daily life.

The music of the cultured few has expanded into the music of the eager many. Nor can there be any doubt that music is destined to play a larger part in our lives in the future than it has in the past. So it is but natural and appropriate that there should be some means whereby all classes and all ages may participate in music at one time. The city-wide Music Week seems to furnish the opportunity and its great success indicates that the people are ready to respond to a remarkable extent.

The strength of Music Week comes from the universal yet sometimes unconscious human need for music and participation ranges all the way from the elaborate concert and pageant to the simple home musicale with a place on the program even for the five-finger-exercise beginner.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who wrote: "Take a music bath once or twice a week for a few seasons. You will find it is to the soul what a water bath is to the body. It elevates and tends to maintain tone to one's mind. Seek, therefore, every clean opportunity for hearing it. Purchase some kind of instrument for the home and see that its beneficent harmonies are often heard. Let music be as much a part of a day's routine as eating or reading or working."

With the increasingly diversified functions of music in modern life a wider understanding of the value of music has become more and more necessary. Music Week is but one factor in helping to extend this appreciation. Broadly democratic in its scope, it appeals to every one in the community and encourages all forms of musical expression both vocal and instrumental.

The cumulative power of an idea when its devotees concentrate their efforts in its behalf during a stated period can accomplish much that is of permanent value besides supplying temporary pleasure and inspiration. So with Music Week. And one of the definite purposes of the National Music Week Committee is to foster musical activities that will function permanently in the life of the community and the home.

To this end the local Music Week Committees are being helped to develop on a year-round basis the special activities started in connection with this particular week.

"No one could make Stradivarius violins by mass production . . "

Thomas A. Edison now answers a questionnaire

FROM his laboratories Thomas A. Edison has from time to time issued questionnaires. Now, he has consented to become the interrogated—has agreed to lay bare his half-century of effort to give the world perfect Re-Creation of music.

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The questions asked Mr. Edison were:

Ques. Do you take advantage of the economies of mass production in the making of your phonograph?

Ans. I consider the New Edison Phonograph a musical instrument and not a machine to be made in the manner of cheap furniture or other things in which the highest uniform quality is not a prime essential.

Ques. Isn't it possible to make instruments of Edison quality by mass production?

Ans. No greater proof of the fallacy of this, as far as phonographs and other musical instruments are concerned, can be offered than the vain efforts of violin manufacturers to make violins of Stradivarius quality by mass production. For although every part of the instrument may be exactly alike as to size, unless there is the individual human touch, there is bound to be a variation in tone quality.

Ques. How can the layman tell the difference between a phonograph made by mass production and one made by craftsmen?

Ans. Anyone is apt to be satisfied with existing conditions until he hears something better; may even excuse distorted tone for want of a superior instrument. But when an ordinary phonograph turned out in quantity is compared side by side with one in which human hand work has played its part, the glaring difference instantly is apparent.

Like a Craftsman of some old world guild; like Stradivarius in his workshop, Edison craftsmen individually make each New Edison Phonograph.

Ques. What do you consider the truest test of phonograph quality?

Ans. There is no measure of tone quality like the human ear. For this reason I urge comparison between the New Edison and other phonographs. To this end, I have advised every Edison dealer to place—without obligation to the prospective buyer—the New Edison in any home where comparison with other types of phonographs is desired.

Ques. How would you describe the tone of the New Edison Phonograph?

Ans. It is sheer nonsense to speak of the *tone* of a *phonograph* or of its resonance. A phonograph should have no tone of its own. The instrument should be *only* a medium of Re-Creation. Obviously you should be unconscious of it and hear only the beautiful music it Re-Creates.

I worked for five years and spent more than $3,000,000 in experimental work to remove any false tone from the New Edison. Even when I, myself, was satisfied with the results I did not stop there. I insisted that the New Edison be submitted publicly to the test of side by side comparison with living artists whose performances had been recorded. Exacting music critics could detect no difference between living and Re-Created performance. ★

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Eminent musical critics who attended these tests found it impossible to detect the living voices or instrumental performances, from the New Edison Re-Creation. Thus it was proved that the New Edison Re-Creates with literal fidelity and in a way that baffles the keenest ear in the effort to detect the living performance from the Edison Record.

Hear the New Edison Phonograph today at your nearest Edison dealer's—also get him to play one of the Edison 40-minute records—the inventor's latest achievement—a record no larger than the usual short playing record which permits you to enjoy without interruption a complete concert on one double-faced record.

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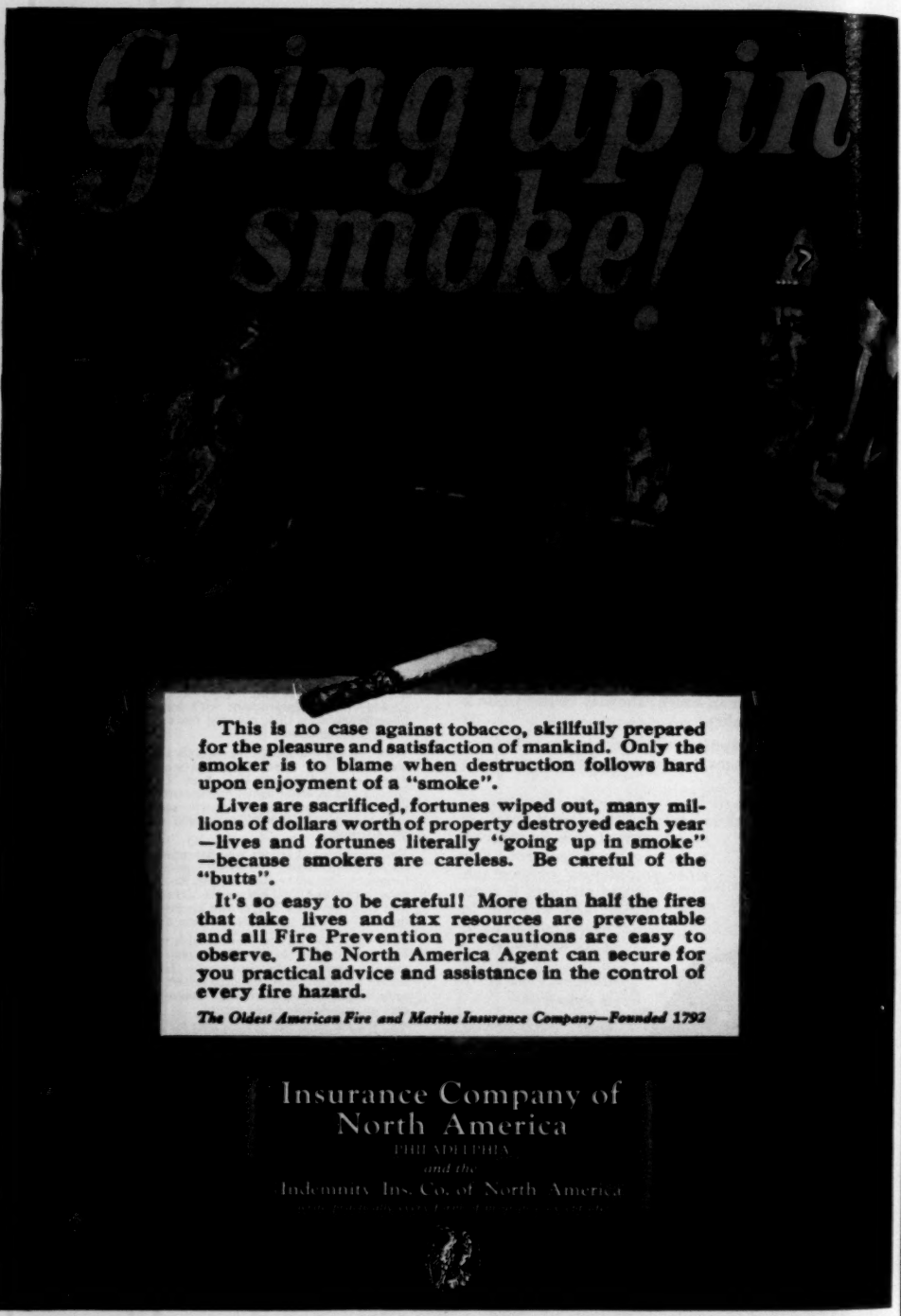

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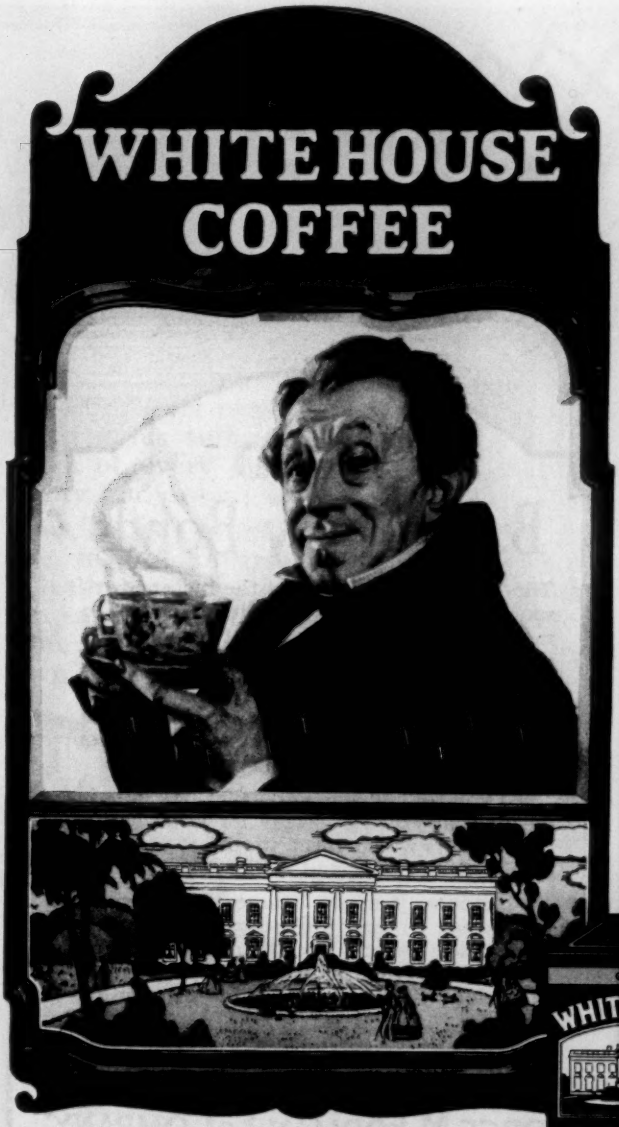

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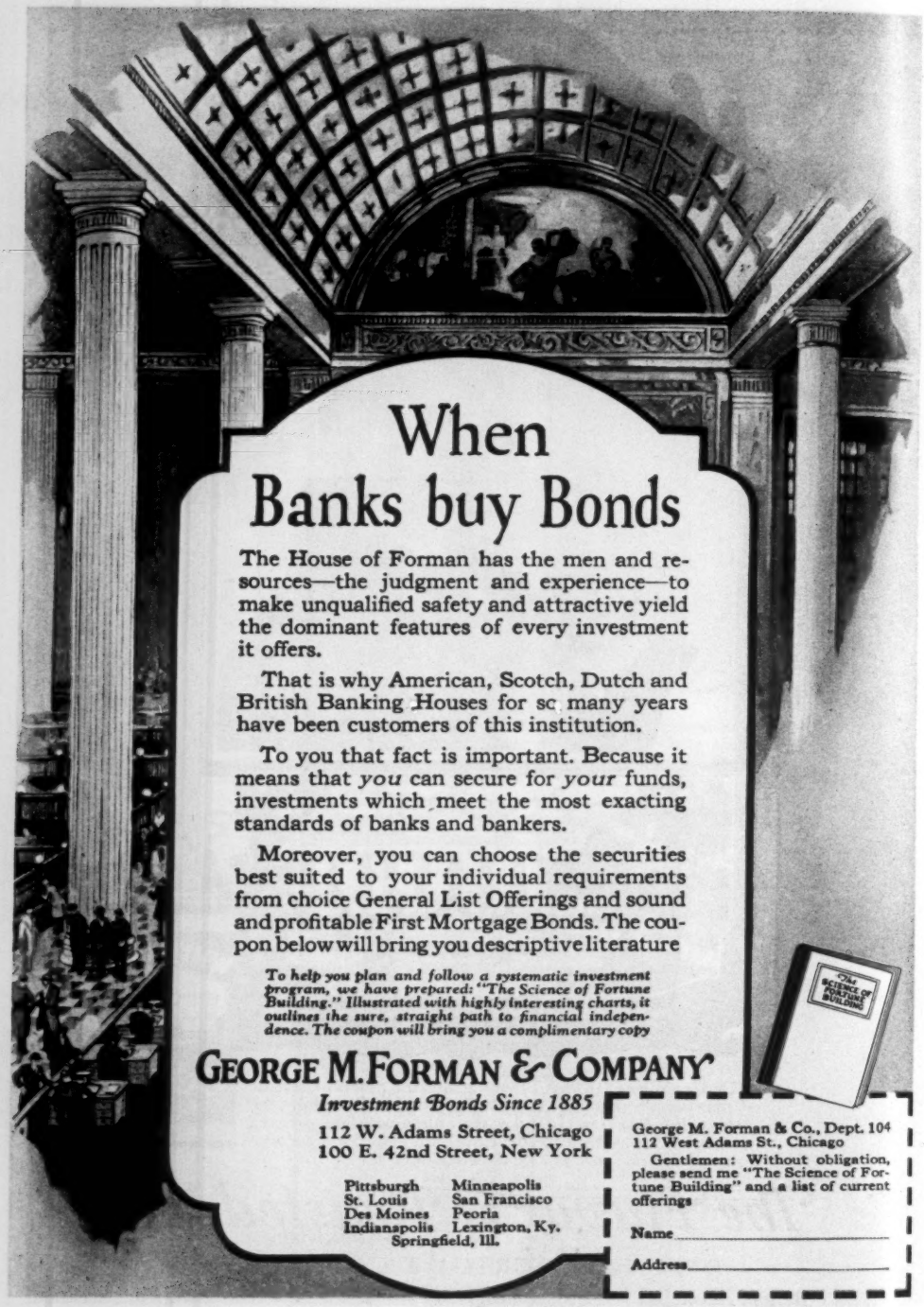

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IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Price and Value

By PAUL TOMLINSON

THE value of any given commodity is determined by the price for which it can be sold. Certain articles, of course, may have sentimental value, but in any discussion of value in terms of money the actual amount of money received in case a sale is made is the sole determining factor. Everyone knows that this is so, but not everyone keeps it in mind. Sellers sometimes refuse bids because they think the property they are offering is worth more, and sometimes they eventually accept lower ones. Value in the business world, or in the business of selling securities is a matter of dollars and cents, not of sentiment or opinion.

THERE is an old and true saying that only the rich can be truly economical. This is merely another way of saying that it pays to buy the best, but that not everyone can afford to pay the price. The business of investing, however, may fairly be considered an exception to the statement that only the rich can afford the best. No one is obliged to purchase questionable securities, nor is there anything to prevent any man from buying those of the very best standing. Is it not a fact, however, that most people would rather own ten shares of a $30 stock than two shares of an issue selling at $150? Ten shares seems so much more important a purchase than two, and the owner of ten shares feels himself a much more important capitalist than the man possessed of a meager two shares. Is there any real justification for this feeling of importance? If one stock sells at $30 a share and another commands a price of $150 a share, it is reasonable to suppose that there must be some good reason for the discrepancy.

THE fact of the matter is that in the purchase of securities—that is to say, investment securities—one is liable to get a value which is very closely related to the price paid. Value is of course made up of various elements such as safety, yield, and marketability, and the layman cannot always expect to be

able to recognize them when he sees them. On the other hand, it is fairly safe to assume that if two stocks each paying the same rate of dividends are quoted twenty points apart, the higher priced one has certain qualities not enjoyed by the other and is therefore the more valuable of the two. It is further possible that a stock selling at $200 a share may in reality be much cheaper than another offered for one-tenth that price. Apparent bargains are not always real.

WHAT is a bargain anyway? If low price is the only criterion, then all oil and mining stocks selling at 50 cents or $1 a share are bargains. We once saw a letter from a man who wanted to buy a bond which was quoted at 19; the idea of getting a $1,000 bond for $190 was most attractive, and seemed to him a bargain. Is it reasonable to suppose, however, that a bond which has much real value would be purchasable at such a figure? This particular bond was supposed to pay 5% interest, and the man who wanted to buy it had figured a straight return of over 25% on his investment. As a matter of fact, no interest at all was being paid, though our friend did not happen to be aware of this rather important detail, and had he not been dissuaded from buying he would have discovered very soon that his purchase was far from being a bargain; the issuing company had failed, had been placed in the hands of a receiver, and the chances were good that this particular issue of bonds would never have any real value. It does not pay to try to get too much for your money, but the case just cited proves that it does pay most decidedly to investigate before investing.

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WE HEARD of another case, that of a man who investigated, but after purchasing, not before. He had bought $15,000 worth of the 4% bonds of a certain railway company at what seemed to him a very low price, and as interest had not yet been defaulted he figured that he had secured a return of over 8% on his investment. He asked his banker if he considered his purchase a wise one. The answer, of course, was easy. Safe bonds do not under present conditions yield so high a return, and in point of fact, this company presently failed; a receiver was appointed, interest payments ceased, a committee was formed for the protection of the bondholders, and the selling price of the bonds declined still further. The purchaser who had hoped to get a return of over 8% found himself with no return at all, to say nothing of the shrinkage in the principal of his investment.

OF COURSE price in dollars is not a safe standard by which to judge the value of an investment. Suppose, for example, that a stock having a par of $20 a share is selling at $60; that means that it is considerably higher proportionately than another stock selling at $150 having a par of $100 a share. In other words, things are not always what they seem; and once again we stress the point that it is prudent to consult an investment banker in order to discover the truth. How many laymen, for instance, in reading the stock market quotations have any idea about the capitalizations of the corporations whose shares they see quoted? Do they know what bond issues these corporations have? What about their notes payable, or the size of their inventories? What have earnings averaged over a period of years? All of these matters have a definite bearing upon value, and while it is true that price is usually a fairly

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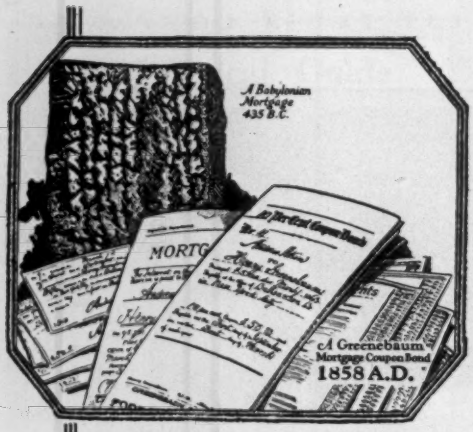

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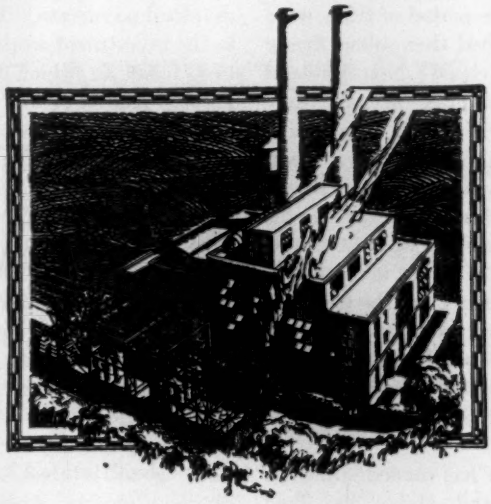
safe indication of value, it should be remembered that there are speculative securities as well as those of an investment nature, and the average investor is not always able to distinguish between the two kinds.

THEN it is possible that a security which may have real value for one man at a certain price may not have anything like the same value for someone else. Tax exempt bonds, for instance, sell at higher prices and consequently yield less than bonds not possessing this feature but they may, nevertheless, have perhaps equal intrinsic value. The fact that certain bonds are tax exempt, however, may make them real bargains for wealthy people subject to large income taxes. A yield of 4% free and clear from municipal bonds, for instance, might possibly be a larger net return than a very rich man could get from a bond which on the face of it yielded 5% or 6%.

WHAT every investor wants, naturally, is a security selling at a price to return as much on his money as is consistent with safety. This return, due to circumstances which are constantly changing, is larger at some times than at others, but the main question is always whether a high yield combined with the chance of loss is better than a more conservative return with principal and interest absolutely secure. Which kind of security gives the more value for the price paid? The answer is fairly obvious.

THEN there is the question whether it is wise to buy low-priced—so far as actual dollars are concerned—non-dividend paying stocks in the hope of an appreciation in value. Or is it most prudent to confine one's purchases to issues which have proved themselves,



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which have earned and paid dividends over a considerable period of time, until they have established themselves firmly in the investment class? Non-dividend payers are low in price because they are low in value; dividend payers cost more, but they are worth more. A man who buys non-dividend paying stocks is not only not getting any return on his investment—he is losing interest on his money. Earnings are what make stocks valuable, and dividends are the evidence of earnings; if there are no dividends it may fairly be presumed that there are no earnings or earnings so small as not to warrant any distribution.

IF A corporation has earned sufficient money over and above its fixed charges, and in amounts which have justified the payment of dividends for a considerable period, that fact is a rather safe guarantee that in the years to come earnings will justify further dividend payments. Past performances in the investment world furnish the very best basis on which to predict future value. And a sound stock, or bond, aside from its value as an income producer, possesses other advantages for its owner. Not the least of these is that such a security will be accepted by banks as collateral for loans. Few people go through life without being obliged to borrow money, and banks, for the protection of their depositors, must demand security for the loans they make. If you need a sum of money either to tide you over a personal difficulty or to use in your business and you have good interest-bearing bonds or dividend-paying stocks to pledge as collateral you can get the money without the slightest difficulty. If your securities return you nothing the bank will either demand a much larger deposit

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For These 6% Real Estate Bonds

THE Baltimore Trust Company is one of America's big banks. It is the largest trust company in the South Atlantic States. Its resources total sixty million dollars. It has over eighty thousand depositors. It is under both Federal and State supervision. It handles each year many millions of dollars in investment funds.

The 6% Real Estate Bonds offered by The Baltimore Trust Company conform to standards established by this bank and approved by hundreds of other banks, which have purchased these bonds for the investment of trust and deposit funds.

Payment of principal and interest on each first mortgage, first mortgage bond or first mortgage securing bonds pledged as security for our real estate bond offerings is guaranteed by one of the surety companies approved by The Baltimore Trust Company as Trustee. The surety companies approved to date are:

GUARANTOR	CAPITAL AND SURPLUS	TOTAL RESOURCES
U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company	$15,659,917	$52,454,218
National Surety Company	15,874,656	35,235,774
Maryland Casualty Company	11,110,692	40,334,498
Fidelity & Deposit Company	8,162,673	22,492,043

Write for booklet describing these Bank Selected Investments, and for list of banks and investment dealers from whom they may be bought. Ask for booklet No. 18.

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Main Office: 25 EAST BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

The Largest Trust Company in the South Atlantic States

—Complete banking, trust and investment service—

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

CAPITAL & SURPLUS $7,000,000 **TOTAL RESOURCES $60,000,000** **80,000 DEPOSITORS**

of collateral than otherwise, or it may refuse to make any loan at all.

IT IS natural for people to want bargains. Everyone wants to buy at as low a price as possible, and it is because so many people think they are getting a lot for their money that the fake stock promoters offer their wares at low figures. Ten or a dozen years ago the shares of one American corporation had climbed to $350 and many people refused to buy because the price seemed too high. Not long afterwards these same shares sold at $700 apiece, double its former value, and it would have required 700 shares of a 50-cent stock doubling in price to have realized an equal profit. At the present time there is a stock selling at over $200 a share which its supporters predict will go to $500. Maybe it will and maybe it won't, but the point is that expensive stocks to buy may sometimes turn out to be the real bargains. On the other hand, there was a man in New York who bought 10,000 shares of a certain mining stock at 50 cents a share. His purchase cost him $5,000. Inside of two years the stock was selling at $40 a share and his profit was nearly $400,000. Such things do happen, and of course we all hear about the successes, but as one man said, commenting on this particular streak of fortune: "The stock was less of a risk at $40 than it was at 50 cents." It had proved its worth by that time and the element of risk was greatly diminished. It is probably safe to say, however, that in almost every case a stock selling at $350 a share has more value in proportion to price than one quoted at 50 cents. If a stock sells as high as $350 there is liable to be good reason for it.

THERE are so many factors influencing the selling price of securities that only the experienced expert can hope

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23,000 Customer-Investors

Over 37,000 persons have invested in Associated securities, of whom 23,000 are customers and employees. This represents a growth from less than 1,000 shareholders in 1919 to the present number.

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Sound securities to its investors

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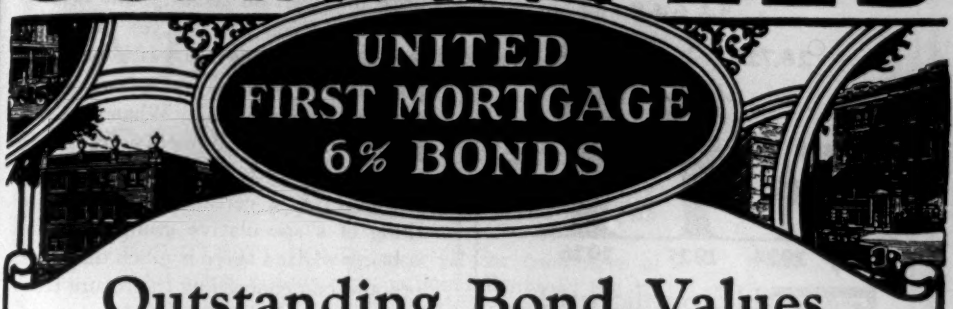

Outstanding Bond Values

These United Bonds represent such security, such values that we guarantee them without any qualifications. United Guaranteed Bonds are a direct obligation of the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Limited — whose resources total over $16,000,000.

But there is still another stipulation which means that even greater resources protect and safeguard United Guaranteed Bonds. The payment of principal and interest on the First Mortgages back of these bonds is guaranteed by the United States and Fidelity and Guaranty Company or the Maryland Casualty Company of Baltimore. Each one of these institutions has resources of many millions.

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But there is yet one more factor of safety that enhances their value. We operate under the supervision of the Michigan State Banking Department.

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318 U. S. Mortgage Building, Detroit, Michigan

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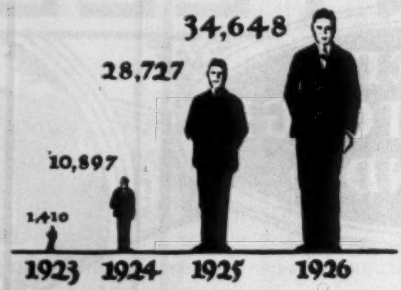

THE public utility companies grouped under the management of the MIDLAND UTILITIES COMPANY continued to progress in both extent and efficiency of operations during 1926.

Supplying electric light and power, gas or electric transportation to 204 communities in Indiana, Ohio and Michigan these companies in 1926 earned gross revenues of $19,886,734, an increase over 1925 of 9.34%. In volume, electric sales increased 17.26%; gas sales, 14.77%.

The *able management* which this company enjoys, and the flourishing, progressive nature of the *territory served* by the subsidiaries are two reasons for this rapid growth in business—and are two reasons for the increasing popularity of the group with the investing public. The chart above shows the increase in number of stockholders of the Midland Utilities Company and its subsidiaries during the past four years.

Upon request we shall be glad to send the 1926 annual report of this company. Representing public utility companies operating in 20 states, we are always at the service of investors interested in the safe securities of public utility companies.

Investments that Endure

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

72 W. Adams St., Chicago

St. Louis Milwaukee Indianapolis Louisville

to be acquainted with them all. Is the price of a certain security low because the corporation has not yet proved its worth, because its business is bad temporarily, or because its affairs are in dangerous condition? What are the conditions in the money market, and are prices low generally because of them, or high? Is a certain stock the plaything of a speculative group? As this is being written there is much discussion pro and con concerning the future trend of stock market prices. Many people think they are higher than conditions warrant and predict a break; others maintain that those who talk this way are people who sold out too soon and are angry because they missed profits they might have had by holding on a little longer. Who knows? So far as investment questions are concerned, who cares particularly? Suppose you have a stock which has increased considerably in price and you are tempted to sell it; are you sure you can re-invest the proceeds to better advantage? If for instance you have a 7% stock for which you paid $115 and are therefore getting over 6% on your investment, and the stock has gone up to $140, you have a profit of $25 a share if you sell. If, however, you do sell can you buy a stock of equal value yielding a return of over 6% for less than $140 a share? If you cannot, there is no point in your making the exchange. In other words, you have already got value and at a good price; if you can get no better value at no better a price you are as well off as you can expect to be.

PRICE and value and the relation between the two is a question of prime importance for every investor. Unless the investor feels confident of being able to decide this question for himself, there is just one place for him to go—to the investment banker.

A Legal Investment for National Banks

—A Logical Investment for You

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OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE WILL SUPPLY UPON REQUEST BOOKLETS ON INVESTMENTS IN STOCKS AND BONDS, INSURANCE, BANKING AND TRUST COMPANY SERVICE—SEE LIST ON THIS PAGE

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And are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the National Surety Company.

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Investment Information

HARPER'S MAGAZINE takes special interest in presenting to its readers the advertisements of reputable investment bankers and in securing as wide a variety of sound investment offerings as possible.
A list of informative booklets issued by these investment houses is given below and will be sent you on request.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

PUTTING YOUR DOLLARS TO WORK: Several simple, yet fundamental, principles should govern the planning and building of a personal bond investment reserve. A new booklet issued by The National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City, discusses these principles in detail. A copy may be had for the asking.

AN INVESTMENT INSURED FOR ITS LIFETIME: An interesting and helpful booklet, explaining a new feature in investments: a guarantee against loss of either principal or interest. Offered by Stein Bros. & Boyce, 6 So. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md., Fiscal Agents for the Mortgage Security Corporation of America.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds, an improved type of real estate bonds in which all underlying securities are safeguarded through the insurance of both principal and interest by leading surety companies. Offered by National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood St., Baltimore, Md.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, 318 U. S. Mortgage Bond Building, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES AS INVESTMENTS: A booklet giving much interesting information about this form of security. Offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 71 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

HOW TO BUILD AN INDEPENDENT INCOME (1927 Edition): A booklet giving a plan for buying 6½% First Mortgage Bonds in small monthly payments. For copies address the F. H. Smith Company, Smith Building, Washington, D. C.

THE BOOK OF BETTER BONDS: A booklet which explains how more than forty years of sound conservative financing now culminate in guaranteed investments. George M. Forman & Co., 112 West Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

6% BUILDING AND LOAN CERTIFICATES: Details of this state supervised, non-fluctuating, convertible investment furnished by Guaranty Building & Loan Association, 6334 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

(Continued on second page following)

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School Information Bureau

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd St. New York

Investment Information

(Continued from second preceding page)

"BANK-SELECTED INVESTMENTS": Describes 6% Real Estate Bonds, with guaranteed first mortgage security, which conform to the standards of safety established by banks for the investment of trust and deposit funds. Offered by The Baltimore Trust Company, 25 East Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

A SAFE GUIDE TO THE CAREFUL INVESTOR: Issued by Davenport & Rich, Professional Bldg., Miami, Florida.

SECURITY BONDS—6% AND A $40,000,000 GUARANTEE: A new, illustrated booklet on mortgage investments and the unusual protective features of SECURITY BONDS. Offered by J. A. W. Iglehart & Co., 102 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

INVESTING FOR SAFETY: The newest publication of S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Ave., New York City, describes in detail the methods followed by this organization in underwriting first mortgage real estate bond issues.

RULES FOR SAFE INVESTMENT: Important factors of safety of Real Estate Bonds explained for the investor. Offered by American Bond & Mortgage Company, 345 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., and 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER: General information and specific recommendations will be furnished by Howe, Snow & Bertles, Inc., 120 Broadway, New York City.

BANKING BY MAIL: A booklet explaining how investors, no matter where they live, may use a savings bank account as their form of investment, showing how to deposit and how to withdraw funds. Offered by the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, Flatbush & Atlantic Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A NEW AND IMPROVED FORM OF GUARANTEED FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS: This booklet describes the eight new features of the 6% First National Bonds. Offered by The First National Company, Citizens Bank Building, Baltimore, Md.

STOCK AND BOND REGISTER: A record showing the important features of each security which is held by investors. Offered by Otis & Company, 216 Superior St., N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

NEW BOOK "Investment Guide in 1927": This booklet describes First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds recommended by one of the oldest Real Estate Bond Houses. Greenebaum Sons Investment Co., La Salle & Madison Streets, Chicago, Illinois.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

HOW LOANS ARE MADE: This booklet describes how loans are made and gives other information of value to investors. Offered by R. H. Arnold & Company, 120 Broadway, New York City.

INTERESTING FACTS: A booklet giving information concerning facilities and Securities of the Associated Gas and Electric Company. For copy address, Associated Gas and Electric Securities Company, Inc., 61 Broadway, New York City.

NEW YEAR BOOK: Offered by Commonwealth Edison Co., Chicago, Ill.

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ON EACH $1,000

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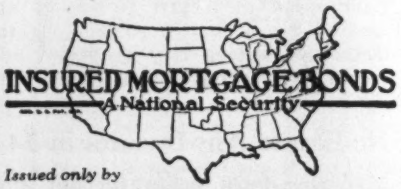

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February 1927

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Grey— " *Fair*
Black— " *Quiet*

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MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

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Harpers
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49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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John Hancock
MUTUAL
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197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.
H.M.

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What School

The answer to your school problem will probably be found among the large number of schools advertised in the Educational Directory of this issue. The facilities of our School Bureau are also at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the the school best suited to your demands.

School Information Bureau

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XIV. NECESSITY FOR MAKING A WILL

Security Speculation—The Dazzling Adventure

By LAURENCE H. SLOAN

Managing Editor, Standard Statistics Company of New York

"The first statistical background by which to judge what is the most profitable method for procedure. Statisticians usually are dull and Mr. Sloan is a statistician but his book is anything but dull. After an examination of the alternative methods that reads more like a romance than a financial treatise he comes to the very definite conclusion that the speculator who plays for the long swings in the market will make more money than the one who buys for the long pull." — PAUL WILLARD GARRETT, *Financial Editor of the N. Y. Evening Post.*

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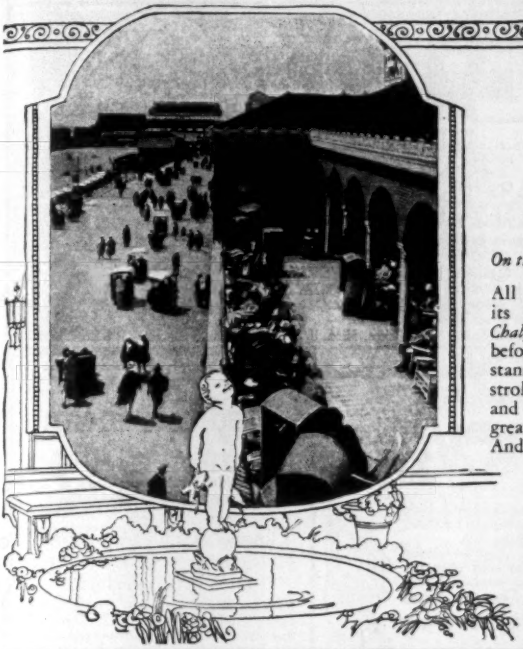

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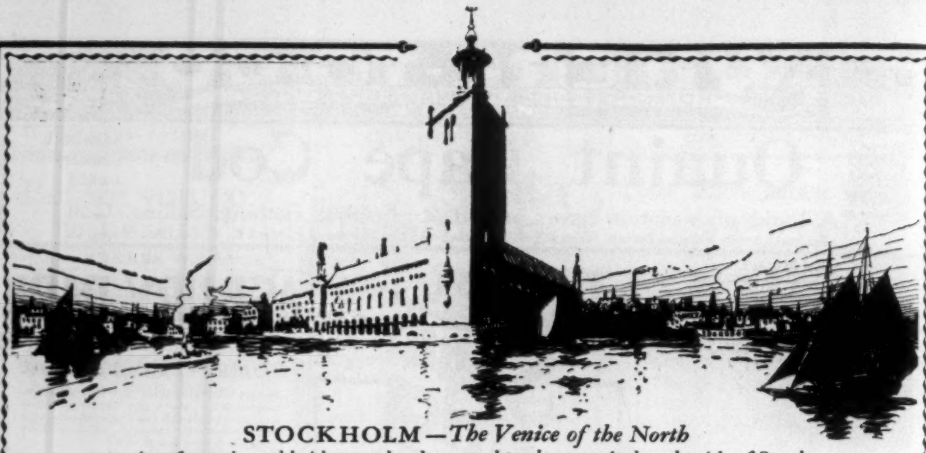

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SAILINGS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Anchor Line — 25 Broadway, N. Y.
New York to Londonderry and Glasgow

CAMERONIA	May 7	
CALEDONIA	May 21	
TRANSYLVANIA	†May 25	

†Via Antwerp

Atlantic Transport — 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and London

MINNEKAHDA	†Apr. 30	
MINNEWASKA	May 7	June 4
MINNESOTA	May 14	June 11
MINNETONKA	May 21	June 18

†Via Plymouth and Boulogne omitting Cherbourg

Canadian Pacific — Mad. Ave. & 44th St., N. Y.
Montreal to Liverpool

*MONTCALM	May 6	June 3
*MINNEDOSA	May 13	June 10
*MONTCLARE	May 20	June 17
*MONTROSE	May 27	June 24

Quebec-Cherbourg-Southampton-Antwerp

*MONTROYAL	Apr. 27	June 1
*MONTNAIRN	May 18	June 15

Quebec to Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg

EMPRESS OF FRANCE	May 11	†June 8
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND	May 25	June 22
EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA	July 6	Aug. 3

†Omits Hamburg
Montreal to Belfast and Glasgow

*MELITA	Apr. 28	May 26
*METAGAMA	May 12	June 9

Cosulich Line — 17 Battery Place, N. Y.
N. Y. and Boston to Azores, Lisbon, Naples, Trieste

PRESIDENTE WILSON	May 10
MARTHA WASHINGTON	May 24

Cunard Line — 25 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton

BERENGARIA	Apr. 27	May 17
MAURETANIA	†May 4	†May 25
AQUITANIA	May 11	May 31

†Also calls at Plymouth
N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown), Liverpool

SAMARIA	†Apr. 30	†May 25
*LACONIA	May 7	June 11
SCYTHIA	May 14	June 18
*AURANIA	May 24	June 24

†Via Boston
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre and London

CARMANIA	†Apr. 30	†May 26
*TUSCANIA	May 14	June 11
*CARONIA	June 18	July 16

†Via Ostend

Dollar Steamship Line — 604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
New York to California via Panama and around the World
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PRES. WILSON	Apr. 28
PRES. VAN BUREN	May 12
PRES. HAYES	May 26
PRES. POLK	June 9

Eastern S. S. Lines — Pier 25, No. River, N. Y.
Old Dominion Line, New York to Norfolk, Va.
Regular Sailings
Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays
Boston & Yarmouth S.S. Co. (India Wharf, Boston)
Boston to Yarmouth
Regular Sailings ..... Mondays and Thursdays

Fabre Line — 17 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Palermo-Naples-Piraeus-Alexandria-Marseilles

PROVIDENCE	May 17	July 16
PATRIA	June 20	Aug. 17

N. Y. to Azores-Lisbon

SINAIA	May 6
ASIA	June 7

N. Y. to Piraeus-Salonica-Constantinople-Constanza

SINAIA	May 6
ASIA	June 7
BRAGA	July 11

French Line — 19 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Havre-Paris

FRANCE	Apr. 30	May 21
PARIS	May 14	June 4
ILE DE FRANCE	July 2	July 30

N. Y. to Havre-Paris

*SUFFREN	May 3	June 24
*DE GRASSE	May 11	June 10
*ROCHAMBEAU	May 20	June 18
*LA SAVOIE	June 1	July 1

N. Y. to Vigo (Spain)-Bordeaux

*LA BOURDONNAIS	May 5	June 16
*CHICAGO	May 19	June 30
*ROUSSILLON	June 2	July 14

Furness Bermuda Line — Whitehall St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Bermuda
Regular Sailings ..... Wednesdays and Saturdays

Grace Line — 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.
N. Y. to Canal Zone and West Coast, South America
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Hamburg-American Line, 35-39 Broadway, N. Y.
United American Lines, *General Agents*
N. Y. to Cherbourg-Southampton-Hamburg

DEUTSCHLAND	Apr. 28	June 9
*CLEVELAND	†May 5	June 16
HAMBURG	May 12	June 23
RELIANCE	May 24	June 21
ALBERT BALLIN	May 26	July 6
NEW YORK	June 2	July 14

†Via Boston
N. Y. and Boston to Cobh (Queenstown), Hamburg

*WESTPHALIA	May 19	June 30
*THURINGIA	May 31	July 12

Holland America Line — 24 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Plymouth-Boulogne-sur-Mer, Rotterdam

ROTTERDAM	Apr. 30	June 24
*RYNDAM	May 7	June 29
VEENDAM	May 14	June 18
NEW AMSTERDAM	May 21	June 25
VOLENDAM	June 11	July 16

Italian Line (N. G. I.) — 1 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Naples and Genoa

DUILIO	Mar. 26	May 4
*COLOMBO	May 12	June 18
ROMA	May 21	June 25

Italian Lloyd (Sabaudo) — 3 State St., N. Y.
New York to Naples and Genoa

CONTE ROSSO	May 10
CONTE BIANCAMANO	May 28

Lamport & Holt Line — 26 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Rio de Janeiro-Montevideo-Buenos Aires

VESTRIS	Apr. 30
VOLTAIRE	May 28
VAUBAN	June 11
VANDYCK	June 25

Munson S. S. Lines — 67 Wall St., N. Y.
New York to Rio de Janeiro-Santos
Montevideo-Buenos Aires
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Saturdays
New York to Nassau, Bahamas
Weekly Service ..... Sailing Fridays

North German Lloyd — 32 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cobh-Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

*MUENCHEN	†Apr. 30
BERLIN	May 6
COLUMBUS	May 17

†Omits Plymouth

Norwegian-America Line, 22 W'hall St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Norway-Sweden-Denmark-Finland

*BERGENSFJORD	May 5	June 7
*STAVANGERFJORD	May 24	June 28

Pacific Line — 26 Broadway, N. Y.
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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS (Continued)

Panama Mail S. S. Co. 10 Hanover Sq., N. Y.
New York to California via Panama
VENEZUELA ..... Apr. 26
ECUADOR ..... May 7

Panama-Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
New York to California via Panama
Fortnightly Service ..... Sailing Thursdays

Red Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. Plymouth-Cherbourg-Antwerp

BELGENLAND	Apr. 30	May 26
PENNLAND	May 7	June 4
*ARABIC	May 14	June 18
LAPLAND	June 11	July 7

Royal Mail 26 Broadway, N. Y.
New York to Bermuda
S.S. AVON ..... Every Tuesday
S.S. ARAGUAYA ..... Every Saturday
(until end of April)
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton
M. V. ASTURIAS ..... Apr. 27
*S.S. ARAGUAYA ..... Apr. 30

Swedish-American Line 21 State St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Sweden-Norway-Denmark
Finland and Baltic States

*DROTTNINGHOLM	†Apr. 26	May 28
*STOCKHOLM	‡May 5	June 3
GRIPSHOLM	May 14	June 11

†Via Halifax ‡Via Boston

United States Lines 45 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. to Cherbourg and Southampton
LEVIATHAN ..... Apr. 30 May 21
N. Y. to Plymouth-Cherbourg-Bremen

*PRES. HARDING	Apr. 27	May 25
*REPUBLIC	†Apr. 29	†May 28
*PRES. ROOSEVELT	May 4	June 1
GEO. WASHINGTON	May 18	June 15

†Calls at Cobh (Queenstown), via Boston

White Star Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
N. Y. Cherbourg-Southampton

HOMERIC	Apr. 30	May 21
OLYMPIC	May 7	May 28
MAJESTIC	May 14	June 4

N. Y. to Cobh (Queenstown) and Liverpool

BALTIC	Apr. 30	May 28
*CEDRIC	†May 7	†June 4
ADRIATIC	May 14	June 19
*CELTIC	†May 21	†June 18

†Via Boston

American Mail Line
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

PRES. CLEVELAND	Apr. 26
PRES. PIERCE	May 10
PRES. TAFT	May 24
PRES. JEFFERSON	June 7
PRES. GRANT	June 21
PRES. MADISON	July 5
PRES. JACKSON	July 19

Canadian-Australasian Line
Vancouver and Victoria to Honolulu, Suva, Auckland and Sydney

AORANGI	June 1
MAUNGANUI	June 29

Canadian Pacific
Vancouver and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hongkong and Manila

EMPRESS OF CANADA	Apr. 28	June 30
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA	May 19	July 21
EMPRESS OF ASIA	June 9	Aug. 11

Dollar Steamship Line
San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila and Around the World

‡PRES. MADISON	Apr. 30
†PRES. MONROE	May 7
‡PRES. JACKSON	May 14
†PRES. WILSON	May 21
‡PRES. McKINLEY	May 28
†PRES. VAN BUREN	June 4
‡PRES. LINCOLN	June 11
†PRES. HAYES	June 18

†Sails from Los Angeles four days prior
‡Sails from Los Angeles five days prior

Los Angeles S. S. Co.
Los Angeles to Honolulu

CALAWAII	May 7
CITY OF LOS ANGELES	May 21

Matson-Oceanic Line
San Francisco to Hawaii, the South Seas and Australia
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MAUI	Apr. 27	May 25
WILHELMINA		May 4
MATSONIA		May 11
SONOMA		†May 12
MANOA		May 18
VENTURA		†June 2

†Leaves San Francisco for Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji and Australia

Seattle to Honolulu

LURLINE	May 21

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Victoria to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki and Shanghai

KAGA MARU	Apr. 27

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hongkong

TAIYO MARU	Apr. 26
TENYO MARU	May 10
KOREA MARU	May 24
*SHINYO MARU	June 7
SIBERIA MARU	June 21

Union S. S. Co. of N. Z.
San Francisco to Papeete, Rarotonga, Wellington and Sydney

MAKURA	May 18	July 13
TAHITI	June 15	Aug. 10

Tours and Cruises

Round the World

Dollar Steamship Line
Fortnightly Service from New York sailing Thursdays

PRES. WILSON	Apr. 28, 1927
PRES. VAN BUREN	May 12, 1927
PRES. HAYES	May 26, 1927
PRES. POLK	June 9, 1927
PRES. ADAMS	June 23, 1927
PRES. GARFIELD	July 7, 1927
PRES. HARRISON	July 21, 1927

Mediterranean

Thos. Cook & Son
S.S. CALIFORNIA ..... June 30, 1927

Navigazione Generale Italiana
S.S. NEPTUNIA ..... Apr. 26 May 23

Cosulich Line
S.S. STELLA D'ITALIA ..... Apr. 28 May 21

Norway

Raymond & Whitcomb
S.S. CARINTHIA ..... June 28, 1927

Frank C. Clark
†S.S. LANCASTRIA ..... July 2, 1927
†Includes Mediterranean

Hamburg-American Line
S.S. RELIANCE ..... June 21, 1927
†S.S. RESOLUTE ..... July 17, 1927
†From Hamburg, Connections from New York July 6

Royal Mail
From England

S.S. ARCADIAN	June 15	July 4	July 22	Aug. 5
S.S. ARAGUAYA	June 3	June 17	July 1	July 15
	July 29	Aug. 12		

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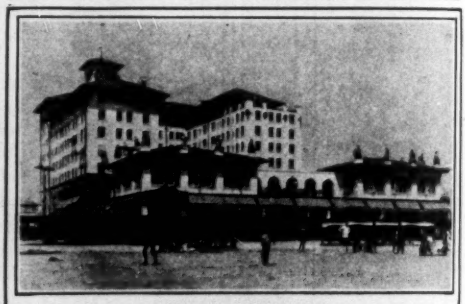

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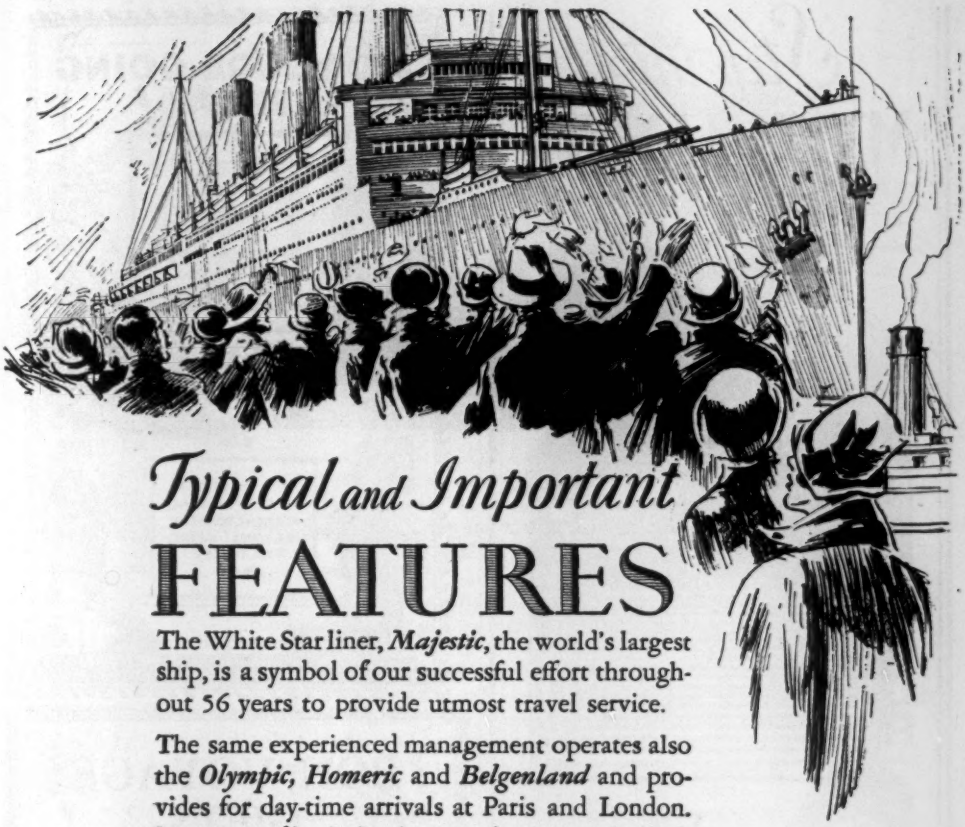

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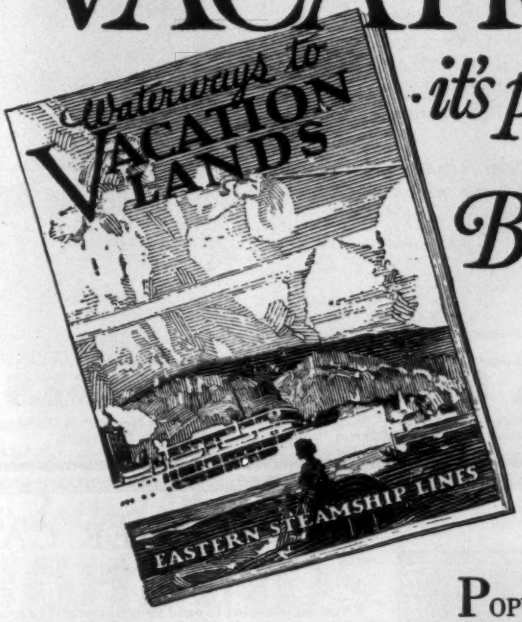

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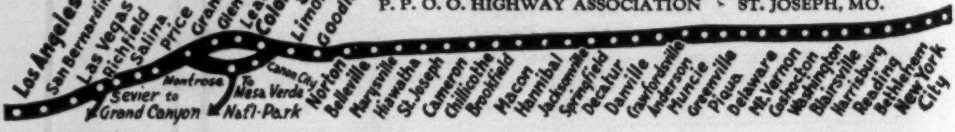

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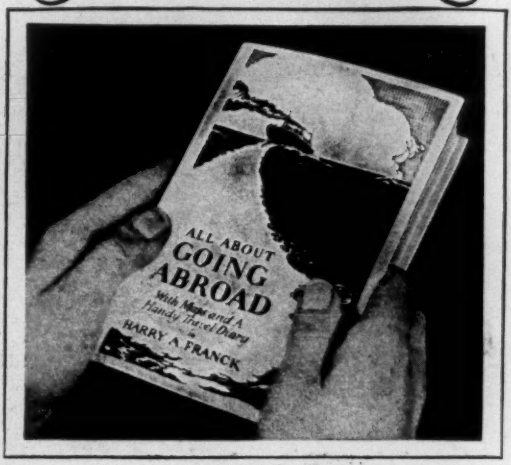

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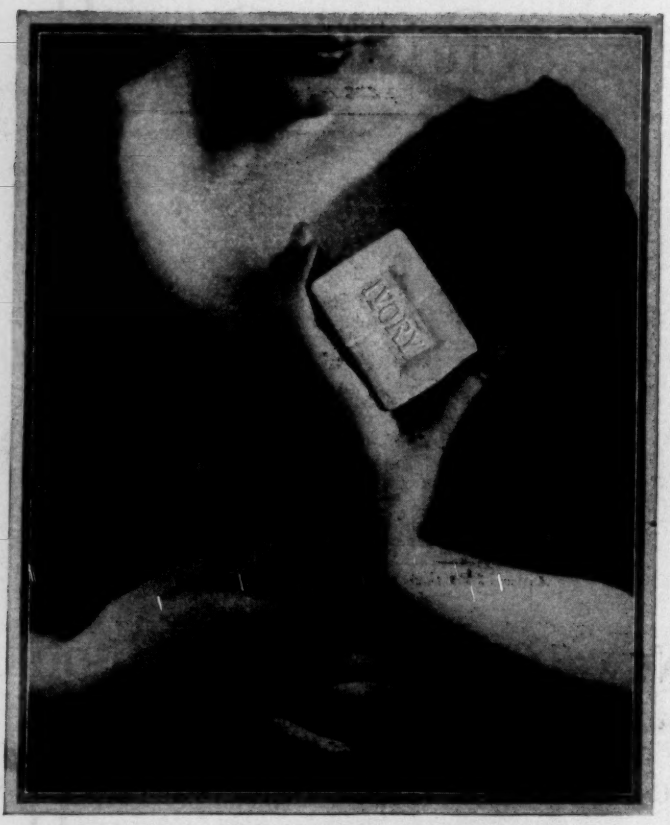

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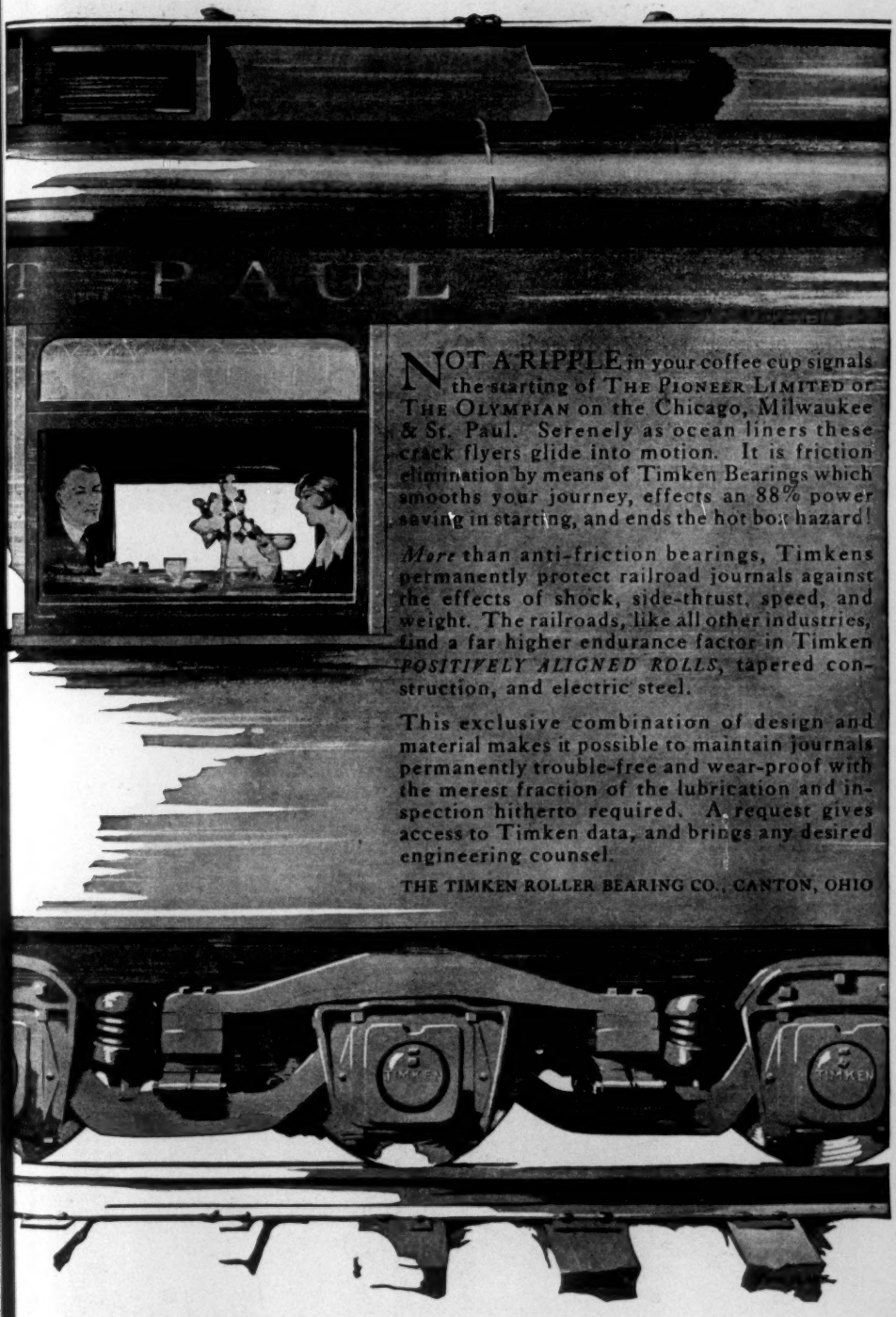

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